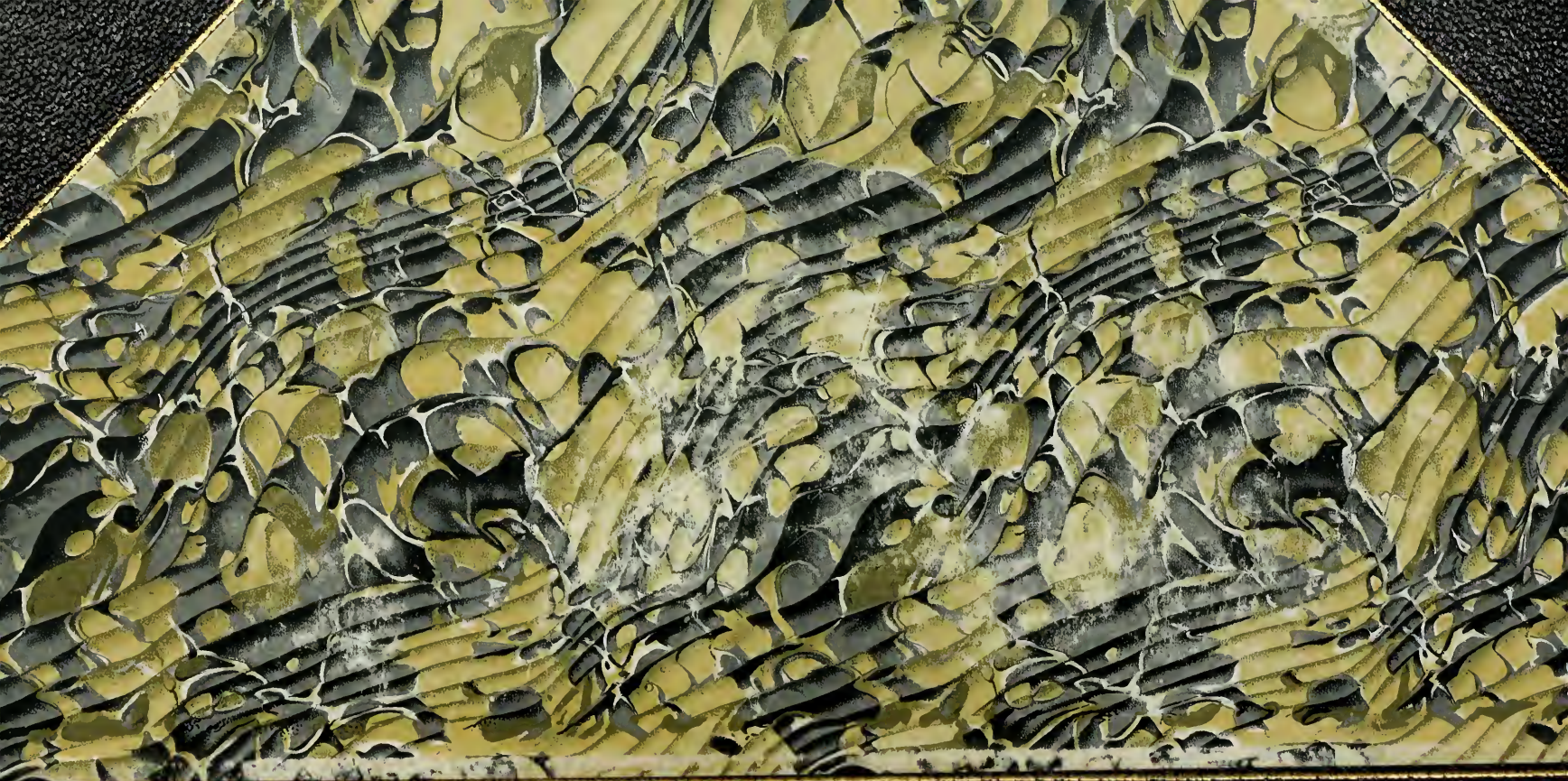

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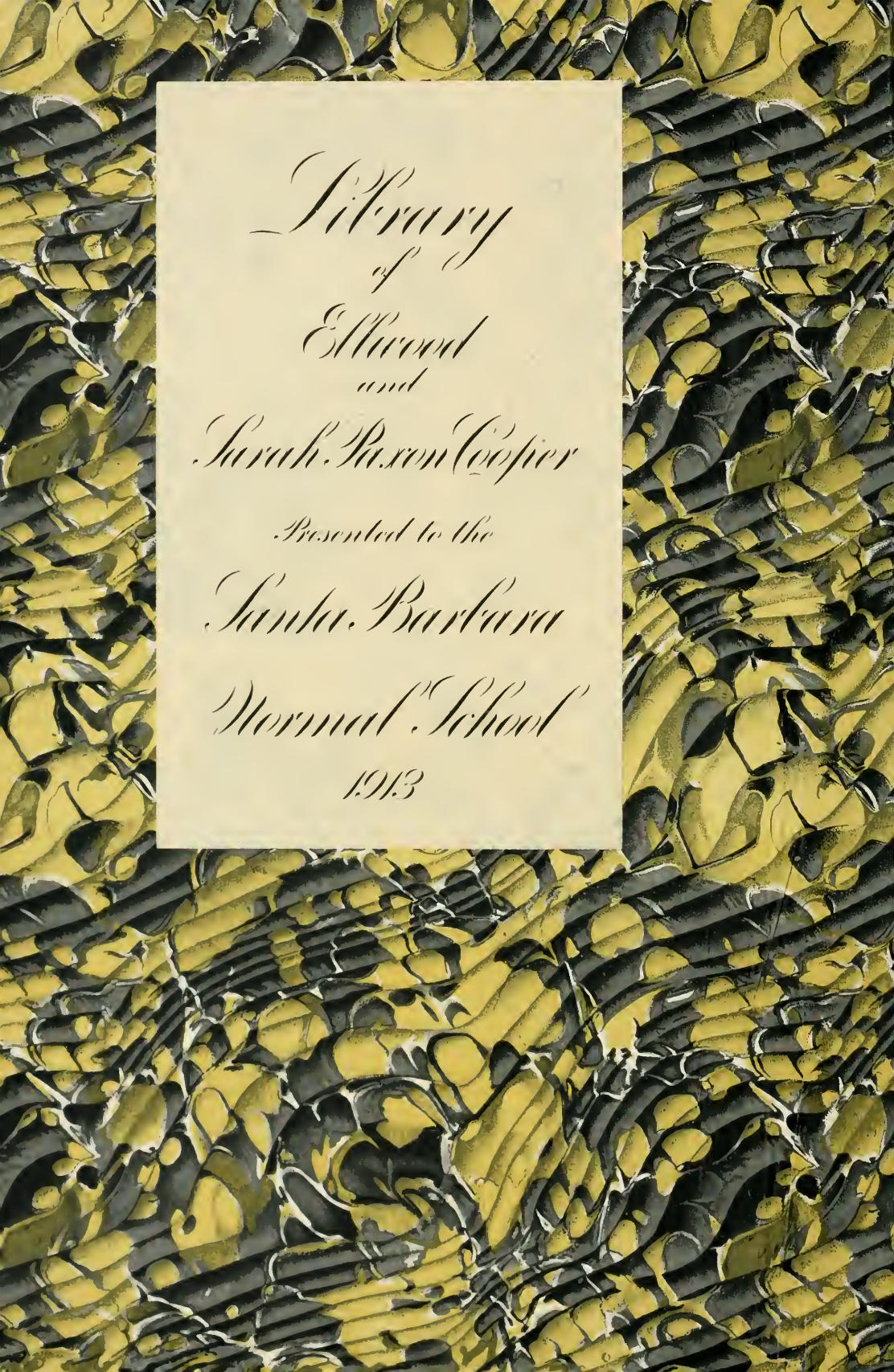
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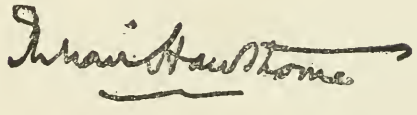

Corinna the Theban Poetess.

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THE MASTERPIECES

AND THE

HISTORY OF LITERATURE

ANALYSIS, CRITICISM, CHARACTER
AND INCIDENT

EDITED BY

JULIAN HAWTHORNE JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG
JOHN PORTER LAMBERTON OLIVER H. G. LEIGH

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VOLUME II

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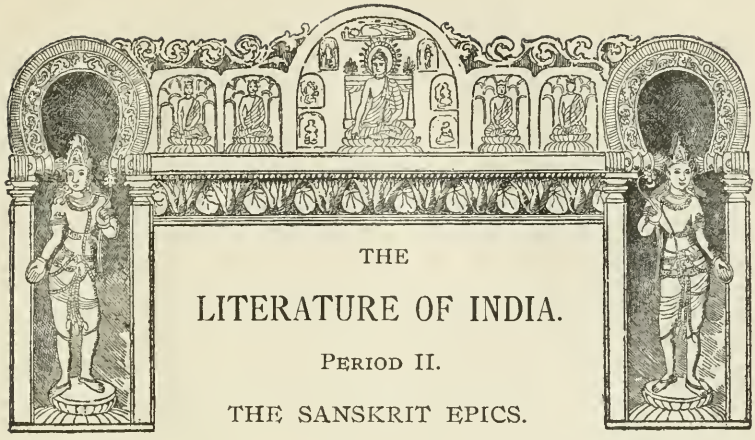


THE

LITERATURE OF INDIA.

PERIOD II.

THE SANSKRIT EPICS.

THE MAHABHARATA.

OUR former notice of the Sanskrit Epics* was confined chiefly to the Ramayana, which relates to the Aryan conquest of Southern India. More important than even that poem, as a product of ancient Indian genius, is the Mahabharata, or Great War of the Bharatas. This epic, with its eighteen books and 110,000 verses, is the longest poem in the world; but its variations in style and incoherency of narrative betray it to be the work of many authors. Vyasa, the name of the author to whom Hindu tradition attributes it, means "Arranger," and may be interpreted "Editor." The main story, occupying one-fourth of the whole poem, is perhaps historical in outline; the remainder comprises episodes of ancient Indian history, stories of the gods and of creation, didactic passages on religion, morals, philosophy and law, and, in short, nearly all that it behooves an educated Hindu to know.

The story describes the contest of two branches of the Bharatas for supremacy. The Pandavas descended through Bharata from Puru, ancestor of a branch of the lunar race. Dhritarashtra being blind, his younger brother Pandu succeeded to the throne, but resigned it to spend his life hunting.

See Volume I., pp. 93–125.

Assisted by his uncle Bhishma, Dhritarashtra undertook the government; and the five sons of Pandu, after the latter's death, are brought up at court with their cousins, the hundred sons of Dhritarashtra, called Kauravas. Such is the superiority of the Pandavas that the king makes the eldest, Yudishthira, heir-apparent. Duryodhana, then eldest of the Kauravas, plots the Pandavas' destruction, but they escape to the forest, and one of them wins a king's daughter, Draupadi, who becomes the wife of the five. Prince Krishna acts as their friend and counsellor. Dhritarashtra divides the kingdom between the two families, and the Pandavas build Indraprastha on the site of the present Delhi. Duryodhana induces Yudishthira to stake the kingdom on a game of dice, and wins it from him. By the terms of the wager, the Pandavas must retire for twelve years to the forest, and if they then succeed in passing another year incognito, they are to receive back their possessions. They fulfill the conditions; but when, in the fourteenth year, they demand their right the Kauravas refuse, and the war begins. All the Kauravas are slain, and Yudishthira is crowned king. But after the death of Krishna, he lays aside his crown and with his brothers and their wife sets out for Mount Meru, to gain entrance to heaven. One after another, his brothers and Draupadi fall exhausted by the way, till when he reaches heaven's gate, only his faithful dog is left. When the dog was refused admittance, the king declined to enter; whereupon it appears that his companion is in truth the god of Justice, who had taken this means of testing his virtue. The way now lies open to him; but when he learns that his wife and brothers have been sent to the lower world, he elects to join them there. As a reward for this final proof of love, they are permitted to enter heaven with him, where they enjoy eternal bliss together.

There are many features in this great poem of the ancient Eastern world recalling the customs of mediæval Europe. Its tone is chivalric. Young princes display their powers in contests at the court of the Raja, and sometimes a lady of the royal family, not without her own consent, becomes the prize of the victor. Yet there are also practices which seem to belong to a more primitive state of society. The most strik-

ing instance is in the polyandry, by which Draupadi became at once the wife of the five Pandavas. The charioteers were the comrades and instructors of princely warriors, as in Homer. Again, the most important religious solemnity was the Aswamadha, or sacrifice of a horse. Such sacrifices are known to have been customary among the early Teutonic tribes, but were rare among the other branches of the Aryan stock. In general, the manners portrayed in the Mahabharata indicate an earlier period than those of the Ramayana. Its antiquity thus procured for it an unlimited reverence.

It seems probable, however, that when the Brahmans, who had been the familiar advisers of princes and warriors, gained social pre-eminence in the system of caste, they took advantage of their opportunities to introduce comments and alterations to suit their doctrines and practices. Portions can easily be separated which make sufficiently long distinct narratives. The date of the poem can be only vaguely intimated. The main epic may have been originally composed about 500 B.C., though some critics suggest a still earlier date. The work probably had assumed its present outline by the first century of the Christian era, though additions continued to be made still later.

The Choice of Draupadi.

The Swayamvara or free choice of a husband was a common practice among the ancient Hindus. Many Princes, being invited, assembled in a public place with appropriate ceremonies. The Princess made a tour of the circle and showed her preference by throwing a garland of flowers on the head of the successful competitor. The marriage rite was subsequently performed. The preference was not in general the suggestion of the moment, but grew out of previous acquaintance. But the disappointed expectation of some suitors led to personal hostilities and sometimes to serious wars. The name Draupadi is a patronymic, meaning "daughter of Drupada." The five brothers were the sons of Pandu—Yudishthira, Bhima, Arjuna, Nakula and Sahadeva. This translation is by Horace H. Wilson.

And now the day of festival drew nigh;
When Drupada, whose anxious hopes desired
A son of Pandu for his daughter's lord,
And who had sent his messengers to search
The banished chiefs, still sought by them in vain,
Devised a test—no other force but theirs
He deemed could undergo, to win the bride.
A ponderous bow with magic skill he framed,
Unyielding but to more than mortal strength.
And for a mark he hung a metal plate
Suspended on its axle, swift revolving
Struck by a shaft that from the centre strayed.
This done he bade proclaim—that he whose hand
Should wing the arrow to its destined aim,
Should win the Princess by his archery.

Before the day appointed, trooping came
Princes and chiefs innumerous: 'midst the throng
Duryodhana and all the hundred sons
Of Dhritarashtra with the gallant Karna
In haughty cohort at the court appeared.
With hospitable act the king received
His royal guests and fitting welcome gave.

Between the north and east without the gates
There lay a spacious plain: a fosse profound
And lofty walls enclosed its ample circuit,

And towering gates and trophied arches rose,
And tall pavilions glittered round its borders:
Here, ere the day of trial came, the sports
Were held; and loud as ocean's boisterous waves,
And thick as stars that gem the Dolphin's brow,
The mighty city here her myriads poured.
Around the monarch's throne on lofty seats
Of gold, with gems emblazoned, sat the kings,
Each lowering stern defiance on the rest.
Without the barriers pressed the countless crowd,
Or, clambering upon scaffolds, clustering hung.
Skirting the distance, multitudes beheld
The field from golden lattices, or thronged
The high house-tops, whose towering summits touched
The clouds, and like the mountain of the gods
With sparkling peaks streamed radiant through the air.
A thousand trumpets brayed, and slow the breeze,
With incense laden, wafted perfume round.
Whilst games of strength and skill, the graceful dance,
The strains of music, or dramatic art,
Awoke the gazers' wonder and applause.

Thus sixteen days were passed, and every chief
Of note was present—and the king no more
Could with fair plea his daughter's choice delay.
Then came the Princess forth in royal garb
Arrayed and costly ornaments adorned:
A garland interwove with gems and gold
Her delicate hands sustained. From the pure bath
With heightened loveliness she tardy came,
And blushing in the princely presence stood.
Next in the ring the reverend Priest appeared
And strewed the holy grass and poured the oil,
An offering to the God of Fire, with prayer
Appropriate, and with pious blessings crowned.
Then bade the king the trumpet's clangor cease
And hush the buzzing crowd—while his brave son,
The gallant Dhrishtadyumna, on the plain
Descended and his father's will proclaimed.
"Princes, this bow behold—yon mark—these shafts—
Whoe'er with dexterous hand at once directs
Five arrows to their aim, and be his race,

His person and his deeds equivalent
To such exalted union, he obtains
My sister for his bride.—My words are truth."
Thus said, he to the Princess next described
Each royal suitor by his name and lineage
And martial deeds, and bade her give the wreath
To him whose prowess best deserved the boon.
Quick from their gorgeous thrones the kings uprose,
Descending to the conflict, and around
The lovely Draupadi contending pressed;
Like the bright gods round Siva's mountain bride.
Love lodged his viewless arrows in their hearts,
And jealous hatred swelled their haughty minds;
Each on his rivals bent a lowering glance,
And friends till now, they met as deadliest foes.
Alone the kindred bands remained aloof
Who owned Janardana* their glorious chief.
He and the mighty Halayudha curbed
Their emulous zeal,—and tranquil they beheld
Like furious elephants the monarchs meet;
Their rage by courteous seeming ill repressed,
Like fire amidst the smoldering embers glowing.

And now in turn the Princes to the trial
Succeeding passed, in turn to be disgraced—
No hand the stubborn bow could bend—they strained
Fruitless each nerve, and many on the field
Recumbent fell, whilst laughter pealed around.
In vain they cast aside their royal robes
And diamond chains and glittering diadems,
And with unfettered arm and ample chest
Put forth their fullest strength—the bow defied
Each chief, nor left the hope he might succeed.
Karna alone the yielding bowstring drew
And ponderous shafts applied, and all admired.
The timid Draupadi in terror cried,
"I wed not with the base-born."—Karna† smiled
In bitterness and upwards turned his eyes
To his great Sire the Sun—then cast to earth
The bow and shafts, and sternly stalked away.

* This is a name for Krishna.
† Karna was reputed to be the son of a charioteer.

Thus foiled the Princes, through the murmuring crowd
Amazement spread—then Arjuna from where
He and his brethren, with the Brahmans placed,
Had viewed the scene, advanced to prove his skill.—
The priestly bands, with wonder struck, beheld
Who seemed a student of their tribe aspire
To triumph where the mightiest chiefs had failed—
They deemed the like disgrace would shame the attempt,
And ridicule their race and name assail,
And many a venerable elder strove
To turn the stripling from the hopeless task:
They strove in vain. Yet did not all despair—
For many marked his elephantine strength,
His lion port and self-collected soul;
And fancied that they saw revived in him
The son of Jamadagni, to o'erthrow
Once more the haughty Kshatriya's power and pride.
Unheeding praise or censure, Arjuna
Passed to the field: with reverential steps
He round the weapon circled, next addressed
A silent prayer to Mahadeo and last
With faith inflexible on Krishna dwelt.
One hand the bow upbore, the other drew
The sturdy cord, and placed the pointed shafts—
They flew—the mark was hit—and sudden shouts
Burst from the crowd long silent: fluttering waved
The Brahman scarfs, and drum and trumpet brayed,
And bard and herald sung the hero's triumph.

Well pleased the monarch marked the youthful might
That had succeeded where so many chiefs
Of high renown were foiled, and deemed secure
His state by such alliance—nor was Draupadi
The less content, her beauties were the prize
Of youth and grace as well as skill in arms.

The Princes are indignant at the result, and as they dare not wreak their vengeance on the sacred Brahmans, they attack Drupada. The five brothers come to his rescue and drive even Karna from the field.

Appalled by Salya's fate and Karna's flight,
The princes changed their anger for surprise,
And humbled to the seeming Brahmans spake.

"'Tis bravely done, and we confess your prowess.
But what your birth, or where your country, tell,
Whose is the valor that has equal stood
The son of Radha: whose the strength that felled
The king of Madra? they are champions both
That few of their compeers would dare encounter.
Suspend the strife: although we stand as foes,
We own due reverence for your sacred race.
Comply with our request: then if ye list,
The conflict be resumed." Thus humbly they.
The sons of Pandu stern surveyed the kings
Nor deigned reply; but Vasudeva's glance
Had penetrated their disguise, not yet
To be unveiled to hostile eyes; and soothed
The wounded indignation of the Princes.
His gentle intercession lulled their rage,
And sullen from the field the Kings retired,
Mid shouts of triumph from the Brahman train.
Then round the hero's neck the trembling hand
Of Draupadi the marriage chaplet flung,
And with his lovely bride, the prize of valor,
The victor from the scene of strife withdrew.

The Frolic on the Shore.

The Hindu pantheon, like that of Greece and Rome, reveals a succession of celestial dynasties. In the Vedic hymns Varuna first, and then Indra, was the most prominent deity. Under the influence of the priestly philosophers, Indra was superseded by the more spiritual Brahma the Creator. But the remoteness of such a being from the common mind caused his place in popular regard to be taken by the other members of the Hindu trinity—Vishnu the Preserver and Siva the Destroyer. Even these could not effectually maintain their place against the allurements of the sportive Krishna, who is to-day the favorite deity of the populace of India. The contest for supremacy resulted in a compromise, by which Krishna is regarded as another form of Vishnu. The passages relating to him in the great epic are probably the latest interpolations, and may be concessions to the prejudices of certain localities. The following extract is one of the most remarkable, and serves to explain the universal affection for Krishna, who is here called also Govinda, Janardana, and Hari. Some modern interpreters regard Krishna as the sun, and explain his 16,000 wives by his reflection in the dew-drops. This passage is translated by the learned Hindu scholar, Dr. Rajendralata Mitra.

When Vishnu of unrivaled vigor dwelt at Dvaravati, he once desired to visit the sea-side watering-place of Pindaraka. Appointing King Vasudeva and Ugrasena regents for the management of state affairs, he started with the rest of his family. The wise Baladeva, lord of regions, went out with his affectionate and only wife, Revati, for whom the glorious chief of the Yadu race entertained the feeling which the sacred drake has for his mate. Adorned with garlands of wild flowers, and jubilant with draughts of kadamba wine, he disported with Revati in the ocean waters.

Govinda of the lotus eye entertained himself in many forms with his sixteen thousand wives, so pleasing every one that each thought Krishna was most attached to her, and it was for her only that he was in the ocean water. They were all exceedingly gratified and delighted with Krishna. Each, thinking herself to be the greatest favorite, cast the most bewitching glances at him, sang in great delight, and seemed to drink him with her eyes. Each carried her head high at the idea of being the greatest favorite, and, without any feeling of jealousy for rivals, loved him with the most tender passion. Thus enjoyed Krishna his sport in the clear water of the sea, even as if he had assumed a multiplicity of shapes for the gratification of his numerous consorts.

By his order, the ocean then circulated clear and fragrant water, devoid of all saltness. Standing ankle-deep, or knee-deep, thigh-deep, or breast-deep, each according to her choice, the ladies in great glee threw showers of water on Krishna, even as the heaven pours on the sea; and Krishna, in his turn, showered water on the ladies, as gentle clouds drizzle on flowering creepers. One fawn-eyed nymph, leaning on his shoulder, cried out "Help, help, I am falling." Others swam, leaning on floats of divers forms, some shaped like cranes, others like peacocks, others like serpents, or dolphins, or fish. Some, resting on their breasts like pitchers, swam about in great joy for the gratification of Janardana. Delighted with the sight, Krishna sported with Rukmini, even as the Lord of the Immortals sports with his consort; and his other wives did what each thought likely to please him most. Some gazelle-eyed damsels disported in the water with very thin raiment on their persons; and Krishna, knowing their feeling, did for each just what she would like most of the time. The ladies thought that in birth and accomplishment he was in every way worthy of them, and so they devoted themselves to his gratification, to win his sweet smile, and delightful converse, and charming affection.

The accomplished and heroic princes, in a separate company, entertained themselves in the sea-waters with the damsels that had come with them, and who were proficient in dancing and singing. Though forcibly brought away from their homes, these women had been overcome by the suavity of the princes; and the latter in their turn were delighted with the singing and acting and dancing of these excellent persons.

At this time, Krishna sent for accomplished Apsarases [or nymphs] to heighten the pleasures of the entertainment, and when they, with folded hands, appeared before him, and saluted him, the Lord of the universe spoke to them most encouragingly, and desired them to join the fête without fear. "For my sake," said he, "O fair ones, entertain the Yadus; exhibit to them your rare proficiency in dancing and singing, as well as in acting and music of divers kinds. These are all myself in different persons, and if you entertain them well, and acquit yourselves becomingly, I shall grant you all your desires."

The charming Apsarases respectfully received the order of Hari, and entered joyfully the pleasant throng of the noble heroes. Their advent on the waters shed new lustre on the wide ocean, like lightning playing on the breast of heavy dark clouds. Standing on water as on land, they played on aquatic musical instruments, and enacted heavenly scenes of delight. By their aroma and garlands and toilet, by their coquetry, blandishment, and wanton dalliance, these sweet ones with beaming eyes robbed the minds of the heroes. By their side glances and hints and smiles, by their assumed arrogance and mirth and complaisance, they completely charmed their audience. When the princes were overcome with wine, these bewitching actresses lifted them high in the air, and anon held them in their hands, looking at them with enchanting grace.

Krishna himself commenced the same pastime with his sixteen thousand wives for their gratification, and this did not excite the ridicule or wonder of the Yadavas, for they knew his worth and nature, and preserved their gravity. Some ran to the Raivataka hill, some to houses, and some to the jungle, whatever suited them best, and returned immediately after. By order of Vishnu, Lord of regions, the undrinkable water of the ocean then became drinkable, and the damsels with beaming eyes, taking each other by the hand, walked on the water as on land, now diving deep, and anon rising on the surface. Wearing fresh garlands, these faultless women, never to be overcome, enter-

tained themselves in private in the cabins of pleasant boats even as do the gods.

Having thus bathed, the Andhakas and the Vishnis in the afternoon entertained themselves by perfuming their persons with unguents on board their boats. Some of the cabins in these vessels were wide, others square, others circular, others like the Kailasa and the Sumeru mountains. Some were shaped like birds, some like wolves, some like the painted Carunda, some like cranes, some like parrots, and some like elephants; some painted with gateways of lapis-lazuli, some gilt, some bedecked with rubies and pearls and lapis-lazuli, and other gems,—all designed for the purpose by Visvakarma. Guided by able seamen, these boats, bright as gold, added new lustre to the billows. Pleasure-boats and tenders, and large vessels with commodious cabins, adorned the breast of the flowing main. When these noble vessels moved about on the sea, they seemed like the abodes of Candharvas floating in the air. The heavenly architect, Visvakarma, had, in these cabins, depicted gardens and trees and tanks and festal halls and cars in imitation of those in the Nandana Park of Indra, and they were in no way inferior to their heavenly archetypes.

By order of Vishnu birds were singing sweetly and delightfully in the forest; white cuckoos of paradise cooed mellifluently for the gratification of the heroes; peacocks, surrounded by their hens, danced gracefully on the tops of the cabins resplendent as moonbeams. The flags of the vessels bore the pictures of birds; and the garlands on the vehicles were musical with the hum of bees. By order of Narayana the trees in the neighborhood produced fragrant flowers of all seasons. The zephyr, loaded with the pollen of various flowers and the aroma of the sandal-wood, blew gently, driving away all exhaustion—now warm, and anon cool, according to the varying desires of the pleasure-seekers. No hunger, no thirst, no languor, no ennui, no grief assailed them, when through the grace of Vasudeva, they were engaged in this delightful fête of music, singing and dancing.

Thus did these god-like heroes, protected by the wielder of the discus, occupy themselves in their aquatic recreations, spreading over many leagues of the sea, the abode of waters.

The King's Journey to the Heavenly Mount.

Yudishthira, having resigned his kingdom, sets out, in company with his wife, his brothers, and his dog, for Mount Meru, the highest of the Himalayas, the Hindu Olympus. Here he expected to enjoy heavenly bliss in Swarga. This portion is versified by Sir Edwin Arnold.

Thenceforth alone the long-armed monarch strode,
Not looking back,—nay not for Bhima's sake,—
But walking with his face set for the Mount;
And the hound followed him,—only the hound.

After the deathly sands, the Mount! and, lo!
Sakra shone forth,—the God,—filling the earth
And heavens with thunder of his chariot wheels.
"Ascend," he said, "with me, Pritha's great son!"
But Yudishthira answered, sore at heart
For those his kinsfolk, fallen on the way:
"O Thousand-eyed, O Lord of all the Gods,
Give that my brothers come with me, who fell!
Not without them is Swarga sweet to me.
She too, the dear and kind and queenly,—she
Whose perfect virtue Paradise must crown,—
Grant her to come with us! Dost thou grant this?"

The God replied: "In heaven thou shalt see
Thy kinsmen and the queen—these will attain—
And Krishna. Grieve no longer for thy dead,
Thou chief of men! their mortal covering stripped,
They have their places; but to thee the gods
Allot an unknown grace; thou shalt go up
Living and in thy form to the immortal homes."

But the king answered: "O thou Wisest One,
Who know'st what was, and is, and is to be,
Still one more grace! This hound hath ate with me,
Followed me, loved me: must I leave him now?"

"Monarch," spake Indra, "thou art now as we,—
Deathless, divine; thou art become a god;
Glory and power and gifts celestial,

And all the joys of heaven are thine for aye.
What hath a beast with these? Leave here thy hound."
Yet Yudishthira answered: "O Most High,
O Thousand-eyed and Wisest! can it be
That one exalted should seem pitiless?
Nay, let me lose such glory: for its sake
I would not leave one living thing I loved."

Then sternly Indra spake: "He is unclean,
And into Swarga such shall enter not.
The Krodhavasha's hand destroys the fruits
Of sacrifice, if dogs defile the fire.
Bethink thee, Dharmaraj, quit now this beast!
That which is seemly is not hard of heart."

Still he replied: "'Tis written that to spurn
A suppliant equals in offence to slay
A twice-born;* wherefore, not for Swarga's bliss
Quit I, Lord Indra, this poor clinging dog,—
So without any hope or friend save me,
So wistful, fawning for my faithfulness,
So agonized to die, unless I help
Who among men was called steadfast and just."

Quoth Indra: "Nay! the altar-flame is foul
Where a dog passeth; angry angels sweep
The ascending smoke aside, and all the fruits
Of offering, and the merit of the prayer
Of him whom a hound toucheth. Leave it here!
He that will enter heaven must enter pure.
Why didst thou quit thy brethren on the way,
And Krishna, and the dear-loved Draupadi,
Attaining, firm and glorious, to this Mount
Through perfect deeds, to linger for a brute?
Hath Yudishthira vanquished self, to melt
With one poor passion at the Door of bliss?
Stay'st thou for this, who didst not stay for them,—
Draupadi, Bhima?"

But the king yet spake:
"'Tis known that none can hurt or help the dead.

* Every Brahman is twice-born, or regenerate.

They, the delightful ones, who sank and died,
Following my footsteps, could not live again
Though I had turned,—therefore I did not turn;
But could help profit, I had turned to help.
There be four sins, O Sakra, grievous sins:
The first is making suppliants despair,
The second is to slay a nursing wife,
The third is spoiling Brahman's goods by force,
The fourth is injuring an ancient friend.
These four I deem but equal to one sin,
If one, in coming forth from woe to weal,
Abandon any meanest comrade then."

Straight as he spake, brightly great Indra smiled;
Vanished the hound, and in its stead stood there
The Lord of Death and Justice, Dharma's self!
Sweet were the words which fell from those dread lips,
Precious the lovely praise: "O thou true king,
Thou that dost bring to harvest the good seed
Of Pandu's righteousness; thou that hast ruth,
As he before, on all which lives!—O Son,
I tried thee in the Dvaita wood, what time
They smote thy brothers, bringing water; then
Thou prayed'st for Nakula's life—tender and just—
Not Bhima's nor Arjuna's, true to both,
To Madri as to Kunti, to both queens.
Hear thou my word! Because thou didst not mount
This car divine, lest the poor hound be shent,
Who looked to thee, lo! there is none in heaven
Shall sit above thee, King!—Bharata's son,
Enter thou now to the eternal joys,
Living and in thy form! Justice and Love
Welcome thee, Monarch! thou shalt throne with them!"

Thereat those mightiest Gods, in glorious train,
Lord Indra, Dharma,—with bright retinue
Of Maruts, Saints, Aswin-Kumaras, Nats,
Spirits and Angels,—bore the king aloft,
The thundering chariot first, and after it
Those airy-moving Presences. Serene,
Clad in great glory, potent, wonderful,
They glide at will,—at will they know and see,

At wish their wills are wrought; for these are pure,
Passionless, hallowed, perfect, free of earth.
In such celestial midst the Pandu king
Soared upward, and a sweet light filled the sky
And fell on earth, cast by his face and form,
Transfigured as he rose; and there was heard
The voice of Narad,—it is he who writes,
Sitting in heaven, the deeds that good men do
In all the quarters,—Narad, chief of scribes,
Narad, the wise, who laudeth purity,—
So cried he: "Thou art risen, unmatched king,
Whose greatness is above all royal saints.
Hail, son of Pandu! like to thee is none
Now or before among the sons of men,
Whose fame hath filled the three wide worlds, who com'st
Bearing thy mortal body, which doth shine
With radiance as a god's."

The glad king heard
Narad's loud praise; he saw the immortal gods,—
Dharma, Mahendra; and dead chiefs and saints,
Known upon earth, in blessed heaven he saw;
But only those. "I do desire," he said,
"That region, be it of the Blest as this,
Or of the Sorrowful some otherwhere,
Where my dear brothers are, and Draupadí.
I cannot stay elsewhere! I see them not!"

Then answer made Purandara, the God:
"O thou compassionate and noblest One,
Rest in the pleasures which thy deeds have gained.
How, being as are the Gods, canst thou live bound
By mortal chains? Thou art become of us,
Who live above hatred and love, in bliss
Pinnacled, safe, supreme. Sun of thy race,
Thy brothers cannot reach where thou hast climbed!
Most glorious lord of men, let not thy peace
Be touched by stir of earth! Look! this is heaven.
See where the saints sit, and the happy souls,
Siddhas and angels, and the gods who live
Forever and forever."

"King of gods,"
Spake Yudishthira, "but I will not live
A little space without those souls I loved.
O Slayer of the demons! let me go
Where Bhima and my brothers are, and she,
My Draupadi, the princess with the face
Softer and darker than the kihat-bud,
And soul as sweet as are its odors. Lo!
Where they have gone, there will I surely go."

Yudishthira's Entry into Heaven.

Yudishthira refused to enter heaven when told that his wife and brothers had been consigned to hell, and departed to seek them. He is recalled and rewarded with his kin by admission to eternal bliss. This translation is by Sir Edwin Arnold.

At hearing and at knowing that high deed
(Great Yudishthira braving hell for love),
The Presences of Paradise uprose,
Each Splendor in his place,—God Sakra chief;
Together rose they, and together stepped
Down from their thrones, treading the nether road
Where Yudishthira tarried. Sakra led
The shining van, and Dharma, Lord of laws,
Paced glorious next. O Son of Bharata,
While that celestial company came down—
Pure as the white stars sweeping through the sky,
And brighter than their brilliance—look! Hell's shades
Melted before them; warm gleams drowned the gloom;
Soft, lovely scenes rolled over the ill sights;
Peace calmed the cries of torment; in its bed
The boiling river shrank, quiet and clear;
The Asipatra Vana—awful wood—
Blossomed with colors; all those cruel blades,
And dreadful rocks, and piteous scattered wreck
Of writhing bodies, where the king had passed,
Vanished as dreams fade. Cool and fragrant went
A wind before their faces, as these Gods
Drew radiant to the presence of the king,—
Maruts, and Vasus eight, who shine and serve
Round Indra; Rudras; Aswins; and those six
Immortal Lords of light beyond our light,

Th' Adityas; Saddhyas; Siddhas,—and those were there,
With angels, saints, and habitants of heaven,
Smiling resplendent round the steadfast prince.
Then spake the God of gods these gracious words
To Yudishthira, standing in that place:—
"King Yudishthira! O thou long-armed Lord,
This is enough! Come, thou most blessed one,
Unto thy peace, well-gained. Lay now aside
Thy loving wrath, and hear the speech of Heaven.
It is appointed that all kings see hell.
The reckonings for the life of men are twain:
Of each man's righteous deeds a tally true,
A tally true of each man's evil deeds.
Who hath wrought little right, to him is paid
A little bliss in Swarga, then the woe
Which purges; who much right hath wrought, from him
The little ill by lighter pain is cleansed,
And then the joys. Sweet is peace after pain,
And bitter pain which follows peace; yet they,
Who sorely sin, taste of the heaven they miss,
And they that suffer quit their debt at last.
Lo! We have loved thee, laying hard on thee
Grievous assaults of soul, and this black road.
Bethink thee: by a semblance once, dear Son!
Drona thou didst beguile; and once, dear Son!
Semblance of hell hath so thy sin assailed,
Which passeth with those shadows. Even thus
Thy Bhima came a little space t' account,
Draupadi, Krishna,—all whom thou didst love,
Never again to lose! Come, First of Men!
These be delivered and their quittance made.
Also the princes, son of Bharata!
Who fell beside thee fighting, have attained.
Come thou to see! Karna, whom thou didst mourn,—
That mightiest archer, master in all wars,—
He hath attained, shining as doth the sun;
Come thou and see! Grieve no more, King of Men!
Whose love helped them and thee, and hath its meed.
Rajahs and maharajahs, warriors, aids,—
All thine are thine forever. Krishna waits
To greet thee coming, 'companied by Gods,
Seated in heaven, from toils and conflicts saved.

Son! there is golden fruit of noble deeds,
Of prayers, alms, sacrifice. The most just Gods
Keep thee thy place above the highest saints,
Where thou shalt sit, divine, compassed about
With royal souls in bliss, as Hari sits,
Seeing Mandhata crowned, and Bhagirath,
Daushyanti, Bharata, with all thy line.
Now therefore wash thee in this holy stream,
Gunga's pure fount, whereof the bright waves bless
All the Three Worlds. It will so change thy flesh
To likeness of th' immortal, thou shalt leave
Passions and aches and tears behind thee there."

And when the awful Sakra thus had said,
Lo! Dharma spake,—th' embodied Lord of Right:
"Bho! bho! I am well pleased! Hail to thee, Chief!
Worthy, and wise, and firm. Thy faith is full,
Thy virtue, and thy patience, and thy truth,
And thy self-mastery. Thrice I put thee, King!
Unto the trial. In the Dwaita wood,
The day of sacrifice,—then thou stood'st fast;
Next on thy brethren's death and Draupadí's,
When, as a dog, I followed thee and found
Thy spirit constant to the meanest friend.
Here was the third and sorest touchstone, Son!
That thou shouldst hear thy brethren cry in hell,
And yet abide to help them. Pritha's child,
We love thee! Thou art fortunate and pure,
Past trials now. Thou art approved, and they
Thou lov'st have tasted hell only a space,
Not meriting to suffer more than when
An evil dream doth come, and Indra's beam
Ends it with radiance—as this vision ends.
It is appointed that all flesh see death,
And therefore thou hast borne the passing pangs,
Briefest for thee, and brief for those of thine,—
Bhima the faithful, and the valiant twins
Nakla and Sahadev, and those great hearts,
Karna, Arjuna, with thy princess dear,
Draupadi. Come, thou best-belovèd Son,
Blessed of all thy line! Bathe in this stream,—
It is great Gunga, flowing through Three Worlds."

Thus high-accosted, the rejoicing king
(Thy ancestor, O King!) proceeded straight
Unto that river's brink, which floweth pure
Through the Three Worlds, mighty, and sweet, and praised.
There, being bathed, the body of the King
Put off its mortal, coming up arrayed
In grace celestial, washed from soils of sin,
From passion, pain and change. So, hand in hand
With brother-gods, glorious went Yudishthira,
Lauded by softest minstrelsy, and songs
Of unknown music, where those heroes stood—
The princes of the Pandavas, his kin—
And lotus-eyed and loveliest Draupadi,
Waiting to greet him, gladdening and glad.

The Rising of the Dead.

The following passage has been pronounced "one of the grandest pictures ever presented to the human eye." At the close can be seen the attempt of the Brahmans to inculcate the Sati or immolation of widows.

After this, while all were talking together of the husbands and the sons, and the kinsfolk whom they had lost in the great wars of the Maha Bharata, the Sage Vyasa appeared among them and said, "I will this day heal all your griefs. Go you all to the river Ganges and bathe therein, and there each one of you shall behold the kinsman for whom you have been sorrowing." So they all went down to the river, and chose a bathing place for themselves and families, and Vyasa said to them,—"You shall see this night whom you desire." And the day passed away so slowly that it seemed like a whole year to them, and at last the sun went down, and they all bathed in the river by command of Vyasa, and said their prayers and went and stood near him; and Yudishthira and his brethren were on the side of Vyasa, and everybody else stood where places could be found. Vyasa then went into the water and prayed and bathed, and he then came out and stood by Yudishthira, and called out the names of each of the persons who had been slain, one by one.

At that moment the river began to foam and boil, and a great noise was heard rising out of the water, as though all the slain men were once again alive, and as though they and their elephants, and their horses, were bursting into loud cries, and all the drums

and trumpets and other instruments of music of both armies were striking up together. The whole assembly was astonished at this mighty tempest, and some were smitten with a terrible fear when suddenly they saw Bishma and Drona in full armor seated in their chariots, and ascending out of the water with all their armies arrayed as they were on the first day of the Maha Bharata. Next came forth Abhimanya, the heroic son of Arjuna, and the five sons of Draupadi, and the son of Bhima with his army. After him came Kuna and Duryodhana and Sankivar, and the other sons of Drona, all in full parade, seated upon their chariots, together with many other warriors and rajas who had been slain. All appeared in great glory and splendor, and more beautiful than they were when alive, and all came with their own horses and chariots, and runners and arms. And every one was in perfect friendship with each other, for enmity had departed from amongst them. And each one was preceded by his bards and eulogists, who sang his praises, and very many singing men and dancing girls appeared with them, singing and dancing. Now, when those warriors had come out of the river, their widows and orphans and kinsfolk were overjoyed, and not a trace of grief remained amongst them, and widows went to their husbands, and daughters to their fathers, and mothers to their sons, and sisters to their brothers, and all the fifteen years of sorrow which had passed away since the war of the Maha Bharata were forgotten in the ecstasy of seeing each other again.

Thus the night passed away in the fulness of joy; but when the morning had dawned, all the dead mounted their chariots and horses, and disappeared; and those who had gathered to behold them prepared to depart, and Vyasa the Sage said that the widows who wished to rejoin their dead husbands might do so, and all the widows went and bathed in the Ganges, and came out of the water again and kissed every one the feet of Yudishthira and his wife Gandhavi, and went and drowned themselves in the river, and through the prayers of Vyasa they all went to the places they wished and obtained their several desires.

The Faithful Wife.

Aswapati, king of the Madras, was a pious, virtuous and beloved ruler. Being childless, he spent many years in penance and prayer for offspring. At length the gods sent him a daughter, who grew up bright in surpassing beauty. When no prince asked her hand in marriage, her father, according to Hindu law, sent her forth to choose a husband. She visited many holy places, bestowing gifts on the sages, and finally returned to her father to declare her choice.

Meanwhile to the Madras' Monarch, lo! a Saint of mighty fame,
Narad, holiest of the holy, full of truth and wisdom, came;
She had traversed all the dwellings of the hermits with her train,
And the Lady now returned to her father's house again.
When within the palace saw she holy Narad with the King,
Lowly bent the modest maiden, Saint and father reverencing.

Narad. "Whither has thy daughter travell'd? Why unwedded
is her life?
Wherefore dost thou not bestow her, young and fair, to be a wife?"
The King. "'Twas for this I sent my daughter forth to every
hermitage,
Hear what husband she hath chosen from herself, O holy Sage!
Tell at length thy tale, my daughter—say what bridegroom thou
wilt take."
As a God's she heard his bidding, and 'twas thus the maiden
spake:
"Lived a monarch of the Salwas, mighty warrior, just of mind,
Dyumatsena—thus his name was—but, alas! the King grew blind;
Sightless he—his son an infant—in this dire extremity
Fell his kingdom to a kinsman, to a ruthless enemy;
And he fled with Balavatsa, his beloved faithful wife,
To a hermit-grove in sorrow—there in penance pass'd his life;
His brave son to manhood's glory rear'd within the holy grove,
Satyavan my heart has chosen—Satyavan has all my love."
Narad. "Hapless is her choice, O Monarch! little does the
maiden know,
How with Satyavan she chooses care and misery and woe."
The King. "Tell me, is he apt for glory, gifted with a noble
mind?
Tell me, is the Prince heroic; is he patient, firm, resign'd?"

Narad. "Learned as the Gods' own Teacher, glorious as the Sun is he;
With the Earth's untiring patience, and great Indra's bravery."
The King. "Is the youth a bounteous giver, pious, true, and dutiful?
Is he of a noble spirit, fair of form, and beautiful?"
Narad. "Noble is the prince and lovely, pious, true, and great of soul,
Bountiful is he and modest—every sense does he control;
Gentle, brave, all creatures love him—keeping in the righteous way,
Number'd with the holy hermits, pure and virtuous as they."
The King. "Say'st thou she hath err'd in choosing, if thus glorious is he?
Let me know the fault that stains him—if in him a fault can be."
Narad. "Yea, one cloud upon his virtues makes them profitless, O King!
'Tis a fault he ne'er can master by severe endeavoring;
Subject to one shade, O Monarch—only one—his virtues lie,
In a year from this day counting, Satyavan shall surely die."
The King. "Go, my dearest child, Savitri, go, my daughter, choose again,
This one fault is overwhelming, and his virtues are in vain."
Savitri. "Be he virtuous or worthless—many be his days, or few,
Once for all I choose my husband—to that choice will I be true."
Narad. "Firm is her fix'd heart, O Monarch! and her purpose changeless still,
And thou must not force her from it, but perform thy daughter's will;
And 'tis good to give her to him, for there liveth not a man
Gifted with the noble virtues of her chosen Satyavan."

Priests and Brahmans were assembled; lucky was the day and good,
When the King with his fair daughter journey'd to the holy wood;
To the Hermit-King advanced he, and due salutation made,
Kindly was the royal stranger welcomed, and 'twas thus he said:
"See this maiden, my Savitri, good and lovely standing here,
Give her to thy son, great Hermit! take her for thy daughter dear."
Dyumatsena. "Nay, but we are sad ascetics—all unking'd, unfortunate,
'Tis no life for this young Princess, one so fair and delicate."

The King. "Well we know (and our firm purpose is not changed at all by this)
What is lowliness and splendor, what is misery and bliss;
Frustrate not my hopes, O Hermit—I have come in love to thee,
Send us not away despised—take her to thy family!
As thy heart is so my heart is, fitly shall we be allied;
Let the maiden be thy daughter—Satyavan's beloved bride."
Gladly then the Hermit summon'd all the Brahmans of the grove,
And the Princes gave Savitri duly wedded to her love.
With his wife of rarest virtues, oh! how did the youth rejoice!
Oh! how happy was the Lady with the husband of her choice!
All the gems that deck'd her beauty she put off in lowliness,
And her gentle limbs she cover'd with a hard rough hermit dress;
By her meekness and affection, by her ministering care,
Did the sweet contented Lady win the heart of each one there.
Thus within the hermit-dwelling with her love continued she,
Passing all the time in penance, and devout austerity.

Sadly, sadly as she counted, day by day flew swiftly by,
And the fated time came nearer when her Satyavan must die.
Yet three days, and he must perish—sadly thought the loving wife,
And she vow'd to fast unresting for his last three days of life.
When they told him of her purpose, vexed was the Hermit-King,
Thus unto his high-soul'd daughter spake he deeply sorrowing:—
"Over-hard for thee the trial—O my Princess, how canst thou,
For three nights in penance standing, execute thy fearful vow?"
Savitri. "Grieve not, dearest father, think not I shall sink beneath its length,
Firm resolve has made me vow it—firm resolve will give me strength."
Dyumatsena. "And to break thy vow, my daughter, never will I counsel thee:—
Go, perform it—is the counsel that should come from one like me."

Thus he spake, and left the votaress to perform her purposed will,
Like a fair and stately column, standing motionless and still.
Sadly o'er the grieving Lady went the last unhappy night,
For her Satyavan must leave her—perish in the morrow's light.
'Twas the day—the fire of worship at the rising of the sun
By the votaress was kindled, and the morning rites were done.

All the holy aged Brahmans in due form saluted she,
And her husband's honor'd parents, as a suppliant, reverently;
Graciously the pious dwellers in the holy hermit-grove
Spake in kindness to the Lady words of blessing and of love;
But the prophecy of Narad ever weigh'd upon her heart,
As approach'd the dreaded moment when her love and she must part.
Came her loving parents near her, and besought her where she stood,
Now her weary vow was over, to refresh her soul with food;
"Nay, no bread for me, dear parents, till the sun has sunk to rest,
Still is my resolve unchanging—firm the purpose of my breast."
When her husband heard Savitri thus her stern intention say,
With his axe upon his shoulder to the wood he took his way;
But she stay'd him, "Nay, dear husband, but thou must not go alone;
Oh! I cannot bear to leave thee, I will go with thee, mine own."
Satyavan. "All unknown to thee the forest—rough the path and weary thou,
How then will thy feet support thee, fainting from thy fasting vow?"
Savitri. "Nay, I sink not from my fasting, and no weakness feel to-day,
I have set my heart on going—oh! forbid me not, I pray."
Satyavan. "If it be thy earnest longing, I will do what pleaseth thee,
Ask my father, ask my mother, that no blame may fall on me."

Gladly went she, and entreating thus before the parents stood,
"Satyavan, my Lord, is going to fetch wild-fruits from the wood;
I would go and tend my husband, if ye will not say me nay,
For the thought of absence from him seems unbearable to-day.
Nigh a year within the garden of the hermitage I've stay'd,
Fain I'd see the glorious forest with its flowers and its shade."
Readily her boon was granted, and Savitri, Lady fair,
Went out with her husband smiling, but her heart was sad with care.
Lovely woods and stately peacocks met the broad-eyed Lady's view.
"See," he cried, "the charming forest, see the flowers of brilliant hue."
But she look'd upon him only, mourn'd him even as the dead,

As the word the Sage had utter'd she again remembered.
Delicately walking onwards after her dear Lord she went,
And expecting, fearing ever, her sad heart in twain was rent.

She, their parching lips to moisten, cooling fruits and berries found,
Satyavan with ringing hatchet made the silent woods resound;
On his brow the heat-drops thicken'd, as with might and main toil'd he,
Sudden through his burning temples shot a thrill of agony.
"Dearest!" cried he to Savitri, "racking pains have seized my head,
Aching is my heart within me, and my limbs are wearied;
I must rest awhile, my darling! pierced with arrows seems my brain.
Dearest! I can stand no longer—rest and sleep will soothe my pain."
Down upon the ground she sat her—laid his head upon her breast,
And the loving, grieving Lady lull'd her Satyavan to rest.
Sudden, lo! before Savitri stood a great and awful One,*
Red as blood was his apparel, bright and glowing as the Sun;
In his hand a noose was hanging; he to Satyavan stood nigh,
And upon the weary sleeper fix'd his fearful glittering eye.
Up she rose in shuddering terror, on the ground she laid his head,
And in suppliant posture, grieving, thus with beating heart she said:—
"Sure thou art a God, for mortals never thus in form appear;
Tell me, mighty being! tell me who thou art, and wherefore here?"

Yama. "Good and pious art thou, Lady! and a faithful loving wife,
Therefore will I speak unto thee—I am Yama, End of Life;
Short-lived is thy noble husband, and his time is come to die;
I must bind and take his spirit; Lady! for this cause came I."

Savitri. "But 'tis said thy rapid angels carry men away to death,
Wherefore then in person hast thou come to rob my Lord of breath!"
To the King of the Departed thus the gentle Lady spake;
And he told her all his purpose, for her love and virtue's sake:—
"Angels may not bind thy husband, one of goodness so austere,

* Yama, the God of Death.

One so pure from sin's defilement, therefore I myself am here."
Out then from the sleeper's body forced he, and bound with strength,
In his cord, the vital being, as it were a finger's length.
In an instant from the features all the grace and beauty fled,
When the lively breath had left him lying motionless and dead;
Having bound the captive spirit, towards the South then went the King,
And Savitri follow'd closely, for her husband sorrowing.

Yama. "Nay, but go thou back, Savitri, and his funeral rites prepare,
Far as faithful wife should follow, thou hast follow'd, Lady fair."

Savitri. "Wheresoe'er my husband goeth, in the way where he is led,
There Savitri, faithful ever, still unfalteringly will tread;
For my penance' sake, and duty to my elders that I show—
Wifely love, and thine own favor, oh! forbid me not to go!
Him that goes seven paces with thee truthful Sages call a friend,
Thus I claim thy friendship, Yama!—I will speak, do thou attend!
Men, induced by various motives, in the wood their dwelling make,
Some go there for holiest Duty, some for home and shelter's sake;
Duty leads the Righteous thither, and as holy men account,
Duty is the noblest motive—Duty aye is paramount.
One man's pure Devotion leads us in the forest to remain,
Much availeth high Devotion—let the Good ne'er ask in vain."

Yama. "Thy sweet speech has charm'd me, Lady! and a boon to thee I give;
I will grant whate'er thou askest, saving that thy Lord may live."

Savitri. "In the hermit-grove, neglected, reft of kingdom, reft of sight,
Let my husband's sire recover vision and his royal right."

Yama. "Yea, this boon I grant thee, fairest—it shall be as thou dost pray,
But return thou home, Savitri, lest thou faint upon the way."

Savitri. "Can I faint when near my husband? Where he goes my path shall be,
I will follow where thou leadest. Listen once again to me:
He that to all living creatures nought but loving-kindness shows,
Has the truest, best religion—good men pity e'en their foes."

Yama. "Sweet as water to the thirsty, Lady! are thy words to me,
Ask again—*his* life excepted—gladly will I grant it thee."

Savitri. "Heirless is the King, my father—let a hundred sons of fame,
Duly born unto the Monarch, spread the glories of his name."
Yama. "Lady! it shall be unto him given even as thy wishes are,
But return—thy prayer is granted; Princess, thou hast travel'd far."
Savitri. "'Tis not far, for *he* is near me—further, further speeds my mind;
Onwards! I will speak, O Yama! let my words a hearing find:—
Resteth more upon the Righteous than on self Man's confidence,
Therefore seeketh each the Worthy's friendship and benevolence;
Gladly to the Good and Holy all their trusting love they give,
Boundless is the good man's kindness, for he loveth all that live."
Yama. "Thou hast spoken well and wisely—never yet spake woman so;
To my soul thy words are pleasant—ask another boon, and go!"
Savitri. "Grant that many a prince, O Yama! I to Satyavan may bear,
To uphold his house forever, mighty, virtuous, and fair."
Yama. "Many a son, fair, good, and mighty, Lady! shall of thee be born,
But return, thy home is distant—faint art thou, and travel-worn."
Savitri. "Nay, the Good ne'er cease well-doing, and they know not weariness;
Never is their meeting fearful, never is it profitless;
Great are they—the Sun in heaven guide they by their truth and worth,
And bear up by their devotion, this vast dwelling-place the Earth;
Never, when the Good are near them, do the Good faint wearily,
For the Good uphold forever all that has been and shall be."
Yama. "Just and sweet thy words are, true one,—ask, and I will not refuse
(So my soul is pleased with thee), any boon that thou shalt choose."
Savitri. "Nought hast thou excepted, Monarch! in this choice that thou dost give:
I am dead without *his* presence—let my dearest husband live!
I would spurn all earthly pleasures, spurn all bliss in Heaven above.
Earth can have no raptures for me,—Heaven no joy without my love!"

Said the King of the Departed, "O Savitri, faithful wife!
It shall be as thou entreatest—I restore thy husband's life;
Centuries shall he live with thee; o'er his father's kingdom reign,
And by sacrifice and justice, highest fame and glory gain.
Thou shalt see thy loved ones happy—very blessed shalt thou be,
For of all the gifts I promised, none shall fail to come to thee."
Thus the King of Justice ended, and then quickly went his way,
And the eager Lady hasten'd where her husband's body lay.
Still upon the ground she found him, by his side she gently bent,
And upon her faithful bosom, tenderly his head she leant.

Spake he then to his Savitri, waking up to sense and life,
Like one who has long been absent, looking fondly on his wife:—
"Wherefore didst not thou arouse me? Long have I been sleeping here;
Where is he, that swarthy being, who in awful form stood near?"
Savitri. "Thou hast slumber'd long, my dearest! resting on my lap thy head,
And that mighty God has left us,—Yama, Monarch of the Dead.
Tell me, has thy sleep refresh'd thee? Rise, I pray thee, from the ground,
See! the night is thickening o'er us, and dark shades are closing round."
Up he rose, by slumber strengthen'd, and now conscious fix'd his eye
On the forest's distant boundaries, and the quarters of the sky.
Satyavan. "O Savitri, dainty-waisted! from our home I came with thee,
Here with fruit we fill'd our basket, here, my love, I fell'd the tree;
Faint with toil and sudden anguish, sank I sleeping on thy breast,
But so far do I remember—tell me, if thou canst, the rest;
For a man exceeding glorious saw I then, or seem'd to see,
Say, Savitri, was I dreaming, or was all reality?"
She made answer to her husband, "Night's dark shadows round us fall,
When the morrow's light returneth, dearest! I will tell thee all;
Up, then, and away, I pray thee—come unto thy parents, love!
See! the sun has long time vanish'd, and the night grows black above:
Ravening beasts that roam the forest, for their midnight booty prowl.
Listen! they are roaming near us—listen to their angry howl!"

Satyavan. "All the wood is full of terrors, black with night's thick shades around,
How shall the long way be traversed, and our homeward path be found?"

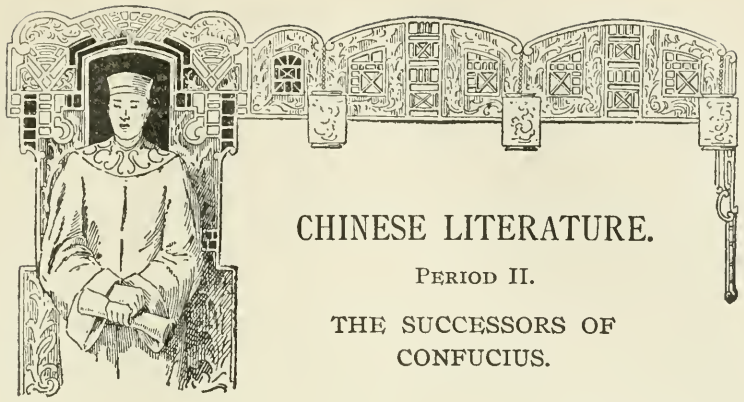
Savitri. "In the wood a tree stood burning, as to-day we hither came,
Even now the wind hath fann'd it, and I see the flickering flame;
Quickly will I bring a fireband, and a blaze will kindle here.
See! this wood is lying ready—grieve no more, my husband dear!
Weak art thou and worn with suffering; we will rest us here to-night,
And return, if thou be willing, with the morning's earliest light."

Satyavan. "All the pain has left me, dearest! and my limbs again are strong;
Let us hasten to my parents—we have loiter'd here too long.
Never from the hermit-cottage have I stay'd so long away;
Sure my woful mother mourns me—mourn'd me ere the close of day;
With the early morn I left them; now their hearts are sad with care,
And my father seeks me sorrowing with the hermits everywhere.
Often have they fondly chid me, 'Why so late, beloved one?'
Oh, how great will be their anguish, weeping for their absent son!
Often have they said unto me, 'Child, on thee our lives depend,
'Tis by thee we have our being—without thee our lives must end,
Staff of thy blind aged parents! all our hoping rests on thee,
Rests on thee for after-glory, funeral rites, and family.
Now, e'en now, my father questions every dweller in the grove,
Now he asks of my fond mother, feebly following her love;
I must cheer their fainting spirits, and put gladness in their heart;
Let us haste away, Savitri! come, my dearest, and depart."

Quickly at her husband's bidding then arose that Lady fair;
He threw off the dust that stain'd him, and she bound her flowing hair;
Gently by the hand she took him, aiding Satyavan to rise,
Saying, as she saw him sadly on the burden fix his eyes;
"Thou shalt fetch the fruit to-morrow—let the basket be thy care,
And the axe (for thou art weary) on my shoulder will I bear."
The other arm she threw around him, fondly on her neck he leant,
And supporting thus her husband, joyfully the Lady went.

Now the holy Hermit-Monarch had received again his sight,
But he wept because his darling came not with the coming night!
Absent from their well-beloved, father—mother—could not rest,
Through the grove, along the streamlet, sought they, weary and distrest.
Did they hear a rustling near them, eagerly the mourners cried:—
"Hark! our Satyavan is coming, and Savitri by his side;"
Heedless of the tangled bushes onwards still their way they sped,
With their tender feet all wounded, and their minds bewildered.
But the gentle hermits found them, and led home the weeping pair,
And with hopeful words of comfort tenderly relieved their care;
There within the cottage sat they, while their spirits were consoled
By the tales of bygone heroes, and great warrior-kings of old;
But again they wept, remembering the brave deeds their boy had done.
"Where art thou, wife ever faithful? Where art thou, my son, my son?"
"Still he lives," cried all the Brahmans—"let not your sad hearts despair."
Oh! what joy came o'er their spirits! Satyavan and she stood there!

Heralds brought next morn the tidings that the king, his foe, was slain;
"Now again let Dyumatsena o'er his faithful subjects reign;
Come, great Prince! thy praise is sounded through our town in every street,
Come and sit for years unnumber'd on thy father's fathers' seat."
Honor'd by the holy Brahmans, honor meet to them he paid,
And departed for his city, as his loving subjects pray'd;
Carried in a fair soft litter 'mid the people's welcoming,
Came the Queen and good Savitri to the City of the King;
Gladly did the Priests anoint him Sovereign of that kingdom fair,
And had Satyavan proclaimed Royal Prince and ruling heir.



CHINESE LITERATURE.

Period II.

THE SUCCESSORS OF CONFUCIUS.

CHINA paid little heed to Confucius in his lifetime. Though successful as minister of his native province for five years, he was dismissed from his post, and became a wanderer through the kingdom. Faithful followers, however, attended him, and treasured his words and example. In each succeeding generation some arose who delighted to propagate his ethical teaching. The greatest of these was Mencius, who lived in the third century B.C. His public career was like that of the prophets of Israel. He rebuked the sins of kings and people, and exhorted them to righteousness. The last twenty years of his life were spent chiefly in the society of his disciples, and in preparing his works for publication.

The example of Confucius had caused many writers to compile histories of their native states. Others busied themselves with treatises on agriculture, law, and medicine. An extensive literature of practical works had been produced before the reign of Che-Hwang Ti, who became "the first universal emperor," 246 B.C. This ambitious and successful sovereign was the builder of the Great Wall along the entire northern boundary of his empire for the restraint of the troublesome invasions of the Huns. In literary history he has an evil fame for having ordered, in 221 B.C., the destruction of all books except those pertaining to medicine, agriculture, and divination. He seems to have feared that the reverent study of antiquity which Confucius and his fol-

lowers had promoted would undermine the imperial power. Persons who were found in possession of any books a month after the promulgation of the edict against them were branded and sent to labor on the Great Wall for four years. Even this barbarous punishment was found not effectual, and eventually more than four hundred scholars were put to death for disobeying the mandate.

But persecution of learning, as of religion, is apt to defeat its own ends. Though bonfires of the bamboo tablets, which then served as books, were made in all the cities, new materials for writing were now invented. The brush-pencil (still used by the Chinese) dates from this reign. It was at first used on silk, but soon afterwards on paper made from rags. The Han dynasty came to the throne in 206 B.C., and the decree of Che-Hwang Ti was soon reversed. Every encouragement was given to literary industry. Some of the ancient works were written down from the memory of scholars, but others were never restored. Thousands of new works were written for the imperial library; but many of these were lost in subsequent revolutions.

China can justly claim the invention of printing as applied to books. Almost nine hundred years before this "art, preservative of all arts," was practiced in Europe, a decree of a Chinese Emperor in 593 A.D. ordered books to be engraved on wood-blocks and thus printed. Yet but slow progress was made in this way until nearly five hundred years later, when movable wooden types began to be employed. But in spite of this early invention of printing and the multiplication of books of useful knowledge, China can boast of little that deserves the name of literature. The imagination has been repressed by the poverty of the language and the rigid conservatism of the people.

THE BATTLE OF CHANG-CHO.

Tso-Chin Ming, a disciple of Confucius, and, according to some, his grandson, lived, probably, in the fifth century B.C. He enlarged his master's Annals of Lu. The following extract exemplifies the approved historical style.

The State of Chi having declared war against us, our duke was about to give battle when a man named Kuei begged for an audience. Kuei's clansmen had said to him, "The authorities will decide upon the proper strategy; what place will there be in their councils for you?" To which Kuei had replied, "They are but a poor lot, and have no idea whatever of deep-laid plans."

Accordingly Kuei was admitted to see the duke, and at once inquired, saying, "On the strength of what is your Highness about to fight?" "I have never monopolized the comforts of food and raiment," replied the duke; "I have always shared with others." "That," said Kuei, "is a small favor, extending only to a few. The people will not rally round you on that account alone." "Then," continued the duke, "in the sacrifices to the gods I have trusted more to earnestness of heart than to costly displays." "That again," objected Kuei, "is an insufficient basis. The gods will not bless your arms on that account alone." "And in all judicial investigations," added the duke, "though oft-times unable to ascertain the precise truth, I have always given my decision in accordance with the evidence before me." "Ha," cried Kuei, "so far you have done your duty to the people, and you may risk a battle on that. I myself pray to be allowed to accompany your Highness." To this the duke acceded, and took Kuei with him in his own chariot.

The battle was fought at Chang-cho; and on seeing the enemy our duke would have forthwith given orders to beat an attack, but Kuei said, "Not yet." Only when the enemy's drums had sounded thrice did Kuei shout out, "Now."

Our victory was complete; and the duke would have promptly given orders to pursue, had not Kuei again said "Not yet," The latter then alighted and examined the tracks of his enemy's chariot-wheels; after which he got up on the hand-rail in front, and, following the flying foe with his eye, cried out, "Now." Thereupon the order was given to pursue.

When the battle had been gained, our duke asked Kuei for an explanation of his tactics. "A battle," replied Kuei, "depends wholly upon the martial ardor of the combatants. At the first roll of the drum that ardor is violently excited; with the second, it begins to flag; with the third it is exhausted. Now, when the enemy's ardor was at this last stage, ours was at its highest pitch; therefore we conquered them. Still, against a formidable foe one should be prepared for anything. I feared an ambuscade; but I found that their wheel-tracks were in evident disorder. I then looked at their standards, and saw that these also were in confusion. Therefore I gave the word to pursue."

DREAM AND REALITY.

LIEH TZU lived in the fourth and fifth century B.C., and was a disciple of Lao Tze, the teacher of Taoism, a philosophical system, less popular than that of Confucius.

A man of the State of Cheng was one day gathering fuel, when he came across a startled deer, which he pursued and killed. Fearing lest any one should see him, he hastily concealed the carcass in a ditch and covered it with plantain leaves, rejoicing excessively at his good fortune. By-and-by he forgot the the place where he had put it, and, thinking he must have been dreaming, he set off towards home, humming over the affair on his way.

Meanwhile a man who had overheard his words, acted upon them, and went and got the deer. The latter, when he reached his house, told his wife, saying, "A woodman dreamt he had got a deer, but he did not know where it was. Now I have got the deer, so his dream was a reality." "It is you," replied his wife, "who have been dreaming you saw a woodman. Did he get the deer? and is there really such a person? It is you who have got the deer: how, then, can his dream be a reality?" "It is true," assented the husband, "that I have got the deer. It is therefore of little importance whether the woodman dreamt the deer or I dreamt the woodman."

Now when the woodman reached his home, he became much annoyed at the loss of the deer; and in the night he actually dreamt where the deer then was, and who had got it. So next morning he proceeded to the place indicated in his dream, and there it was. He then took legal steps to recover possession.

When the case came on, the magistrate delivered the following judgment: "The plaintiff began with a real deer and an alleged dream. He now comes forward with a real dream and an alleged deer. That defendant really got the deer which plaintiff said he dreamt, and is now trying to keep it; while, according to his wife, both the woodman and the deer are but the figments of a dream, so that no one got the deer at all. However, here is a deer, which you had better divide between you."

When the Prince of Cheng heard this story he cried out, "The magistrate himself must have dreamt the case." So he inquired of his prime minister, who replied, "Only the Yellow Emperor and Confucius could distinguish dream from reality, and they are unfortunately dead. I advise, therefore, that the magistrate's decision be confirmed."

THE SKULL SPEAKS.

CHUANG TZU was a mystic philosopher of the fourth century B.C.

Chuang Tzu one day saw an empty skull, bleached, but still preserving its shape. Striking it with his riding-whip, he said, "Wert thou once some ambitious citizen whose inordinate yearnings brought him to this pass?—some statesman who plunged his country in ruin and perished in the fray?—some wretch who left behind him a legacy of shame?—some beggar who died in the pangs of hunger and cold? Or didst thou reach this state by the natural course of old age?"

When he had finished speaking, he took the skull, and placing it under his head as a pillow, went to sleep. In the night, he dreamt that the skull appeared to him and said, "You speak well, sir; but all you say has reference to the life of mortals, and to mortal troubles. In death there are none of these. Would you like to hear about death?"

Chuang Tzu having replied in the affirmative, the skull began: "In death, there is no sovereign above, and no subject below. The workings of the four seasons are unknown. Our existences are bounded only by eternity. The happiness of a king among men cannot exceed that which we enjoy."

Chuang Tzu, however, was not convinced, and said, "Were I to prevail upon God to allow your body to be born again, and your bones and flesh to be renewed, so that you could return to

your parents, to your wife, and to the friends of your youth, would you be willing?"

At this the skull opened its eyes wide and knitted its brows and said, "How should I cast aside happiness greater than that of a king, and mingle once again in the toils and troubles of mortality?"

MOURNING.

TAU KUNG lived in the third and fourth centuries B.C. The following extract from his writings is practically a commentary on part of the "Li Ki," or Book of Ceremonies.

One day Yu-tzu and Tzu-yu saw a child weeping for the loss of its parents. Thereupon, the former observed, "I never could understand why mourners should necessarily jump about to show their grief, and would long ago have got rid of the custom. Now here you have an honest expression of feeling, and that is all there should ever be."

"My friend," replied Tzu-yu, "the mourning ceremonial, with all its material accompaniments, is at once a check upon undue emotion and a guarantee against any lack of proper respect. Simply to give vent to the feelings is the way of barbarians. That is not our way.

"Consider. A man who is pleased will show it in his face. He will sing. He will get excited. He will dance. So, too, a man who is vexed will look sad. He will sigh. He will beat his breast. He will jump about. The due regulation of these emotions is the function of a set ceremonial.

"Further. A man dies and becomes an object of loathing. A dead body is shunned. Therefore, a shroud is prepared, and other paraphernalia of burial, in order that the survivors may cease to loathe. At death, there is a sacrifice of wine and meat; when the funeral cortège is about to start, there is another; and after burial there is yet another. Yet no one ever saw the spirit of the departed come to taste of the food.

"These have been our customs from remote antiquity. They have not been discarded, because, in consequence, men no more shun the dead. What you may censure in those who perform the ceremonial is no blemish in the ceremonial itself."

UNPOPULARITY.

THIS extract is attributed to Sung Yu, who lived in the third and fourth centuries B.C.

The Prince of Chu said to his prime minister, "What have you done that should cause the officers and people of this State to abuse you so clamorously?"

"Abuse me indeed they do," replied the minister; "but pardon my boldness, and I will explain. A stranger was singing in one of our villages the other day, and this was the subject of the lay: There is the music of the masses; there is the music of a narrower circle; that of a narrower circle still; and lastly, the classical music of the cultured few. This classical music is too lofty, and too difficult of comprehension, for the masses.

"Among birds there is the phœnix; among fishes, the leviathan. The phœnix soars aloft, cleaving the red clouds, with the blue firmament above it, away into the uttermost realms of space. But what can the poor hedge-quail know of the grandeur of heaven and earth? The leviathan rises in the morning in one ocean to go to rest at night in another. But what can the minnow of a puddle know of the depth of the sea?

"And there are phœnixes and leviathans, not only among birds and fishes, but among men. There is the sage, full of nervous thought and of unsullied fame, who dwells complacently alone. What can the vulgar herd know of me?"

MENCIUS.

MENG TZU (Master Meng), more commonly known by the Latinized name Mencius, was born B.C. 372. He became the greatest of Chinese philosophers and writers after Confucius. His teaching was altogether directed to practical affairs, especially to government. He was treated with great respect by kings and princes, though he severely rebuked their oppression of the people. He never held an official position, but journeyed from one court to another, attended by his disciples. He died in his eighty-fourth year. His statue or tablet is placed in all the temples of Confucius.

HOW TO PROMOTE PUBLIC PROSPERITY.

KING HUI, of Liang, said to Mencius, "I exhaust my energies in the administration of government. If the harvest is bad on

one side of the river, I transfer a number of the inhabitants to the other, and send supplies to those who remain. No ruler among the neighboring States devotes himself as I do to the welfare of his people. Yet their populations do not decrease; neither does mine increase. How is this?"

Mencius replied, "Your Majesty loves war. Let us take an illustration from war: The drums beat; blades cross; arms are flung aside; the vanquished seek safety in flight. Some will run a hundred yards and then stop; others, fifty only. Can those who run fifty laugh at those who run a hundred?"

"No, indeed," replied the king: "it was flight in both cases."

"And so," rejoined Mencius, "your Majesty, perceiving the application of what I have said, will not (under present conditions) expect your population to exceed the populations of neighboring States. Let the times for agriculture be not neglected, and there will be more grain than can be eaten. Let no close-meshed nets sweep your streams, and there will be more fishes and turtles than can be eaten. Let forestry be carried on in due season, and there will be more wood than can be used. Thus, the people will be able to feed their living and bury their dead without repining; and this is the first step towards establishing a perfect system of government. Let the mulberry-tree be cultivated in accordance with regulation; then persons fifty years old will be able to wear silk. Let due attention be paid to the breeding of poultry, and swine, and dogs; then persons seventy years old will be able to eat meat. Let there be no interference with the labor of the husbandman, and there will be no mouths crying out for food. Let education of the people be reverently attended to;—above all, let them be taught their duties towards their parents and brethren;—and there will be no gray-headed burden-carriers to be seen along the highway. For, where septuagenarians wear silk and eat meat, where the black-haired people (the Chinese) are neither hungry nor cold, it has never been that perfect government did not prevail. Your dogs and swine are fattening on the food of men, and you do not restrain them. By the roadside there are people dying of hunger, and you do not succor them. If they die, you say, 'It was not I; it was the bad season.' What is this but to stab a man to death; and say, 'It was not I; it was the weapon?' O king, blame not the season for these things, and all men under the canopy of heaven will flock to you."

King Hui replied, "I beg to receive your instructions."

Mencius continued, "Is there any difference between killing a man with a bludgeon and killing him with a sword?"

"There is none," answered the king.

"Or between killing him with a sword and killing him by misrule?" pursued Mencius.

"There is none," replied the king again.

"Yet in your kitchen," said Mencius, "there is fat meat, and in your stables there are sleek horses, while famine sits upon the faces of your people, and men die of hunger in the fields. This is to be a beast, and prey upon your fellow-man. Beasts prey upon one another, in a manner abhorrent to us. If, then, he who holds the place of father and mother to the people, preys upon them like a beast, wherein does his prerogative consist?

"Confucius said, 'Was he not childless who first buried images with the dead?'—meaning that these, being in the likeness of man, suggested the use of living men. What then of him who causes his people to die of hunger?"

Sayings of Mencius.

The great man is he who does not lose his child-heart.

The sense of shame is of great importance to a man. When one is ashamed of having been without shame, he will afterwards not have occasion for shame.

Though a man may be wicked, yet if he adjust his thoughts, fast, and bathe, he may sacrifice to God.

When Heaven is about to confer a great office on any man, it first exercises his mind with suffering, and his sinews and bones with toil. It exposes his body to hunger, subjects him to extreme poverty, and confounds his undertakings. In all these ways it stimulates his mind, strengthens his nature, and supplies his incompetencies.

To nourish the heart there is nothing better than to keep the desires few. Here is a man whose desires are few; in some things he may not be able to keep his heart, but they will be few. Here is a man whose desires are many; in some things he may be able to keep his heart, but they will be few.

Benevolence is the distinguishing characteristic of man. As embodied in his conduct, it may be called the path of duty.

There is an ordination for everything, and a man should receive submissively what may be correctly ascribed thereto. He who has the correct idea of what Heaven's ordination is, will not

stand beneath a tottering wall. Death sustained in the discharge of one's duties may be correctly ascribed to Heaven. Death under handcuffs and fetters cannot be correctly so ascribed.

When one by force subdues men, they do not submit to him in heart. When he subdues them by virtue, in their hearts' core they are pleased, and sincerely submit.

Rulers Appointed by Heaven.

Mencius said, "He who with a great State serves a small one, delights in Heaven. He who with a small State serves a large one, stands in awe of Heaven. He who delights in Heaven, will affect with his love and protection the whole empire. He who stands in awe of Heaven, will affect with his love and protection his own kingdom."

"It is said in the Book of Poetry, 'I fear the majesty of Heaven, and will thus preserve its favoring decree.'"

"In the Book of History it is said, 'Heaven having produced the inferior people, appointed for them rulers and teachers, with the purpose that they should be assisting to God, and therefore distinguished them throughout the four quarters of the empire. How dare any under heaven give indulgence to their refractory wills?' It is said in the Book of Poetry,

> "'Under the whole heaven,
> Every spot is the sovereign's ground;
> To the borders of the land,
> Every individual is the sovereign's minister!'"

Wan Chang said, "Was it the case that Yaou gave the empire to Shun?" Mencius said, "No. The emperor cannot give the empire to another."

"Yes; but Shun had the empire. Who gave it to him?" "Heaven gave it to him," was the answer.

"'Heaven gave it to him!' Did Heaven confer its appointment on him with specific injunctions?"

Mencius replied, "No. Heaven does not speak. It simply showed its will by his personal conduct, and his conduct of affairs."

"'It showed its will by his personal conduct, and his conduct of affairs;' how was this?" Mencius' answer was, "The emperor can present a man to Heaven, but he cannot make Heaven give that man the empire. A prince can present a man to the emperor,

but he cannot cause the emperor to make that man a prince. A great officer can present a man to his prince, but he cannot cause the prince to make that man a great officer. Yaou presented Shun to Heaven, and the people accepted him. Therefore I say, 'Heaven does not speak. It simply indicated its will by his personal conduct and his conduct of affairs.'"

Chang said, "I presume to ask how it was that Yaou presented Shun to Heaven, and Heaven accepted him; and that he exhibited him to the people, and the people accepted him." Mencius replied, "He caused him to preside over the sacrifices, and all the spirits were well pleased with him: thus Heaven accepted him. He caused him to preside over the conduct of affairs, and affairs were well administered, so that the people reposed under him: thus the people accepted him. Heaven gave the empire to him. The people gave it to him. Therefore I said, 'The emperor cannot give the empire to another.'

"Shun assisted Yaou in the government for twenty-and-eight years; this was more than man could have done, and was from Heaven."

The words of The Great Declaration are: "Heaven sees according as my people see; Heaven hears according as my people hear."

Regard for Others.

Confucius said, "It is virtuous manners which constitute the excellence of a neighborhood. If a man, in selecting a residence, do not fix on one where such prevail, how can he be wise? Now, benevolence is the most honorable dignity conferred by Heaven, and the quiet home in which man should dwell. Since no one can hinder us from being so, if yet we are not benevolent, this is being not wise."

Wan Chang asked Mencius, saying, "Some say that Confucius, when he was in Wei, lived with the ulcer doctor, and when he was in Ts'e with the attendant Tseih Hwan: was it so?" Mencius replied, "No; it was not so. Those are the inventions of men fond of strange things.

"Confucius went into office according to propriety, and retired from it according to righteousness. In regard to his obtaining office or not obtaining it, he said, 'That is as ordered.' But if he had lodged with the attendant Tseih Hwan, that would neither have been according to righteousness nor any ordering of Heaven.

"When Confucius, being dissatisfied in Lu and Wei, had left those States, he met with the attempt of Hwan, the master of the horse of Sung, to intercept and kill him. At that time, though he was in circumstances of distress, he lodged with the city-master Ching, who was then a minister of Chow, the prince of Ch'in.

"I have heard that the characters of ministers about court may be discerned from those whom they entertain, and those of stranger officers from those with whom they lodge. If Confucius had lodged with the ulcer-doctor and with the attendant Tseih Hwan, how could he have been Confucius?"

Mencius said, "Pih-e would not allow his eyes to look on a bad sight, nor his ears to listen to a bad sound. He would not serve a prince whom he did not approve, nor command a people whom he did not esteem. In a time of good government he took office; and on the occurrence of confusion, he retired. He could not bear to dwell either in a court from which a lawless government emanated, or among lawless people. He considered his being in the same place with a villager, as if he were to sit amid mud and coals with his court robes and court cap. In the time of Chow, he dwelt on the shores of the North Sea, awaiting the purification of the empire. Therefore, when men now hear the character of Pih-e, the corrupt become pure, and the weak acquire determination."

E Yin said, "Hwuy of Lew-hea was not ashamed to serve an impure prince, nor did he think it low to be an inferior officer. When advanced to employment, he did not conceal his virtue, but made it a point to carry out his principles. When dismissed and left without office, he yet did not murmur. When straitened by poverty, he yet did not grieve. When thrown into the company of village people, he was quite at ease, and could not bear to leave them. He had a saying, 'You are you, and I am I. Although you stand by my side with breast and arms bare, or with your body naked, how can you defile me?' Therefore when men now hear the character of Hwuy of Lew-hea, the mean become generous, and the niggardly become liberal.

"As to Confucius, when it was proper to go away quickly, he did so; when it was proper to delay, he did so; when it was proper to keep in retirement, he did so; when it was proper to go into office, he did so: this was Confucius."

Mencius said, "Pih-e among the sages was the pure one; E Yin was the one most inclined to take office; Hwuy of Lew-hea was the accommodating one, and Confucius was the correct one.

"In Confucius we have what is called a complete concert. A complete concert is when the large bell proclaims the commencement of the music, and the ringing stone proclaims its close. The metal sound commences the blended harmony of all the instruments, and the winding up with the stone terminates that blended harmony. The commencing that harmony is the work of wisdom. The terminating it is the work of sageness.

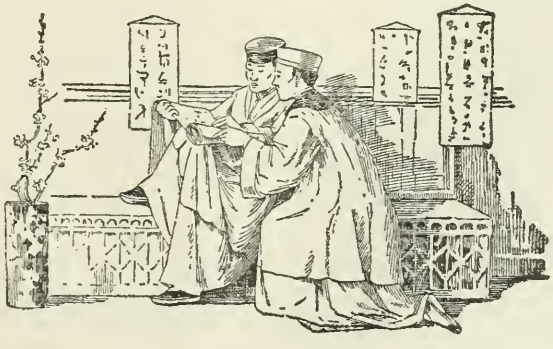
"As a comparison for wisdom, we may liken it to skill, and as a comparison for sageness, we may liken it to strength: as in the case of shooting at a mark a thousand paces distant, that you reach it is owing to your strength, but that you hit the mark is not owing to your strength."

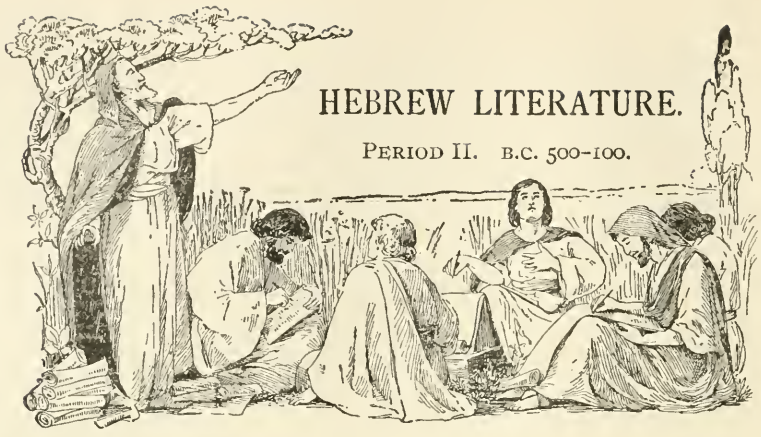
Wan Chang asked Mencius, saying, "I venture to ask the principles of friendship." Mencius replied, "Friendship should be maintained without any presumption on the ground of one's superior age, or station, or the circumstances of his relatives. Friendship with a man is friendship with his virtue, and does not admit of assumptions of superiority.

"Respect shown by inferiors to superiors is called giving to the noble the observance due to rank. Respect shown by superiors to inferiors is called giving honor to talents and virtue. The rightness in each case is the same.

"In regard to inferior creatures, the superior man is kind to them, but not loving. In regard to people generally, he is loving to them, but not affectionate. He is affectionate to his parents, lovingly disposed to people generally, and kind to creatures.

"The wise embrace all knowledge, but they are most earnest about what is of the greatest importance. The benevolent embrace all in their love, but what they consider of the greatest importance is, to cultivate an earnest affection for the virtuous."





HEBREW LITERATURE.

PERIOD II. B.C. 500–100.

DURING the captivity in Babylon the Jewish spirit underwent a notable change. While formerly the people, in spite of the Law and the Prophets, were prone to idolatry and wished to imitate the customs of the nations around them, they now were aroused to the true dignity of their mission as witnesses for Jehovah and his sovereignty over the world. Henceforth they became sternly monotheistic and highly spiritual. When the chosen people were restored to their beloved land, their lofty religious spirit not only exulted in seasons of prosperity, but triumphed over all persecutions and calamities. To this time belong the later canonical books of the Old Testament.

The great Assyrian and Babylonian Empires which had oppressed and destroyed the small kingdoms of Judah and Israel passed away. The Persian kings, rising to power, showed the remnant of the Jews some favor; but ere long an ambitious Macedonian youth shattered the loosely constructed fabric of the Persian empire. Greek civilization was now extended over the Eastern world as far as India. Alexander's successors founded new kingdoms in Syria and Egypt, which came into the closest relations with Palestine, the border-land between them. Sometimes it was subject to one or the other, sometimes it maintained a political independence; but always it was influenced by the new ideas which had been introduced by the Hellenic genius. Hebrew, though preserved as the sacred language in religious observances, ceased to be the

common speech. The corrupt Aramaic, which had taken its place, was not used for literary purposes. Ptolemy Philadelphus caused the Hebrew Scriptures to be translated into Greek for his great library at Alexandria, and this version, called the Septuagint, became a standard even for the Jews themselves. Much of their later literature is found only in the Greek language, but it is so pervaded with the Judaic flavor that it may properly be recognized as part of Hebrew literature. Most of the following specimens of the literature of this period are taken from such Greek works composed by Jewish authors. The translations in the Revised Version of the English Bible have been used.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

(DANIEL V.)

BELSHAZZAR the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. Belshazzar, while he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which Nebuchadnezzar his father had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem; that the king and his lords, his wives and his concubines, might drink therein. Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was at Jerusalem; and the king and his lords, his wives and his concubines, drank in them. They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone.

In the same hour came forth the fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace; and the king saw the part of the hand that

wrote. Then the king's countenance was changed in him, and his thoughts troubled him; and the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another. The king cried aloud to bring in the enchanters, the Chaldeans, and the soothsayers. The king spake and said to the wise men of Babylon, "Whosoever shall read this writing, and show me the interpretation thereof, shall be clothed with purple, and have a chain of gold about his neck, and shall be the third ruler in the kingdom." Then came in all the king's wise men; but they could not read the writing, nor make known to the king the interpretation. Then was king Belshazzar greatly troubled, and his countenance was changed in him, and his lords were perplexed. Now the queen by reason of the words of the king and his lords came into the banquet house; the queen spake and said, "O king, live for ever; let not thy thoughts trouble thee, nor let thy countenance be changed. There is a man in thy kingdom, in whom is the spirit of the holy gods; and in the days of thy father light and understanding and wisdom, like the wisdom of the gods, were found in him; and the king Nebuchadnezzar thy father, O king, made him master of the magicians, enchanters, Chaldeans, and soothsayers; forasmuch as an excellent spirit, and knowledge, and understanding, interpreting of dreams, and showing of dark sentences, and dissolving of doubts, were found in the same Daniel, whom the king named Belteshazzar. Now let Daniel be called, and he will show the interpretation."

Then was Daniel brought in before the king. The king spake and said unto Daniel, "Art thou that Daniel, who art of the children of the captivity of Judah, whom the king my father brought out of Judah? I have heard of thee, that the spirit of the gods is in thee, and that light and understanding and excellent wisdom are found in thee. And now the wise men, the enchanters, have been brought in before me, that they should read this writing, and make known unto me the interpretation thereof; but they could not show the interpretation of the thing. But I have heard of thee, that thou canst give interpretations, and dissolve doubts; now if thou canst read the writing, and make known to me the interpretation thereof, thou shalt be clothed with purple, and have a chain of gold about thy neck, and shalt be the third ruler in the kingdom."

Then Daniel answered and said before the king, "Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another; nevertheless I will read the writing unto the king, and make known to him the

interpretation. O thou king, the Most High God gave Nebuchadnezzar thy father the kingdom, and greatness, and glory, and majesty; and because of the greatness that He gave him, all the peoples, nations, and languages trembled and feared before him; whom he would he slew, and whom he would he kept alive; and whom he would he raised up, and whom he would he put down. But when his heart was lifted up, and his spirit was hardened that he dealt proudly, he was deposed from his kingly throne, and they took his glory from him; and he was driven from the sons of men; and his heart was made like the beasts, and his dwelling was with the wild asses; he was fed with grass like oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven; until he knew that the Most High God ruleth in the kingdom of men, and that He setteth up over it whomsoever He will. And thou his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all this, but hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven; and they have brought the vessels of His house before thee, and thou and thy lords, thy wives and thy concubines, have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver, and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know; and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified. Then was the part of the hand sent from before Him, and this writing was inscribed. And this is the writing that was inscribed,

MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.*

This is the interpretation of the thing: MENE; God hath numbered thy kingdom, and brought it to an end. TEKEL; thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. PERES; thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."

Then commanded Belshazzar, and they clothed Daniel with purple, and put a chain of gold about his neck, and made proclamation concerning him, that he should be the third ruler in the kingdom.

In that night Belshazzar the Chaldean king was slain. And Darius the Mede received the kingdom, being about threescore and two years old.

* Numbered, numbered, weighed and divisions.

WHICH IS THE STRONGEST THING?

(I. Esdras iii.–iv. 47.)

Now king Darius made a great feast unto all his subjects, and unto all that were born in his house, and unto all the princes of Media and of Persia, and to all the satraps and captains and governors that were under him, from India unto Ethiopia, in the hundred twenty and seven provinces. And when they had eaten and drunken, and being satisfied were gone home, then Darius the king went into his bedchamber, and slept, and awaked out of his sleep.

Then the three young men of the body-guard, that kept the king's person, spake one to another: Let every one of us say one thing which shall be strongest: and he whose sentence shall seem wiser than the others, unto him shall Darius the king give great gifts, and great honors in token of victory: as, to be clothed in purple, to drink in gold, and to sleep upon gold, and a chariot with bridles of gold, and a headtire of fine linen, and a chain about his neck: and he shall sit next to Darius because of his wisdom, and shall be called Darius's cousin. And then they wrote every one his sentence, and set to their seals, and laid the writing under King Darius's pillow, and said, When the king is risen, some shall give him the writing; and of whose side the king and the three princes of Persia shall judge that his sentence is the wisest, to him shall the victory be given, as it is written. The first wrote, Wine is the strongest. The second wrote, The King is the strongest. The third wrote, Women are strongest: but above all things Truth beareth away the victory.

Now when the king was risen up, they took the writing, and gave it unto him, and so he read it: and sending forth, he called all the princes of Persia and of Media, and the satraps, and the captains, and the governors, and the chief officers; and sat down in the royal seat of judgment; and the writing was read before them. And he said, Call the young men, and they shall explain their own sentences. So they were called, and came in. And they said unto them, Declare unto us your mind concerning the things ye have written.

Then began the first, who had spoken of the strength of wine, and said thus, O sirs, how exceeding strong is wine! it causeth all men to err that drink it: it maketh the mind of the king and

of the fatherless child to be all one; of the bondman and of the freeman, of the poor man and of the rich: it turneth also every thought into jollity and mirth, so that a man remembereth neither sorrow nor debt: and it maketh every heart rich, so that a man remembereth neither king nor satrap; and it maketh to speak all things by talents: and when they are in their cups, they forget their love both to friends and brethren, and a little after draw their swords: but when they awake from their wine, they remember not what they have done. O sirs, is not wine the strongest, seeing that it enforceth to do thus? And when he had so spoken, he held his peace.

Then the second that had spoken of the strength of the king, began to say, O sirs, do not men excel in strength that bear rule over the sea and land, and all things in them? But yet is the king stronger: and he is their lord, and hath dominion over them; and in whatsoever he commandeth them they obey him. If he bid them make war the one against the other, they do it: and if he send them out against the enemies, they go, and overcome mountains, walls and towers. They slay and are slain, and transgress not the king's commandment: if they get the victory, they bring all to the king, as well the spoil, as all things else. Likewise for those that are no soldiers, and have not to do with wars, but use husbandry, when they have reaped again that which they had sown, they bring it to the king, and compel one another to pay tribute unto the king. And he is but one man: if he command to kill, they kill; if he command to spare, they spare; if he command to smite, they smite; if he command to make desolate, they make desolate; if he command to build, they build; if he command to cut down, they cut down; if he command to plant, they plant. So all his people and his armies obey him: furthermore he lieth down, he eateth and drinketh, and taketh his rest: and these keep watch round about him, neither may any one depart, and do his own business, neither disobey they him in anything. O sirs, how should not the king be strongest, seeing that in such sort he is obeyed? And he held his peace.

Then the third, who had spoken of women, and of truth (this was Zorobabel), began to speak. O sirs, is not the king great, and men are many, and wine is strong? who is it then that ruleth them, or hath the lordship over them? is it not women? Women have borne the king and all the people that bear rule by sea and land. Even of these came they: and they nourish them

up that planted the vineyards, from whence the wine cometh. These also make garments for men; these bring glory unto men; and without women cannot men be. Yea, and if men have gathered together gold and silver and every other goodly thing, and see a woman which is comely in favor and beauty, they let all those things go, and gape after her, and even with open mouth fix their eyes fast on her; and have all more desire unto her than unto gold or silver, or any goodly thing whatsoever. A man leaveth his own father that brought him up, and his own country, and cleaveth unto his wife. And with his wife he endeth his days, and remembereth neither father, nor mother, nor country. By this also ye must know that women have dominion over you: do ye not labor and toil, and give and bring all to women? Yea, a man taketh his sword, and goeth forth to make outroads, and to rob and to steal, and to sail upon the sea and upon rivers; and looketh upon a lion and walketh in the darkness; and when he hath stolen, spoiled and robbed, he bringeth it to his love. Wherefore a man loveth his wife better than father or mother. Yea, many there be that have run out of their wits for women, and become bondmen for their sakes. Many also have perished, have stumbled, and sinned, for women. And now do ye not believe me? is not the king great in his power? do not all regions fear to touch him? Yet did I once see Apame the king's concubine, the daughter of the illustrious Bartacus, sitting at the right hand of the king, and taking the crown from the king's head, and setting it upon her own head; yea, she struck the king with her left hand; and therewithal the king gaped and gazed upon her with open mouth: if she laughed upon him, he laughed also: but if she took any displeasure at him, he was fain to flatter, that she might be reconciled to him again. O sirs, how can it be but women should be strong, seeing they do thus?

Then the king and the nobles looked one upon another: so he began to speak concerning truth. O sirs, are not women strong? Great is the earth, high is the heaven, swift is the sun in his course, for he compasseth the heavens round about, and fetcheth his course again to his own place in one day. Is he not great that doeth these things? therefore great is truth and stronger than all things. All the earth calleth upon truth, and the heaven blesseth her: all works shake and tremble, but with her is no unrighteous thing. Wine is unrighteous, the king is unrighteous, women are unrighteous, all the children of men are unrighteous, and unrighteous are all their works; and there is no

truth in them; in their unrighteousness also they shall perish. But truth abideth and is strong for ever; she liveth and conquereth for evermore. With her there is no accepting of persons or rewards; but she doeth the things that are just, and refraineth from all unrighteous and wicked things; and all men do well like her works. Neither in her judgment is any unrighteousness; and she is the strength, and the kingdom, and the power, and the majesty of all ages. Blessed be the God of truth. And with that he held his tongue. And all the people then shouted, and said, Great is truth, and strong above all things.*

Then said the king unto him, Ask what thou wilt more than is appointed in writing, and we will give it thee, inasmuch as thou art found wisest; and thou shalt sit next me, and shalt be called my cousin. Then said he unto the king, Remember thy vow, which thou didst vow to build Jerusalem, in the day when thou camest to thy kingdom, and to send away all the vessels that were taken out of Jerusalem, which Cyrus set apart, when he vowed to destroy Babylon, and vowed to send them again thither. Thou didst also vow to build up the temple, which the Edomites burned when Judæa was made desolate by the Chaldeans. And now, O lord the king, this is that which I require, and which I desire of thee, and this is the princely liberality that shall proceed from thee: I pray therefore that thou make good the vow, the performance whereof thou hast vowed to the King of heaven with thine own mouth.

Then Darius the king stood up and kissed him, and wrote letters for him unto all the treasurers and governors and captains and satraps, that they should safely bring on their way both him and all those that should go up with him to build Jerusalem.

THE PRAISE OF FAMOUS MEN.

(Ecclesiasticus xliv. 1–19.)

Let us now praise famous men,
And our fathers that begat us.
The Lord manifested in them great glory,
Even His mighty power from the beginning.
Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms,
And were men renowned for their power,
Giving counsel by their understanding,
Such as have brought tidings in prophecies:

* This is the famous Latin proverb, *Magna est veritas, et praevalet.*

Leaders of the people by their counsels,
And by their understanding men of learning for the people;
Wise were their words in their instruction:
Such as sought out musical tunes,
And set forth verses in writing:
Rich men furnished with ability,
Living peaceably in their habitations:
All these were honored in their generations,
And were a glory in their days.
There be of them, that have left a name behind them,
To declare their praises.
And some there be, which have no memorial;
Who are perished as though they had not been,
And are become as though they had not been born;
And their children after them.
But these were men of mercy,
Whose righteous deeds have not been forgotten.
With their seed shall remain continually a good inheritance;
Their children are within the covenants.
Their seed standeth fast,
And their children for their sakes.
Their seed shall remain for ever,
And their glory shall not be blotted out.
Their bodies were buried in peace,
And their name liveth to all generations.
Peoples will declare their wisdom,
And the congregation telleth out their praise.

THE JEWISH MARTYRS.

(II. Maccabees vi.–vii. 41.)

Not long after this King Antiochus sent forth Geron an Athenian to compel the Jews to depart from the laws of their fathers, and not to live after the laws of God; and also to pollute the sanctuary in Jerusalem, and to call it by the name of Zeus (Jupiter) Olympius, and to call the sanctuary in Gerizim by the name of Zeus, the Protector of strangers, even as they were that dwelt in the place. But sore and utterly grievous was the visitation of this evil. For the temple was filled with riot and revelings by the heathen, who dallied with harlots, and had to do with women within the sacred precincts, and moreover brought inside things that were not befitting; and the place of sacrifice

was filled with those adominable things which had been prohibited by the laws. And a man could neither keep the Sabbath, nor observe the feasts of the fathers, nor so much as confess himself to be a Jew. And on the day of the king's birth every month they were led along with bitter constraint to eat of the sacrifices; and when the feast of Bacchus came, they were compelled to go in procession in honor of Bacchus, wearing wreaths of ivy. And there went out a decree to the neighboring Greek cities, by the suggestion of Ptolemy, that they should observe the same conduct against the Jews, and should make them eat of the sacrifices; and that they should slay such as did not choose to go over to the Greek rites. So the present misery was for all to see: for two women were brought up for having circumcised their children; and these, when they had led them publicly round about the city, with the babes hung from their breasts, they cast down headlong from the wall. And others, that had run together into the caves near by to keep the seventh day secretly, being betrayed to Philip, were all burnt together, because they scrupled to defend themselves, from regard to the honor of that most solemn day.

Eleazar, one of the principal scribes, a man already well stricken in years, and of a noble countenance, was compelled to open his mouth to eat swine's flesh. But he, welcoming death with renown rather than life with pollution, advanced of his own accord to the instrument of torture, but first spat forth the flesh, coming forward as men ought to come that are resolute to repel such things as not even for the natural love of life is it lawful to taste. But they that had the charge of that forbidden sacrificial feast took the man aside, for the acquaintance which of old times they had with him, and privately besought him to bring flesh of his own providing, such as was befitting for him to use, and to make as if he did eat of the flesh from the sacrifice, as had been commanded by the king; that by so doing he might be delivered from death, and for his ancient friendship with them might be treated kindly. But he, having formed a high resolve, and one that became his years, and the dignity of old age, and the gray hairs which he had reached with honor, and his excellent education from a child, or rather that became the holy laws of God's ordaining, declared his mind accordingly, bidding them quickly send him unto Hades. For it becometh not our years to dissemble, said he, that through this many of the young should suppose that Eleazar, the man of fourscore years and ten, had gone over unto an alien religion; and so they, by reason of my

dissimulation, and for the sake of this brief and momentary life, should be led astray because of me, and thus I get to myself a pollution and a stain of mine old age. For even if for the present time I shall remove from me the punishment of men, yet shall I not escape the hands of the Almighty, either living or dead. Wherefore, by manfully parting with my life now, I will show myself worthy of mine old age, and leave behind a noble ensample to the young to die willingly and nobly a glorious death for the reverend and holy laws. And when he had said these words, he went straightway to the instrument of torture. And when they changed the good will they bare him a little before into ill will, because these words of his were, as they thought, sheer madness, and when he was at the point to die with the stripes, he groaned aloud and said, To the Lord, that hath the holy knowledge, it is manifest that, whereas I might have been delivered from death, I endure sore pains in my body by being scourged; but in my soul I gladly suffer these things for my fear of Him. So this man also died after this manner, leaving his death for an ensample of nobleness and a memorial of virtue, not only to the young, but also to the great body of his nation.

And it came to pass that seven brethren also with their mother were at the king's command taken and shamefully handled with scourges and cords, to compel them to taste of the abominable swine's flesh. But one of them made himself the spokesman and said, What wouldest thou ask and learn of us? for we are ready to die rather than transgress the laws of our fathers. And the king fell into a rage, and commanded to heat pans and caldrons, and when these forthwith were heated, he commanded to cut out the tongue of him that had been their spokesman, and to scalp him, and to cut off his extremities, the rest of his brethren and his mother looking on. And when he was utterly maimed, the king commanded to bring him to the fire, being yet alive, and to fry him in the pan. And as the vapor of the pan spread far, they and their mother also exhorted one another to die nobly, saying thus: The Lord God beholdeth, and in truth is intreated for us, as Moses declared in his song, which witnesseth against the people to their faces, saying, And He shall be intreated for His servants.

And when the first had died after this manner, they brought the second to the mocking; and they pulled off the skin of his head with the hair and asked him, Wilt thou eat, before thy body be punished in every limb? But he answered in the language of

his fathers and said to them, No. Wherefore he also underwent the next torture in succession, as the first had done. And when he was at the last gasp, he said, Thou, miscreant, dost release us out of this present life, but the King of the world shall raise up us, who have died for His laws, unto an eternal renewal of life.

And after him was the third made a mocking-stock. And when he was required, he quickly put out his tongue, and stretched forth his hands courageously, and nobly said, From Heaven I possess these; and for His laws' sake I contemn these; and from Him I hope to receive these back again: insomuch that the king himself and they that were with him were astonished at the young man's soul, for that he nothing regarded the pains.

And when he too was dead, they shamefully handled and tortured the fourth in like manner. And being come near unto death he said thus: It is good to die at the hands of men and look for the hopes which are given by God, that we shall be raised up again by Him; for as for thee, thou shalt have no resurrection unto life.

And next after him they brought the fifth, and shamefully handled him. But he looked toward the king and said, Because thou hast authority among men, though thou art thyself corruptible, thou doest what thou wilt; yet think not that our race hath been forsaken of God; but hold thou on thy way, and behold His sovereign majesty, how it will torture thee and thy seed.

And after him they brought the sixth. And when he was at the point to die, he said, Be not vainly deceived, for we suffer these things for our own doings, as sinning against our own God; marvellous things are come to pass; but think not thou that thou shalt be unpunished, having assayed to fight against God.

But above all was the mother marvellous and worthy of honorable memory; for when she looked on seven sons perishing within the space of one day, she bare the sight with a good courage for the hopes that she had set on the Lord. And she exhorted each one of them in the language of their fathers, filled with a noble temper and stirring up her womanish thought with manly passion, saying unto them, I know not how ye came into my womb, neither was it I that bestowed on you your spirit and your life, and it was not I that brought into order the first elements of each one of you. Therefore the Creator of the world, who fashioned the generation of man and devised the generation of all things, in mercy giveth back to you again both your spirit

and your life, as ye now contemn your own selves for His laws' sake.

But Antiochus, thinking himself to be despised, and suspecting the reproachful voice, whilst the youngest was yet alive, did not only make his appeal to him by words, but also at the same time promised with oaths that he would enrich him and raise him to high estate, if he would turn from the customs of his fathers, and that he would take him for his friend and intrust him with affairs.

But when the young man would in no wise give heed, the king called unto him his mother, and exhorted her that she would counsel the lad to save himself. And when he had exhorted her with many words, she undertook to persuade her son. But bending toward him, laughing the cruel tyrant to scorn, she spake thus in the language of her fathers: My son, have pity upon me that carried thee nine months in my womb, and gave thee suck three years, and nourished and brought thee up unto this age, and sustained thee. I beseech thee, my child, to lift thine eyes unto the heaven and the earth, and to see all things that are therein, and thus to recognize that God made them not of things that were, and that the race of men in this wise cometh into being. Fear not this butcher, but, proving thyself worthy of thy brethren, accept thy death that in the mercy of God I may receive thee again with thy brethren.

But before she had yet ended speaking, the young man said, Whom wait ye for? I obey not the commandment of the king, but I hearken to the commandment of the law that was given to our fathers through Moses. But thou, that hast devised all manner of evil against the Hebrews, shalt in no wise escape the hands of God. For we are suffering because of our own sins; and if for rebuke and chastening our living Lord hath been angered a little while, yet shall He again be reconciled with his own servants. But thou, O unholy man and of all most vile, be not vainly lifted up in thy wild pride with uncertain hopes, raising thy hand against the heavenly children; for not yet hast thou escaped the judgment of the Almighty God that seeth all things. For these our brethren, having endured a short pain that bringeth everlasting life, have now died under God's covenant; but thou, through the judgment of God, shalt receive in just measure the penalties of thine arrogancy. But I, as my brethren, give up both body and soul for the laws of our fathers, calling upon God that He may speedily become gracious to the nation; and that

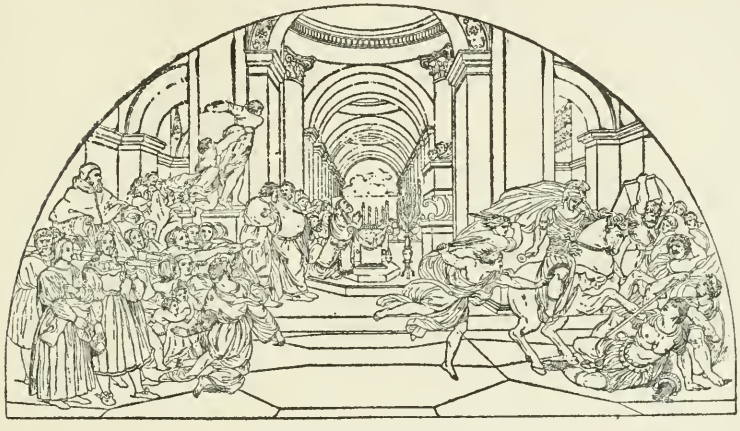
thou amidst trials and plagues mayest confess that He alone is God; and that in me and my brethren thou mayest stay the wrath of the Almighty, which hath been justly brought upon our whole race.

But the king, falling into a rage, handled him worse than all the rest, being exasperated at his mocking. So he also died pure from pollution, putting his whole trust in the Lord.

And last of all after her sons the mother died.

HELIODORUS DRIVEN FROM THE TEMPLE.

(II. Maccabees iii.)



(Raphael's Fresco in the Sistine Chapel, Rome).

When the holy city was inhabited with all peace, and the laws were kept very well, because of the godliness of Onias the high priest, and his hatred of wickedness, it came to pass that even the kings themselves did honor the place, and glorify the temple with the noblest presents; insomuch that even Seleucus, the king of Asia, of his own revenues bare all the costs belonging to the services of the sacrifices. But one Simon of the tribe of Benjamin, having been made guardian of the temple, fell out with the high priest about the ruling of the market in the city. And when he could not overcome Onias, he gat him to Apollonius the son of Thrasæus, who at that time was governor of Cœlesyria and Phœnicia; and he brought him word how that the treasury in Jerusalem was full of untold sums of money, so that the multitude of the funds was innumerable, and that they did not pertain

to the account of the sacrifices, but that it was possible that these should fall under the king's power. And when Apollonius met the king, he informed him of the money whereof he had been told; and the king appointed Heliodorus, who was his chancellor, and sent him with a commandment to accomplish the removal of the aforesaid money. So forthwith Heliodorus took his journey, under a color of visiting the cities of Cœlesyria and Phœnicia, but in fact to execute the king's purpose. And when he was come to Jerusalem, and had been courteously received by the high priest of the city, he laid before him an account of the information which had been given him, and declared wherefore he was come; and he inquired if in truth these things were so. And the high priest explained to him that there were in the treasury deposits of widows and orphans, and moreover some money belonging to Hyrçanus, the son of Tobias, a man in very high place, and that the case was not as that impious Simon falsely alleged; and that in all there were four hundred talents of silver and two hundred of gold; and that it was altogether impossible that wrong should be done unto them that had put trust in the holiness of the place, and in the majesty and inviolable sanctity of the temple, honored over all the world. But Heliodorus, because of the king's commandments given him, said that in any case this money must be confiscated for the king's treasury.

So having appointed a day, he entered in to direct the inquiry concerning these matters; and there was no small distress throughout the whole city. And the priests, prostrating themselves before the altar in their priestly garments, and looking toward heaven, called upon Him that gave the law concerning deposits, that He should preserve these treasures safe for those that had deposited them. And whosoever saw the mien of the high priest was wounded in mind; for his countenance and the change of his color betrayed the distress of his soul. For a terror and a shuddering of the body had come over the man, whereby the pain that was in his heart was plainly shown to them that looked upon him. And they that were in the houses rushed flocking out to make a universal supplication, because the place was like to come into contempt. And the women, girt with sackcloth under their breasts, thronged the streets, and the virgins that were kept in ward ran together, some to the gates, others to the walls, and some looked out through the windows. And all, stretching forth their hands toward heaven, made their solemn supplication. Then it would have pitied a man to see the multitude prostrating themselves all

mingled together, and the expectation of the high priest in his sore distress.

While therefore they called upon the Almighty Lord to keep the things intrusted to them safe and sure for those that had intrusted them, Heliodorus went on to execute that which had been decreed. But when he was already present there with his guards over against the treasury, the Sovereign of spirits and of all authority caused a great apparition, so that all that had presumed to come in with him, stricken with dismay at the power of God, fainted and were sore afraid. For there was seen by them a horse with a terrible rider upon him, and adorned with beautiful trappings, and he rushed fiercely and smote at Heliodorus with his forefeet, and it seemed that he that sat upon the horse had complete armor of gold. Two others also appeared unto him, young men notable in their strength, and beautiful in their glory, and splendid in their apparel, who stood by him on either side, and scourged him unceasingly, inflicting on him many sore stripes. And when he had fallen suddenly unto the ground, and great darkness had come over him, his guards caught him up and put him into a litter, and carried him, him that had just now entered with a great train and all his guard into the aforesaid treasury, himself now brought to utter helplessness, manifestly made to recognize the sovereignty of God. And so, while he, through the working of God, speechless and bereft of all hope and deliverance, lay prostrate, they blessed the Lord, that made marvelous His own place; and the temple, which a little afore was full of terror and alarm, was filled with joy and gladness after the Almighty Lord appeared.

But quickly certain of Heliodorus's familiar friends besought Onias to call upon the Most High, and grant life to him who lay quite at the last gasp. And the high priest, secretly fearing lest the king might come to think that some treachery toward Heliodorus had been perpetrated by the Jews, brought a sacrifice for the deliverance of the man. But as the high priest was making the propitiation, the same young men appeared again to Heliodorus, arrayed in the same garments; and they stood and said, Give Onias the high priest great thanks, that for his sake the Lord hath granted thee life; and do thou, since thou hast been scourged from heaven, publish unto all men the sovereign majesty of God. And when they had spoken these words, they vanished out of sight. So Heliodorus, having offered a sacrifice unto the Lord and vowed great vows unto Him that had saved his life, and hav-

ing graciously received Onias, returned with his host to the king. And he testified to all men the works of the great God which he had beheld with his eyes.

And when the king asked Heliodorus, what manner of man was fit to be sent yet once again to Jerusalem, he said, If thou hast any enemy or conspirator against the state, send him thither, and thou shalt receive him back well scourged, if he even escape with his life; because of a truth there is about the place a power of God. For He that hath his dwelling in heaven himself hath His eyes upon that place, and helpeth it; and them that come to hurt it He smiteth and destroyeth.

JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

(I. Maccabees iii.–iv. 25.)

Judas, who was called Maccabæus, rose up in his father's stead. And all his brethren helped him, and so did all they that clave unto his father, and they fought with gladness the battle of Israel. And he gat his people great glory, and put on a breastplate as a giant, and girt his warlike harness about him, and set battles in array, protecting the army with his sword. Judas was like a lion in his deeds, and as a lion's whelp roaring for prey. And he pursued the lawless, seeking them out, and he burnt up those that troubled his people. And the lawless shrunk for fear of him, and all the workers of lawlessness were sore troubled, and salvation prospered in his hand. And he angered many kings, and made Jacob glad with his acts, and his memorial is blessed for ever. And he went about among the cities of Judah, and destroyed the ungodly out of the land, and turned away wrath from Israel; and he was renowned unto the utmost part of the earth, and he gathered together such as were ready to perish.

And Apollonius gathered the Gentiles together, and a great host from Samaria, to fight against Israel. And Judas perceived it, and he went forth to meet him, and smote him, and slew him; and many fell wounded to death, and the rest fled. And they took their spoils, and Judas took the sword of Apollonius, and therewith he fought all his days.

And Seron, the commander of the host of Syria, heard say that Judas had gathered a gathering and a congregation of faithful men with him, and of such as went out to war; and he said, I will make myself a name and get me glory in the kingdom; and I will fight against Judas and them that are with him, that set at

nought the word of the king. And there went up with him also a mighty army of the ungodly to help him, to take vengeance on the children of Israel.

And he came near unto the going up of Bethhoron, and Judas went forth to meet him with a small company. But when they saw the army coming to meet them, they said unto Judas, What? shall we be able, being a small company, to fight against so great and strong a multitude? and we for our part are faint, having tasted no food this day. And Judas said, It is an easy thing for many to be shut up in the hands of a few; and with Heaven it is all one, to save by many or by few; for victory in battle standeth not in the multitude of a host; but strength is from Heaven. They come unto us in fulness of insolence and lawlessness, to destroy us and our wives and our children, to spoil us: but we fight for our lives and our laws. And He himself will discomfit them before our face; but as for you, be ye not afraid of them.

Now when he had left off speaking, he leapt suddenly upon them, and Seron and his army were discomfited before him. And they pursued them in the going down of Bethhoron unto the plain, and there fell of them about eight hundred men; but the residue fled into the land of the Philistines. . . .

Judas and his brethren saw that evils were multiplied, and that the king's forces were encamping in their borders; and they took knowledge of the king's words which he had commanded, to destroy the people and make an end of them; and they said each man to his neighbor, Let us raise up the ruin of our people, and let us fight for our people and the holy place. And the congregation was gathered together, that they might be ready for battle, and that they might pray, and ask for mercy and compassion. And Jerusalem was without inhabitant as a wilderness, there was none of her offspring that went in or went out; and the sanctuary was trodden down, and the sons of strangers were in the citadel, the Gentiles lodged therein; and joy was taken away from Jacob, and the pipe and the harp ceased. And they gathered themselves together, and came to Mizpeh, over against Jerusalem; for in Mizpeh was there a place of prayer aforetime for Israel. And they fasted that day, and put on sackcloth, and put ashes upon their heads, and rent their clothes, and laid open the book of the law, concerning which the Gentiles were wont to inquire, seeking the likenesses of their idols. And they brought the priests' garments, and the first-fruits, and the tithes; and they

stirred up the Nazirites, who had accomplished their days. And they cried aloud toward heaven, saying, What shall we do with these men, and whither shall we carry them away? And Thy holy place is trodden down and profaned, and Thy priests are in heaviness and brought low. And, behold, the Gentiles are assembled together against us to destroy us; Thou knowest what things they devise against us. How shall we be able to stand before them, except Thou be our help? And they sounded with the trumpets, and cried with a loud voice.

And after this Judas appointed leaders of the people, captains of thousands, and captains of hundreds, and captains of fifties, and captains of tens. And he said to them that were building houses, and were betrothing wives, and were planting vineyards, and were fearful, that they should return, each man to his own house, according to the law. And the army removed and encamped upon the south side of Emmaus. And Judas said, Gird yourselves, and be valiant men, and be in readiness against the morning, that ye may fight with these Gentiles, that are assembled together against us, and our holy place; for it is better for us to die in battle, than to look upon the evils of our nation and the holy place. Nevertheless, as may be the will in heaven, so shall He do.

And Gorgias took five thousand footmen, and a thousand chosen horse, and the army removed by night, that it might fall upon the army of the Jews and smite them suddenly: and the men of the citadel were his guides. And Judas heard thereof, and removed, he and the valiant men, that he might smite the king's host which was at Emmaus, while as yet the forces were dispersed from the camp. And Gorgias came into the camp of Judas by night, and found no man; and he sought them in the mountains; for he said, These men flee from us. And as soon as it was day, Judas appeared in the plain with three thousand men: howbeit they had not armor nor swords to their minds. And they saw the camp of the Gentiles strong and fortified, and horsemen compassing it round about; and these were expert in war. And Judas said to the men that were with him, Fear ye not their multitude, neither be ye afraid of their onset. Remember how our fathers were saved in the Red Sea, when Pharaoh pursued them with a host. And now let us cry unto Heaven, if He will save us, and will remember the covenant of our fathers, and destroy this army before our face to-day: and all the Gentiles shall know that there is One who redeemeth and saveth Israel.

And the strangers lifted up their eyes, and saw them coming over against them; and they went out of the camp to battle. And they that were with Judas sounded their trumpets, and joined battle, and the Gentiles were discomfited, and fled into the plain. But all the hindmost fell by the sword: and they pursued them unto Gazara, and unto the plains of Idumæa and Azotus and Jamnia, and there fell of them about three thousand men. And Judas and his host returned from pursuing after them, and he said unto the people, Be not greedy of the spoils, inasmuch as there is a battle before us; and Gorgias and his host are nigh unto us in the mountain. But stand ye now against our enemies, and fight against them, and afterwards take the spoils with boldness. While Judas was yet making an end of these words, there appeared a part of them looking out from the mountain: and they saw that their host had been put to flight, and that the Jews were burning the camp: for the smoke that was seen declared what was done. But when they perceived these things, they were sore afraid; and perceiving also the army of Judas in the plain, ready for battle, they fled all of them into the land of the Philistines. And Judas returned to spoil the camp, and they got much gold, and silver, and blue, and sea purple, and great riches. And they returned home, and sang a song of thanksgiving, and gave praise unto Heaven; because His mercy is good, because His mercy endureth for ever. And Israel had a great deliverance that day.

DEATH OF JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

GREEK LITERATURE.

PERIOD II. 800–500 B.C.

IN the literature of ancient Greece the immortal epics of Homer occupy the first place.* They were popularized in Ionia by wandering minstrels who were known as rhapsodists, or, more specifically, as the Homeridæ, or Sons of Homer. The so-called Homeric Hymns were preludes used by these singers to introduce their public recitals of parts of the great national epics. These songs are by no means religious. They are a playful, and even irreverent, handling of the familiar mythology. They are thought to have been composed before 700 B.C. In rivalry with this class some Ionian poets framed other epics on legendary themes. These were known as the Cyclic poets, but their works have perished, except so far as their mythological stories were utilized by later Greek and Latin poets.

The second place in Greek literature is assigned to the didactic poet Hesiod, who was regarded by ancient historians as contemporary with Homer. He belonged to Bœotia in Greece proper, and never strayed from home. After him came the Ionian poets of reflection and personal feeling who introduced the elegiac and iambic forms of verse. Then with the advance in music, marked by the addition of three strings to the primitive four-stringed lyre, came a more thrilling expression of the deeper emotions of the soul. The Æolian lyrists, Alcæus and the peerless Sappho, have never been surpassed as interpreters of personal passion. More extensive are the remains of Dorian lyric poetry, which prevailed for nearly two centuries, and culminated in Simonides and Pindar, the sublime master of the choral ode.

Most of the literature of this period was produced in the islands of the Ægean and the cities on the western fringe

* See Volume I., pp. 150–179.

of Asia Minor. Yet Pindar, like Hesiod, was a native of Bœotia, a land afterwards reproached for stupidity by the nimble-witted Athenians. The Dorians were always of a harsher and ruder disposition than the Ionians. This period closes about 500 B.C., when the Persians began to tyrannize over the Greeks in Asia Minor. After the Persian wars, Athens became the consummate flower of Ionian culture; and Sparta, with its rigid military discipline, was the highest embodiment of Dorian ideals.

BABY HERMES.

HERMES (the Latin Mercury) was the messenger of the Gods, and hence also had charge of intercourse among men of different places and tribes. He was thus the god of interpreters, heralds, orators, travelers, merchants, and by degradation of his office, of thieves, liars and cheats. The subtle-minded Greeks were easily disposed to palliate deceit when ingenuity was manifested. To them the swift-moving Hermes who passed so readily from heaven to earth, and thence to the lower world of the dead, and appeared in many disguises, became a cunning rogue, whose tricks moved even the sufferers by them to laughter. In this pseudo-Homeric Hymn the joke is heightened by representing him as performing his most noted exploits when he was but one day old. He invents the lyre, steals the cattle of his brother Apollo, lies and perjures himself even before Zeus, yet restores all to good humor.

Our extract is from Shelley's translation. Apollo after discovering the loss of his cows, finds by augury that the thief is his half-brother. Thereupon he hastens to Mount Cyllene, where in a cradle in a cave he finds the baby mischief-maker and thus upbraids him.

"Little cradled rogue, declare
Of my illustrious heifers—where they are!
Speak quickly! or a quarrel straight 'twixt us
Must rise; and the event will be that I
Shall hurl you into dismal Tartarus,

In fiery gloom to dwell eternally:
Nor shall your father, nor your mother loose
The bars of that black dungeon;—utterly
You shall be cast out from the light of day
To rule the ghosts of men—unblest as they!"

To whom thus Hermes slily answered: "Son
Of great Latona, what a speech is this!
Why come you here to ask me what is done
With the wild oxen which it seems you miss?
I have not seen them, nor from any one
Have heard a word of the whole business;
If you should promise an immense reward,
I could not tell more than you now have heard.

An ox-stealer should be both tall and strong,
And I am but a little new-born thing,
Who yet, at least, can think of nothing wrong:
My business is to suck, and sleep, and fling
The cradle-clothes about me all day long,
Or, half asleep, hear my sweet mother sing,
And to be washed in water clear and warm,
And hushed, and kissed, and kept secure from harm.

Oh! let not e'er this quarrel be averred!
Th' astounded gods would laugh at you, if e'er
You should allege a story so absurd,
As that a new-born infant forth could fare
Out of his house after a savage herd!
I was born yesterday; my small feet are
Too tender for the roads so hard and rough;
And if you think that this is not enough,

I swear a great oath, by my father's head,
That I stole not your cows, and that I know
Of no one else who might, or could, or did;
Whatever things cows are, I do not know,
For I have only heard the name." This said,
He winked as fast as could be, and his brow
Was wrinkled, and a whistle loud gave he,
Like one who hears some strange absurdity.

Apollo gently smiled and said: "Aye, aye,—
You cunning little rascal, you will bore

Many a rich man's house, and your array
Of thieves will lay their siege before his door
Silent as night, in night; and many a day
In the wild glens rough shepherds will deplore
That you or yours, having an appetite,
Met with their cattle, comrade of the night!

And this among the gods shall be your gift,
To be considered as the lord of those
Who swindle, house-break, sheep-steal, and shop-lift,
But now if you would not your last sleep doze,
Crawl out!"—Thus saying, Phœbus did uplift
The subtle infant in his swaddling clothes;
But in his arms, according to his wont,
A scheme devised the illustrious Argiphont,*

And sneezed and shuddered.—Phœbus on the grass
Him threw, and whilst all that he had designed,
He did perform—eager although to pass,
Apollo darted from his mighty mind
Towards the subtle babe the following scoff:
"Do not imagine this will get you off,

You little swaddled child of Jove and May!"
And seized him: "By this omen, I shall trace
My noble herds, and you shall lead the way."
Cyllenian Hermes from the grassy place,
Like one in earnest haste to get away,
Rose, and with hands lifted toward his face,
Round both his ears, up from his shoulders drew
His swaddling clothes,—"What mean you to do

With me, you unkind god?" said Mercury,
"Is it about these cows you tease me so?
I wish the race of cows were perished!—I
Stole not your cows—I do not even know
What things cows are."

They both go to Olympus, where Apollo lays his complaint before Zeus, and where Hermes makes the following defence:

"Great Father! you know clearly beforehand,
That all which I shall say to you is sooth;

* "The slayer of Argus." This is one of the poetical names of Hermes.

I am a most veracious person, and
Totally unacquainted with untruth.
At sunrise Phœbus came, but with no band
Of gods to bear him witness, in great ruth,
To my abode, seeking his heifers there,
And saying I must show him where they are,—

Or he would hurl me down the dark abyss!
I know that every Apollonian limb
Is clothed with speed, and might, and manliness
As a green bank with flowers; but, unlike him,
I was born yesterday, and you may guess
He well knew this, when he indulged the whim
Of bullying a poor little new-born thing
That slept, and never thought of cow-driving.

Am I like a strong fellow that steals kine?
Believe me, dearest father! (such you are)
This driving of the herds is none of mine;
Across my threshold did I wander ne'er,
So may I thrive! I reverence the divine
Sun and the gods, and I love you, and care
Even for this hard accuser, who must know
I am as innocent as they or you!

I swear by these most gloriously-wrought portals,
(It is, you will allow, an oath of might!)
Through which the multitude of the immortals
Pass and repass, forever, day and night,
Devising schemes for the affairs of worlds—
That I am guiltless; and I will requite,
Although my enemy be great and strong,
His cruel threat! Do thou defend the young!"

The baby accompanies this speech with divers winkings of the eye, and nods of the head to Zeus, to let him know the exact state of the case. The end is, that Zeus bursts into a violent fit of laughter, at hearing the roguish child "give such a plausible account, and every word a lie;" but intimates by a sign to Hermes, that he has done enough to establish his reputation, and that it is time he should now really discover the truth. Baby Hermes obeys, leads Apollo to the place where the cows were concealed, and gratifies him with the gift of the lyre. Apollo is transported with delight at the possession of this instrument, and thereupon they swear eternal friendship.

HESIOD.

BETWEEN Homer and Hesiod, the other great poet of the prehistoric period, there is a marvellous contrast. Though both use the same hexameter verse, they agree in little else. Homer is concerned with the exploits and adventures of kings and chiefs, with courts and camps, and treats all aspects of Achaian and Trojan life by land and sea as these are necessary to his song. But of himself he makes no mention, nor gives a hint directly. Far different is the father of didactic poetry.

Hesiod probably lived some generations later than the father of the epic. He treats of agriculture and the humble life of tillers of the soil. His verse, if genuine throughout, tells much of his personal history. Of Æolian descent, he was born at Ascra in Bœotia, and pastured his sheep on the slopes of Helicon. Inspired by the Muses, at an early age he won the prize in a contest of song in funeral games at Chalcis, and dedicated it to Apollo. But his elder brother's injustice deprived him of a share of his father's property; he settled at Orchomenos, where he lived a bachelor and woman-hater. According to some accounts his spendthrift brother sank into distress and begged and received his aid. To his brother he addressed his chief poem, "Works and Days," calling him "most foolish Perses." The contents of the poem are praises of industry and justice, proverbial rules for behavior, advice on husbandry and trade, a description of winter, and a

farmer's calendar, with a list of lucky and unlucky days; but besides this homely stuff, the poet tells of the five ages of the world—the golden, silver, bronze, heroic, and finally the iron age, in which he himself was fated to live and suffer. The heroic age, here arbitrarily thrust in, relates to the men of the Trojan war, and this fact seems to bring Hesiod to a later time than Homer. The truly poetical part of this miscellaneous poem is the myth of Prometheus and Pandora, the Greek version of the Fall of Man.

The second work ascribed to Hesiod is the "Theogony," an attempt to reduce to system the conflicting popular notions of the creation of the world and the genealogy of the gods and heroes. Herodotus gives credit for the accepted system to both Homer and Hesiod, probably meaning that the Greeks of later times looked to both authors for instruction on the relative places of the numerous personages of mythology. Some critics, ancient as well as modern, regard the "Theogony" as of different authorship from the "Works and Days." A third poem, much shorter, called the "Shield of Hercules," is also attributed to Hesiod. It relates an adventure of Hercules, but is chiefly occupied with a description of his shield, thus appearing to attempt rivalry with Homer's description of the shield of Achilles.

Pandora.

(From "The Works and Days.")

The food of man in deep concealment lies,
The angry Gods have veil'd it from our eyes.
Else had one day bestow'd sufficient cheer,
And, though inactive, fed thee through the year.
Then had the laboring ox foregone the soil,
And patient mules had found relief from toil.
But Jove conceal'd our food, incens'd at heart,
Since mock'd by wise Prometheus' wily art.
Sore ills to man devised the Heavenly Sire,
And hid the shining element of fire.
Prometheus then, benevolent of soul,
In hollow reed the spark recovering stole,
Cheering to man, and mock'd the God, whose gaze
Serene rejoices in the lightning's rays.
"O son of Japhet!" with indignant heart

Spake the Cloud-gatherer, "O unmatch'd in art!
Exultest thou in this the flame retriev'd,
And dost thou triumph in the God deceiv'd?
But thou, with the posterity of man,
Shalt rue the fraud whence mightier ills began:
I will send evil for thy stealthy fire,
Evil, which all shall love, and all admire."
Thus spoke the Sire, whom Heaven and Earth obey,
And bade the Fire-God mould his plastic clay;
Inbreathe the human voice within her breast,
With firm-strung nerves th' elastic limbs invest.
Her aspect fair as Goddesses above,
A virgin's likeness with the brows of love.
He bade Minerva teach the skill that dyes
The web with colors as the shuttle flies:
He call'd the magic of love's charming queen
To breathe around a witchery of mien,
Then plant the rankling stings of keen desire,
And cares that trick the limbs with prank'd attire;
Bade Hermes last impart the craft refin'd
Of thievish manners and a shameless mind.
He gives command, the inferior powers obey,
The crippled artist moulds the temper'd clay:
A maid's coy image rose at Jove's behest;
Minerva clasp'd the zone, diffus'd the vest,
Adored Persuasion and the Graces young
Her taper'd limbs with golden jewels hung;
Round her smooth brow the beauteous-tressed Hours
A garland twin'd of Spring's purpureal flowers;
The whole attire Minerva's graceful art
Dispos'd, adjusted, form'd to every part;
And last the winged herald of the skies,
Slayer of Argus, gave the gift of lies;
Gave trickish manners, honeyed words instill'd,
As he, that rolls the deep'ning thunder, will'd:
Then, by the winged messenger of Heaven,
The name PANDORA to the maid was given:
For all the Gods conferred a gifted grace
To crown this mischief of the mortal race.
The Sire commands the winged herald bear
The finish'd nymph, th' inextricable snare:
To Epimetheus was the present brought;

Prometheus' warning vanish'd from his thought,
That he disdain each offering from the skies,
And straight restore, lest ill to man arise.
But he received, and conscious knew too late
Th' insidious gift, and felt the curse of fate.
On earth, of yore, the sons of men abode
From evil free and labor's galling load:
Free from diseases, that, with racking rage,
Precipitate the pale decline of age.
Now swift the days of manhood haste away,
And misery's pressure turns the temples gray.
The Woman's hands an ample casket bear;
She lifts the lid—she scatters ills in air.
Hope sole remain'd within, nor took her flight,—
Beneath the vessel's verge conceal'd from light.
Issued the rest, in quick dispersion hurl'd,
And woes innumerous roam'd the breathing world:
With ills the land is full, with ills the sea,
Diseases haunt our frail humanity;
Self-wandering through the noon, the night, they glide,
Voiceless—a voice the power all-wise denied:
Know then this awful truth—it is not given
To elude the wisdom of omniscient Heaven.

The Battle of Zeus and the Titans.

(From the Theogony.)

All on that day roused infinite the war,
Female and male; the Titan deities,
The gods from Cronus sprang, and those whom Zeus
From subterranean gloom released to light:
Terrible, strong, of force enormous; burst
A hundred arms from all their shoulders huge:
From all their shoulders fifty heads upsprang
O'er limbs of sinewy mould. They then arrayed
Against the Titans in fell combat stood,
And in their nervous grasp wielded aloft
Precipitous rocks. On the other side alert
The Titan phalanx closed: then hands of strength
Joined prowess, and displayed the works of war.
Tremendous then the immeasurable sea
Roared: earth resounded: the wide heaven throughout
Groaned shattering: from its base Olympus vast

Reeled to the violence of the gods: the shock
Of deep concussion rocked the dark abyss
Remote of Tartarus: the shrilling din
Of hollow tramplings and strong battle-strokes,
And measureless uproar of wild pursuit.
So they reciprocal their weapons hurled
Groan-scattering, and the shout of either host
Burst in exhorting ardor to the stars
Of heaven: with mighty war-cries either host
Encountering closed.
Nor longer then did Zeus
Curb his full power, but instant in his soul
There grew dilated strength, and it was filled
With his omnipotence. At once he loosed
His whole of might, and put forth all the god.
The vaulted sky, the mount Olympian flashed
With his continual presence, for he passed
Incessant forth, and scattered fires on fires.
Hurled from his hardy grasp the lightnings flew
Reiterated swift: the whirling flash
Cast sacred splendor, and the thunderbolt
Fell: roared around the nurture-yielding earth
In conflagration; for on every side
The immensity of forests crackling blazed:
Yea, the broad earth burned red, the streams that mix
With ocean and the deserts of the sea.
Round and around the Titan brood of earth
Rolled the hot vapor on its fiery surge.
The liquid heat air's pure expanse divine
Suffused: the radiance keen of quivering flame
That shot from writhen lightnings, each dim orb,
Strong though they were, intolerable smote,
And scorched their blasted vision: through the void
Of Erebus the preternatural glare
Spread mingling fire with darkness. But to see
With human eye and hear with the ear of man
Had been as if midway the spacious heaven
Hurtling with earth shocked—e'en as nether earth
Crashed from the centre, and the wreck of heaven
Fell ruinous from high. So vast the din
When, gods encountering gods, the clang of arms
Commingled, and the tumult roared from heaven.

GREEK ELEGIAC AND LYRIC POETRY.

THE dactylic hexameter was for a long time the only recognized form of verse among the Greeks. But in the seventh century B.C., after the Greek cities in Asia Minor had made material advance in wealth and culture, there came changes in their poetic expression. First, the dactylic verse was modified by joining a pentameter to the hexameter. The distich, thus formed, has been illustrated by Coleridge in English:

> In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column,
> In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

The name "elegy" was given by the Greeks to any poem composed of such distichs. In it the expression of personal feeling was the chief object—not merely grief or regret as in a modern elegy. In the Greek elegies are found exhortations to war, patriotic appeals, amorous complaint, resentment, satire, maxims, moral precepts, epitaphs, epigrams grave and gay. The composers of this elegiac verse employed the Ionic dialect. Some, as Simonides of Amorgos and Solon, are specially called Gnomic poets, or authors of reflections on life. Such verses afterwards became a staple of education among the Greeks.

But a still greater change in poetical expression arose almost at the same time. In the increasing culture of the Asiatic Greeks the art of music was highly developed; the lyre and the shepherd's pipe were greatly improved, and new forms of verse were adapted to the new instruments—iambic,

trochaic, anapæstic. The early elegiac poets use these new forms as well. In the Æolic dialect, which was spoken in the north-west of Asia Minor and the adjacent islands, this free movement of poetic composition flowered in the unrivalled impassioned lyrics of Alcæus and Sappho. Among the Dorians the hymns of worship and songs of public celebration developed into the sublime odes of Pindar. The choral odes of the Attic tragedians were also composed in this Doric dialect. Compared with this elaborate musical treatment, the calm measured recitation of the Homeric chanters seemed tame and poor.

TYRTÆUS.

THE name of Tyrtæus has become proverbial as a composer of war-songs. According to an old tradition, the Spartans, being engaged in war with the Messenians, suffered reverses which led them to seek advice from an oracle. They were directed to ask the Athenians for a leader. The rival state sent in derision the lame schoolmaster Tyrtæus. But the spirited songs of the new commander so roused the martial spirit of the Lacedæmonians that they achieved complete victory at Ithome. This second Messenian war lasted from 685 B.C. to 668. Tyrtæus is reported not only to have incited the Spartans to deeds of valor, but on occasion to have calmed popular riots with his verses. He was highly honored by his adopted country, and long after his death his memory was cherished. His solemn yet stirring couplets were regularly taught to the boys of Sparta and were chanted by her soldiers in the field. His marching songs have perished, and the scanty remnants of his elegies seem hardly adequate to his unique fame.

COURAGE AND PATRIOTISM.

NE'ER would I praise that man, nor deign to sing,
First in the race, or strongest at the ring,
Not though he boast a ponderous Cyclops' force,
Or rival Boreas in his rapid course;
Not tho' Aurora might his name adore,
Tho' Eastern riches swell his countless store,
Tho' power and splendor to his name belong,
And soft persuasion dwell upon his tongue,
Tho' all but god-like valor were his own:
My muse is sacred to the brave alone;
Who can look carnage in the face, and go
Against the foremost warriors of the foe.

By heaven high courage to mankind was lent,
Best attribute of youth, best ornament.
The man whom blood and danger fail to daunt,
Fearless who fights, and ever in the front,
Who bids his comrades barter useless breath
For a proud triumph, or a prouder death,
He is my theme—He only, who can brave
With single force the battle's rolling wave,
Can turn his enemies to flight, and fall
Beloved, lamented, deified by all.
His household gods, his own parental land
High in renown, by him exalted stand;
Alike the heirs and founders of his name
Share his deserts and borrow from his fame
He, pierced in front with many a gaping wound,
Lies, great and glorious, on the bloody ground,
From every eye he draws one general tear,
And a whole nation follows to his bier;
Illustrious youths sigh o'er his early doom,
And late posterity reveres his tomb.
Ne'er shall his memorable virtue die,
Tho' cold in earth, immortal as the sky;
He for his country fought, for her expired:
Oh, would all imitate whom all admired!
But if he sleep not with the mighty dead,
And, living, laurels wreathe his honor'd head,
By old, by young, adored, he gently goes
Down a smooth pathway to his long repose,
Unaltering friends still love his hairs of snow,
And rising elders in his presence bow.
Would ye, like him, the wond'ring world engage,
Draw the keen blade, and let the battle rage!

. . . . . .

Then let us firmly stand, and scorn to fly,
Save all we love, or with our country die,
Knit in indissoluble files, a band
Of brothers fighting for our native land;
Ne'er let us see the veteran soldier's arm
Than ours more forward, or his heart more warm;
Let us not leave him in the midst of foes,
Feeble with age, to deal unequal blows;
Or in the van lie slain, with blood besmear'd

His wrinkled forehead and his snowy beard,
Stript of his spoils through many a battle worn,
And gay assumed, that inauspicious morn,
Breathing his soul out bravely at our feet—
Ne'er may our eyes a sight so shameful meet!
But, oh, be ours, while yet our pulse beats high
For gory death, or glorious victory,
Be ours, if not an honorable grave,
Smiles of the fair, and friendships of the brave.

To Spartan Veterans.

Ye are the sons of Hercules—a race
  Unvanquished in the fight, and nobly proud;
Then stand—for Jove not yet averts his face—
  Then stand, superior to the hostile crowd.

Fear not; advancing to the bloody strife,
  Let each oppose his buckler to the foe!
And, ready to resign his load of life,
  Through fate's dark path, with warrior-spirit, go.

Yet is that path delightful to the sun,
  His radiance smiling on heroic death!
The military course ye oft have run:
  Then lightly value life's precarious breath.

For ye have seen, on many a toilsome day,
  How sad the ruthless work of war appears;
Seen anger furious in the battle's bray,
  And Mars exulting in abundant tears.

For ye have known, full well, the rage of war;
  Whether, o'erpowered, your gaping squadrons bled,
Or, scattered o'er the purple plains afar,
  Your victor-arms the foe in terror fled.

To Spartan Youths.

Rouse, rouse, O youths! the chain of torpor break!
  Spurn idle rest, and couch the glittering lance!
What! does not shame with blushes stain your cheek
  Quick-mantling, as ye catch the warrior's glance?

Ignoble youths! say, when shall valor's flame
Burn in each breast? Here, here, while hosts invade,
And war's wild clangors all your courage claim,
Ye sit, as if peace still embowered the shade.

But, sure, fair honor crowns the auspicious deed,
When patriot love impels us to the field;
When, to defend a trembling wife, we bleed,
And when our sheltered offspring bless the shield.

What time the fates ordain, pale death appears:
Then, with firm step and sword high drawn, depart;
And, marching through the first thick shower of spears,
Beneath thy buckler guard the intrepid heart.

Each mortal, though he boast celestial sires,
Slave to the sovereign destiny of death,
Amid the carnage of the plain expires,
Or yields unwept at home his coward breath.

Yet sympathy attends the brave man's bier,
Sees on each wound the balmy grief bestowed,
And, as in death the universal tear,
Through life inspires the homage of a god.

For like a turret his proud glories rise,
And stand, above the rival's reach, alone;
While millions hail, with fond, adoring eyes,
The deeds of many a hero meet in one!

MIMNERMUS.

THE Greek elegy had originally been devoted to warlike and patriotic themes. But the Ionians, among whom it originated, submitted to the rule of the kings of Lydia, and their poets turned to personal rather than national topics. Mimnermus of Colophon, who flourished from 634 B.C. to 600, made the elegy the vehicle of plaintive erotic strains. He mourned the transient nature of youth and pleasure, and the wretchedness of old age.

YOUTH AND AGE.

WHAT were life, and where its treasure,
Golden Venus, wert thou flown?
Ne'er may I outlive the pleasure
Given to man by thee alone,—

Honeyed gifts and secret love,
Joys all other joys above.

Quickly, stripling! quickly, maiden!
Snatch life's blossoms ere they fall;
Age with hate and sorrow laden,
Soon draws nigh to level all,—
Makes the man of comeliest mien,
Like the most ill-favored seen.

Youth and grace his path declining,
Gloomy thoughts his bosom tear;
Seems the sun, in glory shining,
Now to him no longer fair,
Joys no more his soul engage,
Such the power of dreary age.

ARCHILOCHUS.

ANCIENT critics pronounced Archilochus a poet of the highest rank. But the few surviving pieces of his verse make such an estimate absurd. He was the creator of a new species of poetry—satire, and for this he invented iambic verse. He was born at Paros about 720 B.C., and died about 676. Lycambes, whose daughter he wished to marry, refused permission. Thereupon the enraged poet satirized the whole family so bitterly that they committed suicide. His lampoons have perished. His extant pieces seem tame beside those of many other Greeks.

TWO CAPTAINS.

BOAST me not your valiant captain,
Strutting fierce with measur'd stride,
Glorying in his well-trimmed beard, and
Wavy ringlets' clustered pride.
Mine be he that's short of stature,
Firm of foot, with curved knee;
Heart of oak in limb and feature;
And of courage bold and free.

SAPPHO.

The Æolian branch of the Greek race, less prominent than the others historically, preserved the older style of their common language. The Æolians occupied the northwestern edge of Asia Minor, the nearest islands, and some places in northern Greece. The centre of their influence in their flourishing time was the island of Lesbos. Here the primitive social freedom exhibited in Homer's poems was long preserved. Strangers were ever hospitably received. Lesbos became a commercial emporium, and wealth brought luxury. While in other places Greek women were secluded and subjected to strict discipline, here they mingled freely in public affairs, and shared in a marked degree the new culture and refinement. They went beyond the men in attention to art and learning, and when a remarkable poetical literature sprang up, women as well as men were among its promoters and won its prizes. A parallel instance can hardly be found in history. In the brilliant period of Lesbos were produced the lyrics of Sappho, pronounced by critics of all ages the most exquisite love poetry of the world. Though she is said to have composed nine books, only two of her poems have been preserved complete. But these and the brief fragments, comprising sometimes but a few words, have been studied and imitated by the greatest lyrists of modern times. The Greeks called her "the tenth muse."

Of her personal history little is positively known, though much has been written. Her father died when she was but six years old. Her brother, Charaxus, who had gone to Naucratis, in Egypt, as a merchant, fell in love with a famous courtesan, Rhodopis, and ransomed her from slavery at a large price. For this Sappho upbraided him in a poem. She was married to Cercolas, a wealthy inhabitant of Andros, and was early left a widow with an only daughter, named Cleis. She was on friendly terms with Alcæus, as is shown by fragments of the poetry of both; but that she rejected his suit is doubtful. Sappho was the leader of society in Mytilene, and instructed her friends in poetry and gallantry. About 600 B.C. she fled from Lesbos to Sicily, to escape some unknown danger. According to a common story she fell in love with Phaon, and, finding her love unrequited, flung herself into the sea from the Leucadian cliff, but this tragic end is believed to be a late invention.

Hymn to Aphrodite.

(Translated by J. Addington Symonds, in the metre of the original.)

Star-throned, incorruptible Aphrodite,
Child of Zeus, wile-weaving, I supplicate thee,
Tame not me with pangs of the heart, dread mistress,
Nay, nor with anguish.
But come thou, if erst in the days departed
Thou didst lend thine ear to my lamentation,
And from far, the house of thy sire deserting,
Camest with golden
Car yoked: thee, thy beautiful sparrows hurried
Swift with multitudinous pinions fluttering
Round black earth, adown from the height of heaven
Through middle ether:
Quickly journeyed they; and thou, O blest Lady,
Smiling with those brows of undying lustre,
Asked me what new grief at my heart lay, wherefore
Now I had called thee,
What I fain would have to assuage the torment
Of my frenzied soul; and whom now, to please thee,
Must persuasion lure to thy love, and who now,
Sappho, hath wronged thee?

Yea, for though she flies, she shall quickly chase thee;
Yea, though gifts she spurns, she shall soon bestow them;
Yea, though now she loves not, she soon shall love thee,
Yea, though she will not!
Come, come now too! Come, and from heavy heart-ache
Free my soul, and all that my longing yearns to
Have done, do thou; be thou for me thyself too
Help in the battle.

Another Translation of the Same.

(By J. H. Merivale.)

Immortal Venus, throned above,
In radiant beauty! Child of Jove!
O skilled in every art of love
And playful snare;
Dread power, to whom I bend the knee,
Release my soul, and set it free
From bonds of piercing agony,
And gloomy care.

Yea, come thyself!—If e'er, benign,
Thy listening ear thou didst incline,
To my rude lay, the starry shine
Of Jove's court leaving,
In chariot yoked with coursers fair,
Thine own immortal birds, that bear
Thee swift to earth, the middle air
With bright wings cleaving.

Soon were they sped—and thou most blest,
In thine own smiles ambrosial drest,
Didst ask what griefs my mind opprest—
What meant my song—
What end my frenzied thoughts pursue—
For what loved youth I spread anew
My amorous nets—"Who, Sappho, who
Hath done thee wrong?

What though he fly, he'll soon return—
Himself shall give though now he spurn;
Heed not his coldness—soon he'll burn,
E'en though thou chide."

And said'st thou this, dread goddess?—Oh,
Come thou once more to ease my woe!
Grant all! and thy great self bestow,
My shield and guide!

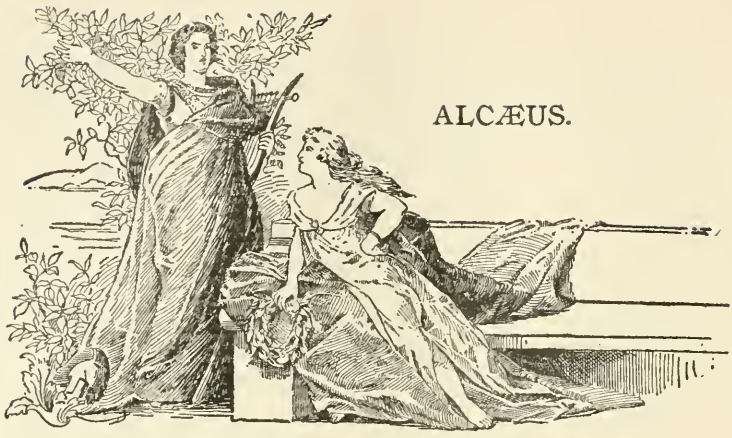
Ode to Anactoria.

Peer of gods he seemeth to me, the blissful
Man who sits and gazes at thee before him,
Close beside thee sits, and in silence hears thee,
Silverly speaking,
Laughing love's low laughter. Oh, this, this only
Stirs the troubled heart in my breast to tremble!
For should I but see thee a little moment,
Straight is my voice hushed;
Yea, my tongue is broken, and through and through me
'Neath the flesh impalpable fire runs tingling;
Nothing see mine eyes, and a noise of roaring
Waves in my ear sounds;
Sweat runs down in rivers, a tremor seizes
All my limbs, and paler than grass in autumn,
Caught by pains of menacing death, I falter,
Lost in the love-trance.

To Alcæus.

Aristotle relates that Alcæus addressed Sappho in a verse that resembles her own in descriptive epithets:—"Violet-wearing, pure, softly-smiling Sappho, I would fain tell thee something, but shame restrains me." Sappho's reply has been thus translated:

If aught of good, if aught of fair
Thy tongue were laboring to declare,
Nor shame should dash thy glance, nor fear
Forbid thy suit to reach my ear.



ALCÆUS.

Besides Sappho, her friend, perhaps lover, Alcæus is almost the sole representative of the Æolic school of poetry. He was a noble of Mytilene, the capital of Lesbos. With other nobles he opposed and drove into exile the tyrant of his city. His friend Pittacus had assisted the movement, but was afterwards made dictator in order to restore order. Alcæus and his brothers stiffly adhered to the aristocratic cause and were banished. The poet reproached the new tyrant in bitter verses, and afterwards led an expedition against him. Pittacus took his former friend captive and then granted him liberty, saying, "Forgiveness is better than revenge." Alcæus sought refuge in Egypt, but eventually his friendship with Pittacus was restored.

Alcæus was acknowledged by Horace as his model and master. He invented the Alcaic metre, and sang about war, wine and love. Though a valiant soldier, he tells in one song how he threw away his shield in flight.

The Spoils of War.

Glitters with brass my mansion wide;
The roof is deck'd, on every side,
In martial pride,
With helmets rang'd in order bright,
And plumes of horse-hair nodding white,
A gallant sight—
Fit ornament for warrior's brow—
And round the walls, in goodly row,
Refulgent glow
Stout greaves of brass, like burnish'd gold,
And corselets there in many a fold
Of linen roll'd;

And shields that in the battle fray,
The routed losers of the day
Have cast away.
Eubœan falchions too are seen,
With rich-embroidered belts between
Of dazzling sheen:
And gaudy surcoats piled around,
The spoils of chiefs in war renown'd,
May there be found—
These, and all else that here you see,
Are fruits of glorious victory,
Achieved by me.

Drinking Song.

Why wait we for the torches' lights?
Now let us drink, while day invites.
In mighty flagons hither bring
The deep-red blood of many a vine,
That we may largely quaff and sing
The praises of the God of wine—
The son of Jove and Semele,
Who gave the jocund grape to be
A sweet oblivion to our woes.
Fill, fill the goblet—one and two:
Let every brimmer, as it flows,
In sportive chase, the last pursue.

THEOGNIS.

The strongly personal character of the Greek elegies is illustrated by the fact that from the 1,400 lines of Theognis still extant J. H. Frere undertook to construct his biography. The poet was a noble, born at Megara about 550 B.C. According to a practice common among the Greeks, and especially the Dorians, he had chosen as his intimate friend young Cyrnus, the leader of the aristocracy. When that party was driven from power by the democrats, Theognis was reduced to exile and poverty. The girl to whom he was betrothed was given by her parents in marriage to another less worthy than himself. To Cyrnus the distressed poet poured out the bitterness of his soul, and then had to complain of his friend's indifference. His life was prolonged to the age of eighty-eight, yet he never ceased to lament his lost youth and the triumph of the wicked in this world.

The Poet's Gift of Fame.

You soar aloft, and over land and wave
Are borne triumphant on the wings I gave
(The swift and mighty wings, Music and Verse).
Your name in easy numbers smooth and terse
Is wafted o'er the world; and heard among
The banquetings and feasts, chanted and sung,
Heard and admired: the modulated air
Of flutes, and voices of the young and fair
Recite it, and to future times shall tell;
When, closed within the dark sepulchral cell,
Your form shall moulder, and your empty ghost
Wander along the dreary Stygian coast.
Yet shall your memory flourish green and young,
Recorded and revived on every tongue,
In continents and islands, every place
That owns the language of the Grecian race.
No purchased prowess of a racing steed,
But the triumphant Muse, with airy speed,
Shall bear it wide and far, o'er land and main,
A glorious and imperishable strain;
A mighty prize gratuitously won,
Fixed as the earth, immortal as the sun.

The Ship of State.

Such is our state! in a tempestuous sea,
With all the crew raging in mutiny!
No duty followed, none to reef a sail,
To work the vessel, or to pump or bail:
All is abandoned, and without a check
The mighty sea comes sweeping o'er the deck.
Our steersman, hitherto so bold and steady,
Active and able, is deposed already.
No discipline, no sense of order felt,
The daily messes are unduly dealt.
The goods are plundered, those that ought to keep
Strict watch are idly skulking or asleep;
All that is left of order or command
Committed wholly to the basest hand.

In such a case, my friend, I needs must think
It were no marvel though the vessel sink.
This riddle to my worthy friends I tell,
But a shrewd knave will understand it well!

SIMONIDES OF AMORGOS.

THERE were two noted Greek poets named Simonides, and both were Ionians. The earlier, called from his birth-place Simonides of Amorgos, flourished about 660 B.C. The iambic verse, which had been invented and devoted to satire by Archilochus about 700 B.C., was his chosen measure. But while the inventor attacked individuals with such relentless severity that he is said to have driven one to suicide, Simonides in more even verse assailed the better half of the human race. In his principal poem he divides women into ten classes and, comparing them to various animals, pronounces all bad except the busy bee. And then the sly rogue concludes by withdrawing the exception.

TEN CLASSES OF WOMEN.

THE prototype of every female mind
The Gods first made, of every form and kind.

Behold the slut—she in the dirt is found
All filth-polluted, rolling on the ground,
Unwashed, unkempt, untidy her attire,
In mud she wallows, fattens in the mire,
Her filthy house and filthier self avow
Her soul as taken from the bristly sow.

The scoundrel fox another soul supplies,
To good and evil—up to all—all-wise;
A prying spirit, ever on the watch,
At truth or lies, at right or wrong to catch;
The busy-bodies these, that roam and gad,
Some pretty good, but more, alas! are bad.

That barking woman, with her slanderous itch,
Proclaims the spirit of her parent bitch.
With eager eyes and ears, and poking snout,
She snuffs for scandal, and she paws it out;
Peering and peeping everywhere she goes,
Barking and biting both at friends and foes:
And rather than be still, the spiteful elf
Will snap and snarl at her own precious self.

What if her everlasting tongue should rouse
The angry spirit of her patient spouse
To seize a stone to quell each horrid note,
And pound her grinders down her yelping throat:
Ah! little would it boot, poor man—for she
Will bark, though angry or though kind he be,
Though friends or foes, or strangers should be near,
Her clamorous tongue, all, all are doomed to hear.

The lazy lump, the weary husband's load,
The Gods created of the sluggish sod—
Her earth-born spirit knows nor ill nor good,
Her knowledge is to cram herself with food.
When angry winter's biting frosts appear,
Close by the blazing hearth she posts her chair,
And the poor creature sits and shivers there.

Mark you a fifth: the never constant sea,
O fickle womankind, gave birth to thee;
So smiling, lovely, so serene to-day,
That he who knows thee not might justly say,
"Most elegant, domestic, perfect creature,
Thou cunning pattern of excelling nature."
But mark her well,—'tis hideous to behold
This perfect creature,—now a perfect scold;
Whom none dare look upon, and none come near,
Who fills both friends and foes, and all with fear,
Rages unceasingly—and howls and yelps,
Like an ungracious bitch that guards her whelps.
And as the sea, when summer smiles, is seen
The sailor's joy, so placid and serene,
Anon its waves with loud, terrific roar,
Lash with their curling crests the laboring shore,
So changeful, so deceitful, do we find
This "sea of troubles"—fickle womankind.

A heap of sluggish ashes, and an ass,
The all-enduring, form'd another class,
Whom neither force nor angry words will rouse
To do a single deed to please a spouse.
If they retire,—it is that they may eat:
If by the fire,—they cram themselves with meat:
Or if perchance they feel the amorous flame—
No choice have they—for every man's the same.

The weasel-soul'd, the grim, the sad-of-face,
The unloving, unbeloved, ungracious race,
Nor beautiful, nor fair, aught earthly deem;
Life has for them no charm, and love's a dream.
They hate their husbands with a perfect hate:
Their pilfering tricks continual broils create:
Their fiendish, thievish, sacrilegious eyes
Even on the sacred victims gormandize.

From the soft, waving-maned, the full-fed mare,
Jove made a tribe—the foes of toil and care.
These will not grind, nor winnow, ne'er are seen
To watch the oven, or their houses clean,
For fear of soot; the purses of their spouses,
Pretending love, they sweep, though not their houses.
No washings twice or thrice a-day they spare
On their own persons,—these their only care,
Nor oils, nor unguents, to perfume their hair,
Which o'er the neck luxuriantly spreads,
And, crown'd with flowers, a lovely fragrance sheds.
'Tis a fine show—another's eyes to feast,
But to a spouse—the devil at the least;
Except a king or prince they chance to find,
Who has a taste for toys of such a kind.

Another class form'd from the hideous ape,
Ugly in figure, fashion, face and shape—
Jove sent to earth—the greatest frights that e'er
Created laughter, or made people stare.
Hipless, and shapeless as a plank, they wend;
Necks stiff and short, and never meant to bend.
O wretched husband, thine's a piteous case,
Compell'd this prime of evils to embrace—
Who like the ape is crafty, full of guile,
But "never twists her lips by way of smile;"
Pries into all, but ne'er an action does
That is not hideous as her ugly phiz.
This is her object, this by night and day
Rouses her soul and being into play,—
How she may bring about, by wicked skill,
The greatest possible amount of ill.

Happy the man,—thrice happy surely he!
Whose wife was fashion'd from the busy bee.
Her, scandal dares not, with its slime, defile:
And wealth and honors on her husband smile.
The mother of a race renown'd and bold,
With him she loves, herself beloved, grows old.
The excellent of women! *her* is given
The encircling beauty of the grace of Heaven.
She with her sex ne'er spends the precious hours
In listening to their gossip and amours.
Thrice happy they whom gracious Heaven may bless
With wives so virtuous, prudent, good, as this!

This the exception: those, and such as those,
The ills,—that fill the life of man with woes,
Which, in the wisdom of his crafty mind,
Jove sends to earth in shape of womankind,—
Of whom, alas! the fairest and the best
A husband knows the blessing not so blest:
Since *a whole day* of happiness no man
Spent with a wife e'er since the world began:
Nor soon will gaunt starvation leave that house
Where dwells that foe of Gods and man—a spouse.
Nay, when his soul is open to delights,
Intent on solemn, or on festive rites,
This carping fury soon his bliss will blight,
And change his feasting into deadly fight.
For hospitality may never dare
To spread the table, if a wife be there,
Whose best intentions, in her wisest mood,
Are folly;—surely evil is her good.

Marriage makes man a simpleton—since he
Sees not—what all his neighbors gladly see—
That strange delusion which would make *his* bride
So perfect,—so imperfect *all* beside.
Loud in her praises, he can never see,
That as his neighbor's, so his fate must be,—
A thraldom, and a bondage, and a yoke
Which Jove hath made, and never can be broke;
Till Pluto free him from a weary life,
Perchance while fighting for a worthless wife.

SIMONIDES OF CEOS.

SIMONIDES OF CEOS has a more honorable fame than his earlier namesake. Born in 556 B.C., he was trained as a flute-player and chorus-leader, his family being professional musicians. After he became celebrated in Ionia as an elegiac poet, he was invited to Athens by Hipparchus, who rewarded him liberally. When the poet's residence there was interrupted by the Persian invasion, he found refuge at the courts of rulers in Thessaly. A romantic story belongs to this period of retirement. In a certain poem Simonides praised his patron Scopas, who was notoriously brutal, and palliated his vices by alleging that "to be four-square without blame" was beyond human attainment. Scopas then rudely refused to pay the poet his full price, and at a banquet bade him get the rest from the Heavenly Twins, who had also been eulogized. While the prince was enjoying the joke, a servant told the poet that two youths were at the door inquiring for him. Simonides went outside, but found no one; yet while he was looking around, he heard a crash and groans from within. Scopas and his guests had been killed by the falling of the roof, and the poet's life was saved by his heavenly visitants. Simonides returned to Athens, now the literary centre of Greece, and won new fame by his epigrams—brief poetical inscriptions for the monuments erected to commemorate the heroes of Thermopylae and Marathon. His elegy on those who fell in the latter won the prize, even when Æschylus was among the competitors. At the age of eighty, he gained another victory with a dithyrambic chorus, this being his fifty-sixth prize. King Hiero of Syracuse, renowned as a munificent patron of genius, invited the aged poet to his court. There Simonides continued to employ his muse until his death in 467 B.C. His lyrics are inferior in fervor to those of Sappho and Pindar, but are praised for sweetness and elaborate finish, which rendered him the most popular of the Greek lyric poets.

THERMOPYLÆ.

THESE two brief inscriptions on the altar-tomb of the Three Hundred who fell with Leonidas at Thermopylæ have taxed the ingenuity of translators to preserve the grand simplicity of the original.

Go, stranger, and to Lacedæmon tell,
That here, obedient to her laws, we fell.

Greatly to die, if this be glory's height,
For the fair meed we own our fortune kind;
For Greece and Liberty we plunged to night,
And left a never-dying name behind.

CIMON'S VICTORY AT EURYMEDON.

CIMON, son of Miltiades, the victor at Marathon, distinguished himself in the war against Xerxes, and afterwards commanded the Athenian fleet which harassed the Persian possessions in Asia Minor. His most brilliant success was in 466 B.C., when at the mouth of the River Eurymedon he defeated the Persian fleet, and on the same day landed and routed their army.

NE'ER since the olden time, when Asia stood
First torn from Europe by the ocean-flood,
Since horrid Mars thus poured on either shore
The storm of battle and the wild uproar,
Hath Man by land and sea such glory won,
Nor seen such deeds, as thou, this day, hast done.
By land, the Medes in thousands press the ground;
By sea, a hundred Tyrian ships are drowned
With all their martial host; while Asia stands
Deep groaning by, and wrings her helpless hands.

DANAE.

ACRISIUS, King of Argos, and father of Danaë, had been warned by an oracle that she would give birth to a child that would slay him. Thereupon he kept her shut up in a brazen tower. But Zeus descending in a golden shower, she became the mother of Perseus. The king then ordered Danaë and her child to be set adrift on the sea in an ark or chest. J. A. Symonds thus translates the pathetic poem of Simonides on these hapless castaways.

STATE ... CALIFORNIA
SANTA ...
6511

When in the carven chest,
The winds that blew and waves in wild unrest
Smote her with fear, Danaë, not with cheeks unwet,
Her arms of love round Perseus set,
And said: "O child, what grief is mine!
But thou dost slumber, and thy baby breast
Is sunk in rest,
Here in the cheerless brass-bound bark,
Tossed amid starless night and pitchy dark.
Nor dost thou heed the scudding brine
Of waves that wash above thy curls so deep,
Nor the shrill winds that sweep,—
Lapped in thy purple robe's embrace,
Fair little face!
But if this dread were dreadful too to thee,
Then wouldst thou lend thy listening ear to me.
Therefore I cry,—Sleep, babe, and sea be still,
And slumber our unmeasured ill!
Oh, may some change of fate, sire Zeus, from thee
Descend, our woes to end!
But if this prayer, too overbold, offend
Thy justice, yet be merciful to me!"

PINDAR.

For more than two thousand years Pindar has been recognized as the most sublime of lyric poets. He was born probably in 522 B.C., and belonged to an illustrious family of Thebes which claimed descent from the mythical heroes. Though carefully trained for choral composition in Athens, he was also instructed by the poetess Corinna of his own city. It is reported that when she bade him mingle myths with his panegyrics, he produced an ode overburdened with Theban legends. The wise instructress reproved this excess by saying, "One ought to sow with the hand, and not with the whole sack." Afterwards when the pupil competed with his mistress for public prizes, she is said to have beaten him five times. Yet the only fragment extant of her work is a mild reproof of another woman for contending with Pindar.

Though residing chiefly at Thebes, Pindar traveled through many parts of Greece, and visited the court of his

munificent patron, King Hiero of Syracuse. Wherever Greek was spoken his odes were prized, and for his words of praise Athens voted him a handsome sum.

The forty-four poems of Pindar, which have been preserved entire, all belong to the class called Epinician Odes—that is, celebrations of victory in the national games. These famous festivals were reunions of the Greek race at the local shrine of some deity. The Olympian games were held at Olympia in Elis in honor of Zeus every fourth year during the summer at the time of full moon; their prize was a wreath of wild olive. The Pythian games were held at Crissa in honor of the Pythian Apollo every fourth year in the spring; their prizes were a wreath of laurel and a palm. The Nemean games were held in the Nemean grove in Argolis in honor of Zeus every second year; their prize was a wreath of parsley. The Isthmian games were held in honor of Poseidon (Neptune) at Corinth, every second year; their prize was a wreath of pine. The obligation of these seasons of Pan-Hellenic union was recognized to such an extent that hostilities were everywhere suspended for a sufficient time to allow travelers to journey to the appointed place and return. Many of the states sent ambassadors liberally equipped, and wealthy citizens vied with them in magnificence of display. In these games, doubly consecrated by religion and patriotism, only persons of Greek descent were allowed to contend.

These games were not confined to athletic contests, horse and chariot races; the assemblages attracted also poets and rhapsodists, who recited tales of heroes, and in later times historians and philosophers, painters and sculptors. Though the prizes offered seem slight and perishable, various means were taken to preserve the honor of the victors and of the cities to which they belonged. Their names were inscribed on marble or bronze tablets in the temples, their statues were erected on the sacred grounds. The genius of the greatest of living poets was invoked to do justice to their merits. Pindar celebrated fourteen Olympian victors, twelve Pythian, eleven Nemean, seven Isthmian. Yet he was no base hireling, but a noble-minded aristocrat, fully aware of his own pre-eminence and disdaining to use his poetic gifts except for lofty

purposes. Many of the heroes whom he celebrated were of his own kin.

Honored through a long life, Pindar reached his seventy-ninth year. He is said to have died in the theatre at Argos, in the arms of his young friend Theoxenos, whose beauty he had praised in lofty strains. After his death various legends sprang up which seemed to give him place and honors among the gods. When Alexander the Great at the beginning of his reign vented his wrath upon Thebes for daring to rebel, he bade the house and the descendants of Pindar to be spared.

The sublimity of Pindar has been described by the use of various metaphors and similes. He is often called the Theban eagle, to show the strength and rapidity with which he carries the mind into the loftiest regions. Horace likens him to the swift-rushing, loud-roaring torrent. Symonds, to express the intoxicating rapture of his odes, chose a figure from the poet himself, where he likens himself to a wealthy noble offering rich wine in a golden goblet to a welcome son-in-law at a wedding feast. With all his bold grandeur and daring originality there is always combined an exquisite art. The religious spirit is also strongly manifested in his odes, but he does not hesitate to reject a mythical story as unsuited to the character of the gods. He seldom mentions in any detail the victory which has given occasion for his ode, but turns away to recite myths connected with the hero's family or city, and closes with reference to his merit or success.

The Infant Hercules.

(From the First Nemean Ode. To Chromius, victor in chariot race, 468 B.C.)

But when I fain would wake
Some old heroic lay,
Whose but Herakles' noble name
Should deck the exulting verse for thy dear sake?
True Son of Jove, when to the realms of Day
First with his earthly brother-twin forth from the womb he came.

E'en as his cradle-bed the babe did scale,
The Queen of Heaven beheld him, and afire

With wrath, two horrid snakes bade trail,
Him to destroy, their dread and loathly spire.
Straight to the bower of infant rest
The mighty monsters pressed,
Their hungry jaws so grim
To wind around each infant limb,
But as they came, the babe unterrified
Lifted his little head, and his first battle tried.

With either hand one horrid throat he grasped
Beneath those jaws of terror, gaping wide;
Fast in that knot the monsters gasped,
Loosed their long spires, and drooped their heads and died.
Pierced by a pang of sudden fear
Hurried the matrons near,
Who their kind vigil kept
Attentive where the mother slept.
And forth the mother rushed, her feet all bare,
E'en as she lay, in hope those monstrous beasts to scare.

At the wild cry the Thebans thronged amain,
In brazen armor fain:
Amphitryon came in speed,
Brandishing high his naked blade,
Pierced to the soul with keen paternal pain.
Full sore do hearts for their own sorrows bleed;
But all too soon the pangs of grief for others' griefs do fade!

In mingled pain and joy of heart amazed
The hero stood that wondrous sight to view.
As on the babe's strong heart he gazed,
Naught but the favoring love of heaven, he knew,
Availed to turn to joyful cheer,
That dismal tale of fear.
Forthwith the Seer of Heaven,
To whom the gift of Truth was given,

He called:—the Seer outspake before them all,
And told what wondrous fate should that bright babe befall.

What monsters of the land and ocean wide
Before his stalwart arm should vanquished bow;
What haught oppressors' furious pride
His righteous club should lay in ruin low.
Nay,—when on Phlegra's plain of blood
The hideous Giant brood
Should dare the Gods in fight,
Before the arrows' wingèd might,
Before his awful arm's resistless thrust,
Those sons of Earth should roll their boasted locks in dust.

So should his soul on earth by toils be tried,
Then should long Peace betide.
Then in high Heaven for aye
Safe should he scale the blest abodes,
The ever-blooming Hebe for his bride:
Feasting in one eternal marriage-day,
Inmate of Jove's celestial bowers, and homed among the Gods.

JASON.

(From the Fourth Pythian Ode. In honor of Arcesilaus, King of Cyrene, victor in chariot race, 466 B.C.)

IN time a noble stranger came,
A youth of glorious port; his manly frame
The country tunic clasped; two spears he bore.
Above, to fence the shivering rain,
A skin of spotted pard he threw.
Adown his youthful neck amain
His hair in glittering ringlets flew.
('Twas then in thronging crowds the people pressed,
What time the busy forum filled),
Then first he proved his manly breast,
And stood amid the throng by timorous fears unchilled.

Who might he be? thus each in wonder cried;
Is he Apollo? Is he Mars,
So awful from the brazen cars,
So fair to win bright Venus for his bride?

In Naxus sure men said
Otus and Ephialte were dead;
And earth-born Tityus' giant form
The winged shaft of Dian slew,
What time in dread avenging storm
From her unconquered bow it flew,
A warning dread that men should fear,
Nor aim audacious love beyond their mortal sphere.

So each to the other babbled;—but in haste
High on his mule-drawn chariot Pelias came,
Eager, and full of fear: in stealthy shame
A frightened glance upon the ground he cast,
That glance the single sandal spied,
The left foot bare! with easy grace
As bent his inward dread to hide,
"Tell, friend," he cried, "thy dwelling place;
What nameless mother sent her darling here,
The darling of her doting age?
Speak nor let glozing falsehood sear
Thy birth, whate'er it be, nor lies thy soul engage."

Then frank and brave the gentle youth replied,
"From Chiron's cave I come, his nurseling I,
Where Philyra my innocent infancy
And Chariclo, the Centaur's child, did guide.
Twice ten the years I count, yet ne'er
Hath word of falsehood stained my tongue,
Nor deed of ill, nor ribald jeer.
I come to claim mine own from wrong.
Home to mine own I come, my father's heir.
That crown usurped by lawless might,
Which erst old Æolus did wear,
He and his sons. From Jove, I claim my father's right.

For yielding to vile greed of power, men say,
The promptings of a felon breast,
Pelias my sire hath dispossessed,
And torn his long descended crown away.
So when I first drew breath,
Lest ruffian hands should do me death,
My parents in the king's despite,

Feigning an infant's early doom,
Drest up with tears a funeral rite,
And laid a puppet in the tomb.
But me to Chiron's loving care,
All wrapt in princely robe, at dead of night, they bare.

Such is my tale;—no more the occasion needs;
Then deign, kind citizens, to show me plain
The dwelling whence my sires in lawful reign
Issued, all princely drawn by milk-white steeds.
For Æson's son, no stranger I
Come welcome to my home and free.
Ask ye my name? The Centaur high
Who bred me, bade me Jason be.
He spoke: but him his father's heart had known;
Down his cheeks rolled the happy tears,
To see his long-lost stripling grown
A prince of noble youths, the fairest of his peers.

Soon flock his brethren at the wondrous tale.
Pheres from Hypereia's neighbor spring,
Admetus eke, and brave Melampus bring,
And Amythaon from Messenia's vale,
Cousinly greeting. He the while
Spread bounteous forth the genial feast,
And with kind word and courteous smile
Received each new arriving guest.
High was the lordly cheer, and loud and long;
Flew swiftly by each mirthful hour;
Echoed five days and nights the song,
Five days and nights they culled joy's holiest, brightest flower.

But when the sixth day dawned, his tale of wrong
To his assembled kinsman bold,
In manly phrase the Chieftain told;
Approving murmurs broke from all the throng.
Forth from the council-tent
Amid his peers the hero went
Straightway the robber king to seek.
They passed within the portal high.
He heard and with a smiling cheek
Wore a deceitful courtesy.

Then, in sage words of peaceful flow
And counsel calm, the hero thus addressed his foe:

"Son of Poseidon! oft the blinded heart
Of man in folly seeks for crafty gain,
Nor heeds the after-reckoning of grim pain,
To choose the juster and the wiser part.
Yet were it well that I and you,
With peaceful words and counsel sage,
Should weave a web both wise and true,
And turn to peace our mutual rage.
I speak of what thou know'st. A single womb
Cretheus and bold Salmoneus bore.
From these in third descent we come;
But Fate shrinks back ashamed when kinsmen join in war.

It must not be that we with sword and steel
Our great forefather's heritage should share.
Freely the flocks and herds,—my father's heir,
Yea, and the fruitful lands to thee I deal.
Long hast thou these unduly held.
Keep them, and swell thy robber store.
It doth not yearn my soul to yield
All these to thee; do thou restore
The royal sceptre and the righteous throne,
Where Cretheus' son, my sire, erewhile
With princely justice ruled his own.
These, without sterner force or trick of fraudful guile,

Restore, lest thence worse evil should ensue."
Briefly, as best his grief to hide,
In accents calm the king replied:
"That which thy words invite me, will I do,
But now mine age is old;
Thy blood is young, thy heart is bold;
Thou may'st the infernal wrath allay:
For murdered Phrixus bids us come
Where lives Æetes far away,
And call his exiled spirit home,
And fetch the fleece of golden sheen,
On which he soared erewhile to 'scape the vengeful Queen.

For so a wondrous vision of my sleep
Enjoined; without delay my way I took,
Lest aught of vain or false my soul should mock,
To seek the God of Delphi's holy steep.
He bade me brook no slow delay,
But man a bark with instant speed
The sacred vision to obey.
Do thou perform the holy deed;
And by great Jove, our common sire, I swear,
Sceptre and throne to yield thee free."
Their mutual faith they promised fair,
That strong and sure to both should their high compact be.

OLYMPIA.

Eighth Olympian Ode. To Alcimedon of Ægina, victor in wrestling, B.C. 460.)

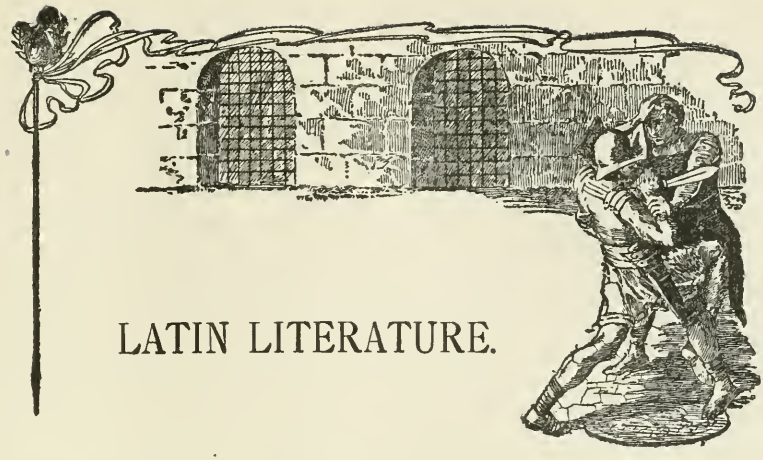
OLYMPIA! mother of the old-crowned games!
Great spring of Truth divine!
Where seers around the holy shrine,
With augury of sacred flames,
Essay the mind of Jove, the Thunder-King,
If aught of hope he bring
To heroes straining for the glorious wreath,
Which bids the aching heart in triumph breathe.

(And oft success attends on pious prayers)
O holy Pisan grove,
Receive our revel-pomp in love!
For glorious is his praise who shares
The grace which thy victorious garlands shed!
Yet many a path men tread,
And various are the roads of sweet success,
When the good Gods the toils of mortals bless.

Elysium.

Pindar differs from nearly every other Greek poet in describing with enthusiasm the delights of the souls in Elysium.

For them the night all through,
In that broad realm below,
The splendor of the sun spreads endless light;
'Mid rosy meadows bright,
Their city of the tombs with incense-trees
And golden chalices
Of flowers and fruitage fair,
Scenting the breezy air,
Is laden. There with horses and with play,
With games and lyres, they while the hours away.
On every side around
Pure happiness is found,
With all the blooming beauty of the world;
There fragrant smoke, upcurled
From altars where the blazing fire is dense
With perfumed frankincense,
Burned unto gods in heaven,
Through all the land is driven,
Making its pleasant places odorous
With scented gales and sweet airs amorous.



LATIN LITERATURE.

THE spectacle of ancient Rome pursuing her majestic way for five hundred years totally destitute of a literature, is one of the impressive things of history. Rome, as has been well said, was a Power, never a Nation; she bent herself to the task of building up an empire and neither turned aside to cultivate the softer intellectual arts, nor felt the need of them. When her conquests, and her system of bringing the peoples she conquered to Rome, brought her in contact with the cultivation of the outside world, she somewhat contemptuously permitted her slaves to adorn their Mistress, but it was long before she condescended to take any personal share in the work. It was not until the days of Cicero that Roman citizens assumed a leading position in literary production; and even then they were not at the pains to strive for originality. They found their models in the poetry and drama of Greece. Virgil was the literary son of Homer, through Ennius, a Calabrian; and the eloquence of Cicero but echoes that of Demosthenes. The histories of Livy would never have been written but for Thucydides and Herodotus. The weight of Rome crushed Athens, the flower of culture, and deigned to inhale her fragrance.

But though the source of Rome's literary inspiration was thus foreign, the literature which she gave forth has influenced, if not dominated, the world. She stamped that which

she appropriated with her own character; the Roman tongue would not adapt itself to the genius of other races, but forced these to take its own color. There is a conciseness, a dignity, a compactness about Roman work in letters as in stone, which separates it from all others. Nothing in literature produced in Rome succeeded unless it bore the unmistakable impress of the Roman temperament; but in whatsoever that impress was recognized was the assurance of popularity. When the Roman put on a Greek costume, it did not make him look like a Greek, but he straightway made it seem native to Rome.

In these days of unsparing inquest into all mysteries, it is almost a pleasure to reflect that the origin of Rome is a problem still unsolved. According to the common tradition, the city was founded in 753 B.C., by Romulus and Remus, and after two centuries of Latin, Sabine, and Etruscan kings, became a republic. Virgil, in his Æneid, makes Æneas land in Italy after the sack of Troy, and build the mother city, Alba Longa. Modern investigation leaves us to suppose that the inhabitants of the small state of Latium, who, after having been conquered by the neighboring tribe, and afterwards by the dark-skinned Pelasgians, settled on the Palatine Hill, in conjunction with the Sabines, at first their antagonists, created Rome. But this hypothesis is not satisfactory; it does not account for the Roman individuality. The Pelasgians or Etruscans, as they came to be known after their occupation of the country, are themselves an unread riddle. It is surmised that they came from Lydia, before the earliest historic period. The language of Rome, as we know it, is of the Indo-European family; but what was the language of the Italian tribes before the Pelasgians appeared, we cannot determine. The fragments of the oldest Etruscan inscriptions have never been deciphered by students.

Be its origin what it may, Rome has for thousands of years been the great central fact of history. He who knows all that has led up to Rome, and all that has resulted from it, has little left to learn of human annals. The Greek word from which the name (Rome) seems to be derived, means "strength." Valentia, a name sometimes applied to Rome,

has the same significance. And certainly Rome has always stood as the symbol of strength to mankind. The ancient Romans were not imaginative nor adaptable; their religion itself was a political institution, softened by none of the poetry of India or Greece; they were the people of all others who struck hard and held fast, and they exemplified, once for all, the capacity of human nature in these respects.

With the exception of the Law of the Twelve Tables, and a few scattered fragments of inscriptions, nothing in the shape of letters survives until the end of the First Punic War, about 240 B.C. It has been inferred on plausible grounds that there were Etruscan songs and chants; and in the Song of the Arval Brothers we have what is possibly a very early priestly composition.

In the middle of the third century B.C., Livius Andronicus, a Greek, born at Tarentum, and made prisoner of war, but afterwards manumitted, essayed to substitute an adaptation of the Greek drama for the vulgar "Saturæ" (medleys), which had theretofore been the only approach to dramatic entertainment in Rome. His success encouraged him to translate the Odyssey. Cicero speaks slightingly of his performances. Nevertheless, the literary hint he gave was taken and never lost sight of. To him must be conceded the credit of giving the first impulse to the creation of Roman literature.

Of the native school of poetry which now arose, Quintus Ennius (239–169 B.C.) was the founder. He was born in Calabria, and served in the Roman army; was a friend of Cato and Scipio Africanus, and was made a Roman citizen in 184 B.C. He supported himself by teaching the Greek language and by translating comedies from the Greek; but his chief work was his "Annals," originally in eighteen books, now surviving in fragments only. He, more than any of his predecessors, opened the way to the future era of literary culture. "Pater Ennius" is the title which Horace bestows upon him, and his work endeared him to his countrymen. In life, as in literature, he was a reformer and a puritan. His plays do not attain the level of his epic poetry; they betray too clearly the Greek influence. At his death he is said

to have been interred in the tomb of the Scipios, at the instance of Africanus.

The artificial character of Roman literature is shown by the fact that the bulk of its earliest remains consists of comedies. Now, comedy always belongs to a late stage of development in any spontaneous growth. Plautus and Terence are the familiar names in this department, and their extant plays prove that they deserve their fame.

Plautus was an Umbrian, born some fifteen years before Ennius, but did not write till late in life. Then he made up for his delay by composing perhaps a hundred comedies. He was a somewhat vulgar but very talented genius, with a quick eye for the comic side of life and an excellent faculty for telling an artistic and interesting story to an audience. His appeal was not to the aristocracy, but to the people; he described what he knew, and his scenes bear the stamp of truth. His plays are surprisingly full, even to our apprehension, of wit and animation, and he was the first to mirror upon the stage the actual colloquialisms and free dialogue of the life around him. His designs are modeled on the Greek, but the flavor is Roman.

Terence was born in Carthage in 185 B.C.; became a Roman slave, but was soon manumitted, and applied himself to literature. His models were the Greek Menander and Apollodorus, but he used the Latin language with marked elegance and delicacy, and he shows in his plays the refining influence of the aristocratic environment in which much of his life was passed. After the production of his plays he went to Greece, and died at the early age of six and twenty. Six of his comedies survive.

The civil war stirred up by Marius and Sulla, in 88 B.C., checked the development of literature, for that was still an exotic, and depended for its vigor upon the countenance of the nobility, who were now pre-occupied by the struggle of the rivals for power in the state. Between the death of Terence and the birth of Cicero, the only writers to deserve mention are Lucilius, the Satirist, and Cato, the Censor. It was not until 74 B.C. that the Golden Age of Roman genius set in.

THE CHANT OF THE ARVAL BROTHERS.

THIS simple hymn is almost the only survival of indigenous Latin verse. The "Arval brothers,"—that is, "brethren of the ploughed field," were the tillers of the soil, who, led by the priests, marched in procession around the fields each spring. The only copy of the hymn was found on an inscription belonging to the reign of the Emperor Heliogabalus; the engraving shows the emperor in the dress of an Arval brother. The English version is by John Dunlop.

Ye Lares, aid us! Mars, thou God of might,
From murrain shield the flocks —the flowers from blight.
For thee, O Mars! a feast shall be prepared,
Salt, and a wether chosen from the herd:
Invite, by turns, each Demigod of spring.
Great Mars, assist us! Triumph! Triumph sing!

ENNIUS.

QUINTUS ENNIUS has been called "the Father of Latin poetry." His "Annals" versified Roman history in the Homeric hexameter. Though it was regarded with religious veneration by the ancients, hardly six hundred lines have been preserved. At its close he compared himself to a gallant horse, which, having often won the prize at the Olympic games, was entitled to rest in his old age. Yet he produced a tragedy just before his death in 169 B.C. His conscious hope of fame is witnessed in his Epitaph:—

Ho, countrymen! old Ennius' form behold,
Who sang your martial sires' achievements bold.
No tears for me! no dirges at my grave!
I live upon the lips of all the brave.

Reply of Pyrrhus to Fabricius.

Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, having defeated the Romans in his first encounter, in 280 B.C., sent an embassy, urging peace. The Romans sent Fabricius to redeem their soldiers taken captive, but the king replied with spirit:

Your gold I seek not; take your ransoms home;
Warriors, not traffickers in war, we come;
Not gold, but steel, our strife should arbitrate,
And valor prove which is the choice of fate.
And hear me now proclaim this firm decree—
"The brave whose lives the battle spared, with me
Shall never mourn the loss of liberty."
Unransom'd then your comrades hence remove,
And may the mighty gods the boon approve.

The Lament of Andromache.

In this brief fragment from Ennius' tragedy Andromache, the widow of Hector laments the downfall of Troy. W. E. Aytoun has rendered it as follows:

Whither shall I flee for refuge? whither shall I look for aid?
Flight or exile, which is safer? Tower and town are both betrayed.
Whom shall I implore for succor? Our old altars are no more,
Broken, crushed they lie, and splintered, and the flames above them roar.
And our walls all blackened stand—O my father! fatherland!
O thou haughty house of Priam—temple with the gates surrounded,
I have seen thee—all thy splendor, all thy Eastern pomp unbounded—
All thy roofs and painted ceilings—all the treasures they contain,
I have seen them, seen them blazing—I have seen old Priam slain,
Foully murdered, and the altar of the Highest bears the stain.

FORTUNE-TELLERS.

(FROM a satire by Ennius, quoted by Cicero, and translated by Henry Thompson.)

I value not a rush your Marsian augurs,
Your village seers, your market fortune-tellers,
Egyptian sorcerers, dream-interpreters;
No prophets they by knowledge or by skill,
But superstitious quacks, shameless impostors,
Lazy or crazy slaves of indigence,
Who tell fine stories for their proper lucre:
Teach others the highway, and cannot find
A by-way for themselves; promise us riches,
And beg of us a drachma; let them give
Their riches first, then take their drachma out.

PLAUTUS.

PLAUTUS, the greatest comic poet in Latin literature, was born at Sarsina, in Umbria, about 225 B.C. His full name was Titus Maccius Plautus. In early life he was employed by actors at Rome; made some money, and then lost it in foreign trade, which, however, gave him a wide experience in cities of the Mediterranean. He returned to Rome to turn a hand-mill for a baker. He was probably forty years of age when he began to write comedies, which took the fancy of the people. His plays were based on the New Comedy of Athens, which dealt with recognized types of character—misers, parasites, hard-hearted masters, cheating slaves, gay courtesans and some worthy citizens. Plautus used his borrowed material with great freedom, making his Greeks speak and act like Romans. The scenes of his plays are in Greek cities, but there are frequent allusions to the laws, magistrates, streets

and markets of Rome. He is more familiar with the trading classes than with the ruling aristocracy. Some of his plays are offensive by their grossness, while others are entirely free from this fault. In contrast with other great Latin writers, he refrains from moralizing.

The plays of Plautus continued to be acted more than three centuries after his death. His plots have served the turn of modern dramatists as eminent as Shakespeare and Moliere. "The Captives," one of his twenty surviving comedies, has been pronounced by Lessing the best constructed drama in existence.

The Captives.

The drama of the Captives, almost unique in the history of the stage as having no female character, is free from the usual buffoonery of Plautus. Its interest is pathetic, rather than comic. According to the story there was war between the Greek states of Elis and Ætolia. Hegio, a citizen of the latter, purchased captives brought thither, hoping, by means of them, to redeem his son, Philopolemus, now a prisoner of war in Elis. Among those purchased was a young noble, Philocrates, with his slave, Tyndarus; these two, however, secretly exchange clothes and deceive Hegio as to their previous condition. The new master is informed that his son is in the house of Philocrates's father, and to obtain his release is induced to send the supposed slave back to Elis. But another Elian captive, unaware of what has just happened to his friend Philocrates, seeks an interview with him. Finding only Tyndarus, he hastily reveals the imposture to Hegio. The master, enraged, forthwith orders the slave to be loaded with chains and sent to work in the quarries. But virtue triumphs. After an interval Philocrates returns, bringing not only the ransomed Philopolemus to his father, but also a slave, who, twenty years before, had run away from Hegio and carried off his younger son. On examination it appears that the fugitive had gone to Elis and sold the child to the father of Philocrates. This slave-child had been the playfellow of the young noble, and is now discovered to be the very Tyndarus who has been so severely punished by his father for fidelity to his master and friend.

The Generous Slave.

Hegio. Where are those captives,
I ordered to be brought before the house?
Philocrates. Chain'd as we are, and wall'd in by our keepers,
You have provided that we shall not fail
To answer to your call.
Heg. The greatest care
Is scarce enough to guard against deceit;
And the most cautious, even when he thinks
He's most upon his guard, is often trick'd.—
But have I not just cause to watch you well,
When I have bought you with so large a sum?
Phil. 'Twould not be right in us to blame you for it;
Nor, should occasion offer to escape,
Would it be right in you to censure us,
That we make use of it.
Heg. As you are here,
So in your country is my son confin'd.
Phil. What! Is your son a captive?—
Heg. Yes, he is.
Phil. We are not then, it seems, the only cowards.
Heg. (*to Philocrates, supposing him servant to Tyndarus*).
Come nearer this way—something I would know
In private of you,—and in this affair
You must adhere to truth.
Phil. In what I know
I'll do it, sir; and, should you ask me aught
I do not know, I'll own my ignorance.
Heg. Of what family
Is this Philocrates?
Phil. The Polyphusian,
A potent and most honorable house!
Heg. What honors held he in his country?
Phil. High ones,
Such as the chief men can alone attain to.
Heg. Seeing his rank's so noble, as you say,
What is his substance?
Phil. As to that, the old one
Is very warm.

Heg. His father's living then?
Phil. We left him so, when we departed thence.
Heg. What's his name?
Phil. Thesaurochrysonicochrysides.*
Heg. A name bestowed upon him for his wealth?
Phil. Nay, rather for his avarice and extortion—
His real name was Theodoromedes.†
Heg. How say you?—Is his father covetous?
Phil. Very.—To let you more into his character,—
In sacrificing to his household genius
He uses nothing but vile Samian vessels,
For fear the god should steal them:—mark by this,
What trust he puts in others.
Heg. Come you this way—
(*aside*) What further information I require,
I'll learn from him.
(*Addressing Tyndarus as Philocrates.*) Philocrates, your servant
Has acted as befits an honest fellow.—
I've learn'd from him your family:—he has owned it:—
Do you the same; 'twill turn to your advantage,—
If you confess what, be assur'd, I know
From him already.
Tynd. Sir, he did his duty,
When he confess'd the truth to you,—although
I would have fain conceal'd from you my state,
My family, and my means.—But now, alas!
Since I have lost my country and my freedom,
Can I suppose it right, that he should dread
Me before you? The power of war has sunk
My fortunes to a level with his own.—
Heg. Speak on, and boldly.
Tynd. I ere this was free
As your own son.—Him has the power of war
Depriv'd of liberty, as it has me.
He in my country is a slave,—as now
I am a slave in this.—There is indeed
A God that hears and sees whate'er we do:—
As you respect me, so will He respect

* Son of the golden conqueror of the golden treasure.
† Meditator on the gift of the god.

Your lost son.—To the well-deserving, good
Will happen, to the ill-deserving, ill.—
Think, that my father feels the want of me,
As much as you do of your son.
Heg. I know it.—
But say, will you subscribe to the account
Your servant gave?
Tynd. My father's rich, I own,
My family is noble;—but, I pray you,
Let not the thought of these my riches bend
Your mind to sordid avarice, lest my father,
Though I'm his only child, should deem it fitter
I were your slave, clothed, pamper'd at your cost,
Than beg my bread in my own country, where
It were a foul disgrace.
Heg. Thanks to the gods,
And to my ancestors, I'm rich enough.—
Nor do I hold that every kind of gain
Is always serviceable.—Gain, I know,
Has render'd many great.—But there are times,
When loss should be preferr'd to gain.—I hate it,
'Tis my aversion, money:—many a man
Has it enticed oft-times to wrong.—But now
Attend to me, that you may know my mind.
My son's a captive and a slave of Elis:—
If you restore him to me, I require
No other recompense;—I'll send you back,
You and your servant:—on no other terms
Can you go hence.
Tynd. You ask what's right and just,—
Thou best of men!—But is your son a servant
Of the public, or some private person?
Heg. A servant of Menarchus, a physician.
Phil, O 'tis his father's client;—and success
Pours down upon you, like a hasty shower.
Heg. Find means, then, to redeem my son.
Tynd. I'll find them.—
But I must ask you—
Heg. Ask me what you will,
I'll do't,—if to that purpose.
Tynd. Hear, and judge.—
I do not ask you, till your son's return

To grant me a dismission; but, I pray you,
Give me my slave, a price set on his head,
That I may send him forthwith to my father,
To work your son's redemption.
Heg. I'd despatch
Some other rather, when there is a truce,
Your father to confer with, who may bear
Any commands you shall intrust him with.
Tynd. 'Twould be in vain to send a stranger to him—
You'd lose your labor.—Send my servant: he'll
Complete the whole, as soon as he arrives.
A man more faithful you can never send,
Nor one my father sooner would rely on,
More to his mind, nor to whose care and confidence
He'd sooner trust your son.—Then never fear:
At my own peril will I prove his faith,
Relying on his nature, since he knows
I've borne me with benevolence towards him.
Heg. Well—I'll despatch him, if you will,—your word
Pawn'd for his valuation.
Tynd. Prithee do,
And let him be dismiss'd without delay.
Heg. Can you show reason, if he don't return,
Why you should not pay twenty minæ for him?
Tynd. No, surely: I agree.
Heg. Take off his chains,—
And take them off from both.
Tynd. May all the gods
Grant all your wishes! Since that you have deign'd
To treat me with such favor, and releas'd me
From my vile bonds:—I scarce can think it irksome
To have my neck free from this galling collar.
Heg. The favors we confer on honest souls
Teem with returns of service to the giver.—
But now, if you'd despatch him hence, acquaint him,
Give him your orders, and forthwith instruct him
What you would have him say unto your father.—
Shall I then call him to you?
Tynd. Do, sir,—call him.
(*Hegio calls Philocrates, who advances.*)
I thank you for the liberty you give me
To send this messenger to my relations,

That he may tell my father all about me,
And how I fare, and what I would have done.—
We have agreed betwixt us, Tyndarus,
To send you unto Elis to my father;
And, if thence you return not, I have bargain'd
To forfeit for your trespass twenty minæ.
Phil. Rightly agreed:—for the old gentleman
Expects me, or some other messenger,
To come to him from hence.
Tynd. Then mind me now,
What I would have you say unto my father.
First, to my dearest mother and my father
Bear my respects, and next to my relations,—
Then to whatever other friend you see,
Inform them of my health; and tell them likewise
That I am slave here to this best of men,
Who ever has, and still goes on to treat me
With honorable usage.—
Acquaint my father with th' agreement made
'Twixt me and Hegio, touching Hegio's son.—
'Tis to redeem the youth, and send him hither
Exchang'd for you and me.—
Phil. I shall remember.—
Heg. And soon too as he can, for both our sakes.
Phil. You long not more to see your son return'd,
Than he does his.
Heg. My son to me is dear;
Dear is his own to every one.
Phil. (*to Tyndarus*). Aught else
To bear unto your father?
Tynd. Say, I'm well;
And tell him, boldly tell him, that our souls
Were link'd in perfect harmony together;
That nothing you have ever done amiss,
Nor have I ever been your enemy;
That in our sore affliction you maintain'd
Your duty to your master, nor once swerv'd
From your fidelity, in no one deed
Deserted me in time of my distress.
For when my father is informed of this,
And learns how well your heart has been inclin'd
Both to his son and to himself, he'll never

Prove such a niggard, but in gratitude
He will reward you with your liberty;
And I, if I return, with all my power
Will urge him the more readily to do it.
For by your aid, your courtesy, your courage,
Wisdom and prudence, you have been the means
Of my return to Elis, since you own'd
To Hegio here my family and fortune,
By which you've freed your master from his chains.

Phil. True, I have acted as you say;—and much
It pleases me you bear it in remembrance.
What I have done was due to your deserts:
For were I in my count to tell the sum
Of all your friendly offices towards me,
Night would bear off the day ere I had done.
You've been obliging, been obsequious to me,
As though you were my servant.

Heg. O ye gods!—
Behold the honest nature of these men!—
They draw tears from me.—Mark, how cordially
They love each other! and what praise the servant
Heaps on his master!

Phil. He deserves from me
A hundred times more praise, than he was pleased
To lavish on me.

Heg. (*to Philocrates*). Then, since hitherto
You've acted worthily, occasion now
Presents itself to add to your good deeds,
That you may prove your faithfulness towards him
In this affair.

Phil. My wish to compass it
Cannot exceed th' endeavors I will use
To get it perfected.—And to convince you,
Here do I call high Jove to witness, Hegio,
I will not prove unfaithful to Philocrates.—

Heg. Thou art an honest fellow.—

Phil. Nor will I
Act otherwise to *him*, than I would act
To my own self.

Tynd. Would you might make your words
True by your actions!—Bear it in your mind,
That I have said less of you than I would,

And prithee be not angry with my words.
Think, I beseech you, that my honor's staked
For your dismission, and my life is here
A pledge for your return. When out of sight,
As shortly you will be, deny not then
All knowledge of me: when you shall have left me
Here as a pawn in slavery for you,
Yourself at liberty, desert not then
Your hostage, then neglect not to procure
His son's redemption in exchange for me.

The Impostor Exposed.

This is another scene from "The Captives." The slave Tyndarus, on seeing his master's friend Aristophontes, now a captive, approach, tried to make Hegio believe that he was insane, but failed.

Hegio. If you would aught with me, I lend attention.
Aristophontes. Sir, you shall hear the real truth from me,
Which now you deem a falsehood.—But I first
Would wish to clear me from this charge of madness.—
Believe me, Hegio, I'm not mad, nor have I
Any complaint but this,—that I'm a slave.—
Oh, never may the King of gods and men
My native country suffer me to see,
If this is any more Philocrates
Than you or I.
Heg. Tell me, who is he then?
Arist. The same, I said he was from the beginning.
If you shall find it other, I can show
No cause, no reason, why I should not suffer
A lack of liberty, your slave forever.
Heg. (*to Tyndarus.*) And what do you say?
Tyndarus. That I am your slave,
And you my master.
Heg. I don't ask you that.—
Were you a free man?
Tynd. Yes, I was.
Arist. Indeed
He never was: he trifles with you, Hegio.
Tynd. How do you know? or were you peradventure
My mother's midwife, that you dare affirm
What you advance with so much confidence?

Arist. A boy I saw you when a boy.
Tynd. A man
I see you now a man.—So—there's an answer.—
If your behavior were as would become you,
You would not interfere in my concerns.—
Do I in yours?
Heg. (*to Arist.*) Say, was his father's name
Thesaurochrysonicochrysides?
Arist. 'Twas not,—nor did I ever hear the name
Before to-day.—Philocrates's father
Was called Theodoromedes.
Tynd. (*aside*). I'm ruin'd!
Be still, my heart!—prithee, go hang yourself—
Still, still will you be throbbing.—Woe is me!
I scarce can stand upon my legs for fear.
Heg. Can I be sure this fellow was a slave
In Elis, and is not Philocrates?
Arist. So certain, that you'll never find it other.
But where is he now?
Heg. Where I least could wish him,
And where he wishes most himself to be.
Ah me! I am disjointed, sawn asunder,
By the intrigues of this vile rascal, who
Has led me by the nose just at his pleasure.—
But have a care you err not.
Arist. What I say,
Is as a thing assur'd, a truth establish'd.
Heg. And is it certain?
Arist. Yes,—so very certain,
That you can never find anything that's more so.
I and Philocrates have been friends from boys.
Heg. What sort of person was Philocrates?
Arist. His hair inclin'd to red, frizzled and curl'd,
A lantern jaw, sharp nose, a fair complexion,
And black eyes.—
Heg. The description's very like him.
Tynd. Now by my troth it was a sore mischance,
My coming here:—woe to the hapless twigs,
Will die upon my back.
Heg. I plainly see,
I have been cheated.
Tynd. Why do ye delay?

Haste, haste, ye chains, come and embrace my legs,
That I may have you in my custody.—
Heg. These villainous captives, how they have deceiv'd me!
He, that is gone off, feign'd himself a slave,
And this a free man.—I have lost the kernel,
And for security the shell is left me.—
Fool that I am! they have impos'd upon me
In ev'ry shape. But he shall never more
Make me his sport.—Ho, Colapho, Cordalio,
Corax, go in and bring me out the thongs.
Slave. What, is he sending us to bind up fagots?
(*The slaves go in and return with thongs.*)

Heg. This instant manacle that rascal there.
(*To his slaves.*)
Tynd. Ah! why is this? In what have I offended?
Heg. See, with what assurance
He stands before me!
Tynd. It becomes a slave,
That's innocent, unconscious of a crime,
To bear him with such confidence, especially
Before his master.—
Heg. See you bind his hands,
And hard too.
Tynd. I am yours, my hands are yours;
If 'tis your pleasure, bid them be cut off.—
But what's the matter?—why thus angry with me?

Heg. Because that by your knavish lying schemes
You have destroy'd, as far as in your power,
Me and my hopes, distracted my affairs,
And by your tricks have robbed me of Philocrates.
I thought he was a slave, and you a free man,
For so you said you were, and for that purpose
You chang'd your names.
Tynd. I own that I have acted
E'en as you say,—that he has found the means
For his escaping, and through my assistance.—
Is it for this then you are angry with me?
Heg. What you have done, you'll find will cost you dear!
Tynd. Death I esteem a trifle, when not merited
By evil actions.—If I perish here,
And he return not, as he gave his word,
This act will be remember'd to my honor,
After I'm dead;—that I contriv'd to free
My master, when a captive, from his state
Of slavery and oppression with the foe;
Restor'd him to his country and his father,
Preferring rather to expose my life
To danger for him, than that he should suffer.
Heg. Enjoy that fame then in the other world.
Tynd. He dies to live, who dies in Virtue's cause.

The Parasite Brings Good News.

The parasite Ergasilus had been invited to sup with Hegio, and has in the meantime discovered the return of his host's captive son. Hegio, standing near his own house, wonders at the capers of Ergasilus.

Ergasilus (*knocking at Hegio's door.*)
Ho there—where are ye? some one, ope the door.
Heg. He's come to sup with me.
Erg. Ope both the doors,
Ere piece-meal I demolish them with knocking.
Heg. I have a mind to speak to him.—Ergasilus!
Erg. Who calls Ergasilus?
Heg. Turn your head—look on me.
Erg. Look on you?—That's what Fortune never does,
Nor ever will.—Who is it?
Heg. Look.—I'm Hegic

Erg. (*turning.*) Best of best men, most opportunely met.
Heg. You have found some one at the port to sup with,
And therefore do you treat me with this scorn.
Erg. Give me thy hand.
Heg. My hand?
Erg. Thy hand, I say.
Give it this instant.
Heg. There it is. (*Giving his hand.*)
Erg. Be joyful.
Heg. Joyful! for what?
Erg. Because it is my order.—
Come, come, be joyful.
Heg. Joy, alas! with me
By sorrow is prevented.
Erg. Do not grieve:
I'll wipe away, this instant, ev'ry stain
Of sorrow from your soul.—Pluck up,—be joyous.
Heg. Well,—though I see no reason to rejoice.
Erg. That's bravely done.—Now order—
Heg. Order what?
Erg. A monstrous fire.
Heg. A monstrous fire?
Erg. I say it:
A huge one let it be.
Heg. Why how now, Vulture?
Think you, that I will fire my house to please you?
Erg. Nay, prithee don't be angry.—Will you order,
Or will you not, the pots to be put on?
The dishes to be wash'd? the larded meats
And kickshaws to be set upon the stoves?
Won't you send some one to buy fish?
Heg. He dreams
With his eyes open!
Erg. Bid another go
For pork, lamb, pullets?
Heg. Yes, you understand
Good living, had you wherewithal to get it.
Erg. For hams, for turbot, salmon, mackerel, cod,
A fat cheese?
Heg. Easier 'tis for you to talk
Of all those dainties, than with me to eat them.
Erg. Think you, I speak this on my own account?

Heg. You will get nothing, don't deceive yourself,
Like what you talk of.—Prithee bring with you
A stomach suited to such common fare,
As you may meet with every day,—no nice one.
Erg. But let me tell you, I shall be the author
Of your providing a most sumptuous treat,
E'en though I should forbid it.
Heg. I?
Erg. Yes, you.
Heg. Hey! you are then my master.
Erg. I'm your friend.—
Say, shall I make you happy?
Heg. Certainly;
I'd rather so, than you should make me wretched.
Erg. Give me your hand.
Heg. There,—there's my hand.
Erg. The gods,
The gods are all your friends.
Heg. I feel it not.
Erg. You are not in a thorn-bush, else you'd feel.—
But let your sacred vessels be prepar'd,
And bid them bring forthwith a fatted lamb.
Heg. For what?
Erg. To make a sacrifice.
Heg. To whom?
Which of the gods?
Erg. To me.—For I am now
Thy Jupiter supreme,—I thy Salvation,
Thy Life, thy Fortune, thy Delight, thy Joy.—
To make this god propitious, cram him well.
Heg. May Jupiter and all the gods confound you.
Erg. Nay, you should rather thank me for the news
I bring you from the port, such gladsome news.—
Your supper likes me now.
Heg. Begone, you fool,—
You're come too late.
Erg. Your words had been more true,
Had I come sooner.—Now receive from me
The transport that I bring you.—At the port
Just now I saw your son, your Philopolemus,
Alive and hearty,—in the packet-boat
I saw him,—with him too that other spark,

Your captive, him of Elis,—and besides,
Your slave Stalagmus, him that ran away,
And stole your little boy at four years old.
Heg. Away,—you joke with me.
Erg. Holy Gluttony
So help me,—as I wish for evermore
By her high title to be dignified,—
I saw—
Heg. My son?
Erg. Your son, my genius.
Heg. O ye immortal gods!
If he speak truth, I shall seem born again.
Erg. And can you doubt me, when I swore so solemnly?
If you have little faith then in my oaths,
Go to the port yourself.
Heg. And so I will—
Take thou the necessary care within:
Use, and demand, broach any cask you like,
I make you cellar-man.
Erg. And if you find me
Not a true prophet, curry me with your cudgel.
Heg. If your intelligence should turn out true,
I will insure you everlasting eating.
Erg. From whence?
Heg. From me and from my son.
Erg. You promise?
Heg. I do.
Erg. And I too, that your son is come.
Heg. You'll manage for the best.
Erg. All good attend you.

[*Exit* HEGIO.

He's gone,—and has intrusted to my care,
The high and grand concern of catering.—
Immortal gods! how I shall cut and quarter!
How I shall chop the crags from off the chimes!
What devastation will befall the hams!
What a consumption rage among the bacon!
What massacre of fat sow's paps! of brawn
What havoc will arise!—Then what fatigue
Awaits the butchers! what the hog-killers!—
But to say more of what concerns good eating,
Is loss of time, and hindrance.

The Wallet Fished Up.

The play called in the original *Rudens*, "The Rope," might be called "The Shipwreck." The scene is laid near the city of Cyrene on the morning after a storm. Dæmones, an Athenian by birth, who lives in a cottage close by a temple of Venus, comes out to see what damage has been done. He sees a boat struggling through the waves; two girls who were in it escape to the rocks and seek refuge in the temple. One of them, Palæstra, tells her story; she had been stolen from Athens in childhood, and had passed into the hands of Labrax, a slave-dealer. Pleusidippus fell in love with her and endeavored to purchase her, but Labrax, hoping to secure a higher price for her and other slaves, set sail for Sicily. They were shipwrecked when going out of the harbor. Labrax, who had also escaped, hearing that the two girls were in the temple, sought to drag them out. Trachalio, a servant of Pleusidippus, meets him there, and runs to the cottage for aid. Dæmones, with two slaves, rescues Palæstra and her companion and leaves Labrax in custody. Pleusidippus, on being informed of what has happened, comes up and carries off the slave-dealer to the nearest magistrate for sacrilege and other offences. Gripus, a fisherman and slave of Dæmones, now appears, dragging a long rope, having hauled up in his net a weighty wallet. But Trachalio, who has seen part of his proceedings, claims a share in the booty, and after wrangling, proposes to submit the case to the owner of the cottage, not knowing his relation to Gripus. The latter consents, and they meet Dæmones as he is leading the girls back to the temple.

Dæmones. Now seriously, my girls, I wish to do
What you yourselves wish, but I fear, my wife
On your account would thrust me out of doors,
Pretending that I brought my misses home
Under her nose, before her eyes.—Do you, then,
Rather than I, take refuge at the altar.
Palæstra and Ampelisca. We are undone!
Dæm. Fear nothing: I'll protect you.
(*To the servants.*) What brought you out of doors?
Why do you follow me?
While I am present, no one shall molest them.
So, get ye in, I say, and there stand sentinel.
Gripus (*coming forward*). Save you, good master.
Dæm. How now, Gripus? Save you.
Trachalio. Is this your servant?
Grip. Yes, and no disgrace to him.

Trach. I've nothing to do with you.
Grip. Get you gone then.
Trach. I pray you, tell me, sir; is this your servant?
Dæm. He is.
Trach. So,—best of all then, if he is.
Dæm. What is the matter?
Trach. He's an arrant rascal.
Dæm. What has this arrant rascal done to you?
Grip. What! shall he speak the first?
Dæm. Attend, I say.
(*To Trach.*) Speak you.
Grip. And will you let a stranger speak
'Fore your own servant?
Trach. How impossible
To curb his tongue!—As I was going to say,
That curs'd procurer's wallet, whom you drove
Just now from Venus' temple,—lo! he has it.
Grip. I have it not.
Trach. And will you dare deny
What I beheld myself, with my own eyes?
Grip. Would you were blind, I say!—Suppose I have it
Or have it not, why d'ye concern yourself
With my affairs?
Trach. It does concern me, whether
You have possession justly or unjustly.
Grip. I caught it, or I'd give you leave to hang me.
Since in the sea I caught it with my net,
How is't more yours than mine?
Trach. He would deceive you:
He has it, as I told you.
Grip. What d'ye say?
Trach. If he's your servant, prithee keep him under,
That I, whose right it is, may speak the first.
Grip. How! would you have my master deal with me,
As yours with you? though he may keep you under,
Our master is not us'd to serve us so.
Dæm. Faith, he has match'd you there—What would you?
tell me.
Trach. I ask no share, no portion of the wallet,
Nor did I say 'twas mine: but there is in it
A little casket of that damsel's, who
I told you was free-born.

Dæm. What? her you mean,
My countrywoman, as you said?
Trach. The same.
And in that casket, which is in the wallet,
There are some toys of hers, which when a child
She had: to him they're of no use or service,
But if he give them her, may be the means
For her to find her parents.
Dæm. Say no more,
I'll make him give them.
Grip. Troth, I'll give her nothing.
Trach. I ask but for the casket and those toys.
Grip. But what if they be gold?
Trach. Suppose they are,
You shall have gold for gold, of equal value,
Silver for silver.
Grip. Let me see your gold,
And you shall see the casket.
Dæm. Hold your tongue;
Beware you get a drubbing:—(*to Trach.*) You go on.
Trach. I pray you have compassion on this damsel,
If it indeed be the slave-dealer's wallet.
Grip. (*aside.*) See how the rascal tries to catch his favor!
Trach. Let me proceed.—If 'tis the rascal's wallet,
These girls will surely know it:—order him
To show it them.
Grip. How! show it them?
Dæm. He asks
Nothing but what is reasonable, Gripus.
Grip. If I produce it, they will cry out at once
They know it truly.
Trach. Rascal! do you think
That everybody's like yourself?—false varlet!
Grip. I bear all this with patience, while my master
Is on my side.
Trach. But now he is against you,
And that the casket will bear testimony.
Dæm. Gripus, be silent and attend! (*To Trach.*) Do you
Tell me briefly, what is it you would have?
Trach. I've told you, and I'll tell it you again.
These damsels, I inform'd you, are free-born;
And one was stolen from Athens when a child.

Grip. But what is this, pray, to the wallet, whether
They're slaves or free?
Trach. You'd have me spend the day
In telling the whole o'er again, you villain!
Dæm. Spare your abuses, and inform me clearly
In what I ask.
Trach. There should be in the wallet
A wicker casket, that contains some tokens
Which the poor girl may find her parents by,
And which she had, when stol'n a little child
From Athens, as I told you.
Grip. Jupiter and all the gods confound you! Don't you see
The damsels are both dumb? Why cannot they
Speak for themselves?
Trach. Because it more becomes
A woman to be silent than to talk. . . .
Pray, sir, command him to deliver up
That casket to the girls, and what reward
He asks for finding it, it shall be given:
What else is in the wallet, let him have.
Grip. Ah, so you say at last. Now you're convinc'd
I have a right to't, though just now you wanted
To go shares with me.
Trach. And I want it still.
Dæm. Give me the wallet, Gripus.
Grip. I'll trust it to you on condition you'll
Return it, if there's nothing in't of theirs.
Dæm. I will.
Grip. There—take it (*giving him the wallet*).
Dæm. Look now, Palæstra
And Ampelisca, attend to what I say.—
Is this the wallet, that contains your casket?
Pal. The same.
Grip. So,—I'm undone, I find.—Before
She could well see it, she cries out, "The same."
Pal. I'll make this matter plain, and clear up all.
There is a wicker casket in that wallet;
And each particular that it contains
I'll reckon one by one: you shall not show me:
If wrong, my word will serve me in no stead,
And all that's in the casket shall be yours;
If right, I pray you let me have my own.

Dæm. Agreed: she only asks for common justice,
In my opinion.
Trach. And in mine.
Dæm. Open then
The wallet; I would know the truth directly.
Grip. (*opening it.*) The deed is done!—'tis opened.—Ah!
I'm ruin'd!
I see a casket.
Dæm. Is this it?
Pal. The same.
In this, my parents, are you lock'd; in this
My hopes and means of finding you are lodg'd.
Grip. Verily you deserve the gods' displeasure,
To cram your parents in so close a compass.
Dæm. Come hither, Gripus:—'tis your cause is trying.
(*To Pal.*) Now listen, girl; at distance where you are
Tell the contents, and give a just description
Of each particular within the casket.
If in the smallest tittle you mistake,
Though afterwards you'd wish to speak the truth,
I'll hold it nothing but egregious trifling.
Speak, girl.—Gripus, give ear, and hold your tongue.
Pal. There are some toys.
Dæm. I see them.
Grip. (*aside*). I'm slain
At the first onset.—Hold, sir,—don't produce them.
Dæm. Describe them,—and recount them all in order.
Pal. First, there's a little sword with an inscription.
Dæm What's the inscription?
Pal. 'Tis my father's name.
Then, there's a little two-edg'd axe, of gold too,
Bearing the inscription of my mother's name.
Dæm. Hold,—what's your father's name upon the sword?
Pal. 'Tis Dæmones.
Dæm. O ye immortal gods!
Where are my hopes?
Grip. Nay truly, where are mine?
Dæm. Proceed, I do beseech you, quickly.
Grip. Gently.
(*Aside.*) Would you were hang'd!
Dæm. Tell me your mother's name
Upon the axe.

Pal. 'Tis—Dædalis.
Dæm. The gods
Are anxious for my welfare.
Grip. And my ruin.
Dæm. Why, Gripus, she must surely be my daughter.
Grip. She may be so for me. (*To Trach.*) May all the gods
Confound you, that you chanc'd to spy me out;
And me too, that I did not look about me
A hundred times to watch if no one saw me,
Before I drew the net out of the water.
Pal. Then there's a small two-handed silver knife.
A little sow too.
Grip. Would that you were hang'd,
You and your sow too, pigs and all together!
Pal. There is besides a little heart of gold,
Given me by my father on my birth-day.
Dæm. 'Tis she, 'tis she!—I can refrain no longer,
I must embrace her. (*They embrace.*)
Save you, my dear daughter!
I, I am Dæmones, and Dædalis
Your mother is within here.
Pal. Blessings on you,
My unexpected, my unhop'd-for father!
Dæm. Heavens bless you!—With what joy do I embrace you!
Trach. To me too 'tis a pleasure, since your piety
Has wrought this happy chance.
Dæm. Come, take the wallet,
And bear it in, Trachalio, if you can.
Trach. (*Taking the wallet.*) Behold the roguery of Gripus!—Gripus,
I give you joy upon your ill success.
Dæm. Come, daughter, let us in now to your mother,
For she can question you of further proofs,
Who has been more accustom'd to you, more
Acquainted with your tokens.
Trach. We'll all go in,
Since we are all concern'd in this event.
Pal. Follow me, Ampelisca.
Amp. I'm rejoic'd
To find the gods so favorable to you.

A Pitcher of Water.

This is an earlier scene of the same play. Ampelisca, the girl shipwrecked with Palæstra, was also cast ashore and rejoined her companion. They made their way to the temple of Venus, and were received hospitably by the priestess. The latter sent Ampelisca to the neighboring cottage to get water.

Ampelisca. I'll now do what the priestess order'd me:
I'll beg some water here at the next house.
She told me if I ask'd it in her name,
They'd give it me forthwith. I never saw
A worthier old woman, more deserving
Favor from gods and men. How courteously,
And with what gentle breeding she receiv'd us
Trembling, in want, wet, cast away, half-dead,—
And treated us as though we were her children!
How readily herself did warm us water
For us to wash!—But I must mind her orders,
That I mayn't make her wait.
(*Knocking at Dæmones' door.*) Ho! who's within here?
Open the door.—Will nobody come forth?

[*Enter* Sceparnio.

Scep. Who's at the door there, banging so unmercifully?
Amp. 'Tis I.
Scep. What good d'ye bring us?—By Hercules,
A likely girl.
Amp. Good day to you, young man.
Scep. The same to you, young woman.
Amp. I am come to you,—
Scep. I'll entertain you, if you come anon,
As you could wish: at present I have nothing
To satisfy your wants.—Ah, ah, my pretty one!
My smirking, smiling rogue! (*Offering to embrace her.*)
Amp. Let me alone:—
Hold, there. You're rude.
Scep. By heavens, the very
Image of Venus! What a sparkling eye
The girl has!—what a shape!—what a complexion!—
A walnut,—a brunette I meant to say!—
What breasts!—what pretty pouting lips!—(*Lays hold of her.*)

Amp. (*Struggling.*) Be quiet!—
What!—can't you keep your hands off?—
Scep. Prithee, sweet,
May I not toy a little?

Amp. By-and-by,—
When I'm at leisure, I may trifle with you:—
Now let me have your answer, ay or no,
To that which I was sent to ask.
Scep. What would you?
Amp. Can you not guess by this?
(*Pointing to the pitcher.*)
Scep. And can't you tell
What I would have of you?
Amp. The priestess sent me
To beg some water.
Scep. I am proud and lordly:
Unless you sue to me with low petition,
You will not get a drop.—Our well we dug,
At our own hazard, with our proper tools.—
Unless you woo me with much blandishment,
You will not get a drop.
Amp. Why should you grudge

To give me water, which an enemy
Will give an enemy?
Scep. Why should you grudge
To grant me that same favor, which a friend
Will give a friend?
Amp. Well, well, my sweet, I'll do
All you desire.
Scep. (*Aside.*) O charming!—I am blest!—
She calls me *sweet.*—(*To Amp.*) You shall have water;—No,
You shall not love in vain.—Give me the pitcher.
Amp. Here,—take it.—Prithee, love, make haste, and bring it me.
Scep. Stay:—I'll be here this instant, my sweet charmer.
[*Exit* SCEPARNIO.
Amp. What shall I tell the priestess in excuse
For tarrying here so long?—Oh, how I dread
Even now to look upon the deep!—
(*Looking towards the sea.*) Ah me!
What do I see there on the shore?—my master
And his Sicilian guest, whom I believed
Both drown'd!—More evil still survives to plague us
Than we imagin'd.—Now I must run
Into the temple to inform Palæstra,
That we may fly to the altar ere he come
And seize us.—I'll be off.— [*Runs into the temple.*

[*Enter* SCEPARNIO.

Scep. Good heavens!
I ne'er believ'd such pleasure was in water;
I drew it with such heartiness!—The well
Methought too was less deep than heretofore,
With so much ease I drew it!—Verily
I am a fool, that I should fall in love now
For the first time.—Here, take your water, precious!
I would that you might carry it with that pleasure
Which I myself do; so shall I adore you.
Where are you, dainty dear?—Here, take your water.—
Where are you?—Verily, I think she loves me:
The wanton plays at bo-peep.—Ho! where are you?—
A pleasant joke i'faith:—but come, be serious.
Why won't you take it?—Where in the world are you?—
I see her nowhere:—she's making sport.—

I'll leave it on the ground.—But softly—what
If some one take the pitcher?—It belongs
To Venus; and 'twould bring me into trouble.
Now I'm afraid, the jilt has some design
To trap me by its being found upon me:
The magistrate would have a fair pretense
To clap me into chains, if any one
Should chance to see me with it:—for 'tis letter'd,—
Tells of itself whose property it is.
I'll call the priestess out, that she may take it.
I'll to the door then of the temple. (*Calling.*) Ho there,
Ptolemocratia!—Come, and take your pitcher.—
I'll carry it in.—Bless me, I've enough to do,
If I'm to fetch this water to all that ask for't.
[*Goes into the temple.*

The Braggart Captain.

Pyrgopolinices. See that the splendor of my shield outshine
The sun's bright radiance, when the heav'ns are fair:
That when we join in battle, it may dazzle
The enemies' eyes throughout their thickest ranks.
Fain would I comfort this good sword of mine,
Lest he despond in spirit, or lament,
Because I wear him unemploy'd, who longs
To make a carbonado of the foes.
But where is Artotrogus?
Artotrogus. He is here,
Close by a hero brave and fortunate,
And of a princely form,—a warrior! such
As Mars himself would not have dar'd to bring
His prowess in compare with yours.
Pyrg. Who was it
In the Gurgustidonian plains I spar'd,
Where Bombamachides Cluninstaridysarchides,
Great Neptune's grandson, bore the chief command?

Art. Oh, I remember—doubtless it is he
You mean to speak of, with the golden armor;—
Whole legions with your breath you puff'd away
Like the light leaves, or chaff before the wind.
Pyrg. Oh! that indeed? that on my faith was nothing.
Art. Nothing, 'tis true, compar'd with other feats,
That I could mention, (*aside*) which you ne'er perform'd—
Show me, whoever can, a greater liar,
One fuller of vain boasting than this fellow
And he shall have me, I'll resign me up
To be his slave, though, when I'm mad with hunger,
He should allow me nothing else to eat
But whey and butter-milk.
Pyrg. Where art thou?
Art. Here.—
How, in the name of wonder, was't you broke
In India with your fist an elephant's tusk?
Pyrg. How! tusk?
Art. His thigh, I meant.
Pyrg. I was but playing.
Art. Had you put forth your strength you would have driv'n
Your arm quite through his hide, bones, flesh, and all.
Pyrg, I would not talk of these things now.
Art. Indeed
You would but spend your breath in vain to tell
Your valorous feats to me, who know your prowess.
(*Aside*) My appetite creates me all this plague;
My ears must hear him, for my teeth want work;
And I must swear to every lie he utters.
Pyrg. Hold,—What was I about to say?
Art. I know
What you design'd to say—a gallant action!—
I well remember—
Pyrg. What?
Art. Whate'er it be.
Pyrg. Hast thou got tablets?
Art. Yes, I have—d'ye want them?—
A pencil too.
Pyrg. How rarely thou dost suit
Thy mind to mine!
Art. 'Tis fit that I should study

Your inclinations, and my care should be
Ev'n to forerun your wishes.
Pyrg. What remember'st?
Art. I do remember—let me see—a hundred
Sycolatronidans—and thirty Sardians—
And threescore Macedonians,—that's the number
Of persons, whom you slaughter'd in one day.
Pyrg. What's the sum-total of these men?
Art. Seven thousand.
Pyrg. So much it should be—thou'rt a right accountant.
Art. I have it not in writing, but remember.
Pyrg. Thou hast an admirable memory.
Art. 'Tis sharpened by my stomach.
Pyrg. Bear thyself
As thou hast hitherto, and thou shalt eat
Eternally,—forever shalt thou be
Partaker of my table.
Art. Then again
What feats did you perform in Cappadocia!
Where at one single stroke you had cut off
Five hundred men together, if your sword
Had not been blunt, and these but the remains
Of th' infantry, which you before had routed,—
(*Aside*) If ever there were any such in being.
Why should I tell you, what all mortals know?
That Pyrgopolinices stands alone,
The only one on earth fam'd above men
For beauty, valor, and renown'd exploits.
The ladies are enamor'd of you all,
Nor without reason,—since you are so handsome;
Witness the gay young damsels yesterday,
That plucked me by the cloak.—
Pyrg. (*smiling*). What said they to you?
Art. They questioned me about you.—Is not that,
Says one of them, Achilles?—No, said I,
It is his brother.—Why, indeed, forsooth,
He's wondrous handsome, quoth another: how
His hair becomes him!—O what happiness
Those ladies do enjoy, who share his favors!
Pyrg. Did she indeed say so?
Art. Two in particular
Begged of me I would bring you by their way,

That they might see you march.

Pyrg. What plague it is
To be too handsome!

Art. They are so importunate,
They're ever begging for a sight of you?
They send for me so often to come to them,
I scarce have leisure to attend your business.

Pyrg. 'Tis time, methinks, to go unto the Forum,
And pay those soldiers I enlisted yesterday:
For King Seleucus pray'd me with much suit
To raise him some recruits.—I have resolv'd
To dedicate this day unto his service.

Art. Come, let's be going then.

Pyrg. Guards, follow me.

SCENE FROM A MANUSCRIPT OF PLAUTUS.

TERENCE.

THE second great comic poet of Rome was Publius Terentius Afer (the African). He lived probably between 186 and 160 B.C. Brought from Carthage as a captive, he came into the hands of the Roman senator, Terentius Lucanus, and received the best education of the age. Literary and artistic tastes combined with personal graces procured for him association with young patricians, and also the patronage of their elders, when he began to present translations of Greek plays. In Athens what was called the Old Comedy, treating of public and political affairs, had passed from the stage, and the New Comedy, dealing with the ordinary affairs of life had come to the front. Its leading spirit was Menander, and Terence became his Latin interpreter. He is not a creative genius; displays no inventive power; not one of his characters is original; but he gives faithful pictures of Greek life a hundred years before the Latin poet's time. Both Plautus and Terence were interpreters of the Attic wit of the New Comedy, but different tastes led them to follow different models. Hence the broad and boisterous humor of the one takes the form of pointed epigram and biting sarcasm in the other. Terence has gained the admiration of men of taste in all ages. His style is polished, his idiom pure. The better influences of the philosophy of Epicurus appear in his characters, and tend to mitigate the asperity of the old Roman virtue. He left to the world a refined picture of an interesting section of Greek society, and conferred on Roman literature its artistic elegance.

Of the six comedies written by Terence, the earliest was the "Andrian," or Maid of Andros, which was placed on the stage 166 B.C. The last was the "Adelphi," or The Brothers, which is generally considered the best, and was performed in 160 B.C. After seeing the Adelphi successfully performed, Terence visited Greece and never returned. The exact time and manner of his death are unknown.

The Andrian.

The story of Terence's first play reveals Athenian life. Chrysis had gone from the island of Andros to Athens, and after a hard struggle to make an honest living had become a hetæra. Among the visitors to her house was Pamphilus, whose father, Simo, wished him to marry Philumena, daughter of his friend Chremes. Though the father knows that Pamphilus frequents Chrysis' house, he is assured that his son has no attachment for her. But when Chrysis died, Simo saw his son at the funeral, and when her supposed sister Glycerium was nearly caught in the flames of the pile, Pamphilus rescued her in such a way as to reveal their mutual affection. Chremes hears of this, and learns that Pamphilus is privately married to the young foreigner. Such marriages, however, though commonly recognized, had no legal force in Athens. Simo, by false pretenses, gets Chremes to consent to marry his daughter to Pamphilus, and then orders his son to marry Philumena that very day. To complicate the affair, Glycerium bears a child the same day. The slave Davus, believing that Simo was not in earnest, persuaded Pamphilus to give his consent to the new marriage. But his friend Charinus, who is in love with Philumena, hearing of the proposed wedding, seeks Pamphilus, and is rejoiced to learn that no interference is really intended. Davus then gets the nurse to lay the baby at his master's door, just when Chremes is about to call. Finding out its parentage, Chremes is enraged, and again refuses his consent to the marriage.

But now a stranger has arrived at Athens with wonderful news. Glycerium, the supposed Andrian, is declared to be really a free-born Athenian. By law, therefore, Pamphilus is united to her. Davus, who carries this word to his master, is sent to prison as his reward. But further developments occur. Glycerium had been given into the care of Chrysis by a shipwrecked Athenian, who is found to be Chremes's brother, while she was Chremes's own child. Davus is now released amid general rejoicing, and the harmony of all parties is restored.

We give three scenes. In the first Simo tells the knavish slave Davus of the intended marriage; the second shows Pamphilus' embarrassment about it; in the last Simo thanks Davus for having secured the son's consent to it.

Davus. Ah! I was wondering where all this would end!
The master was so quiet, I suspected
He must mean mischief. When he heard that Chremes
Downright refused his girl, he never spoke
An angry word, nor stormed at any of us.

Simo. (*behind, shaking his stick at Davus.*) He will speak
soon, and to your cost, you rascal!
Da. So, so! he thought to take us unprepared,
Lapping us up in this fools' Paradise,
To swoop upon us at the last, too late
To give us time to think, or opportunity
To hinder this cursed wedding. Clever man!
Si. (*trying to listen.*) What is he muttering?
Da. (*discovering Simo.*) Ha! my master there!
I had not seen him.
Si. (*coming forward.*) Davus!
Da. Hey? what is it?
Si. Here, sirrah, come this way!
Da. (*aside.*) What can he want?
Si. What say you?
Da. What about?
Si. D'ye ask me, sirrah?—
They say my son has a love affair.
Da. Good lack!
How folks will talk!
Si. D'ye mind me, sir, or no?
Da. I'm all attention.
Si. Well—to inquire too closely
Into the past were harsh—let bygones rest.
But now he must begin a different life;
New duties lie before him from this day:
And you—I charge you—nay, indeed, good Davus,
I rather would entreat you, if I may,
Pray help to keep him straight.
Da. Why—what's all this?
Si. Young men, you know, with such whims, do not care
To have a wife assigned them.
Da. So they say.
Si. Then—if a young man have a knavish tutor
Who trains him in such courses, why, the evil
Will grow from bad to worse.
Da. Hercules help me!
I can't tell what you mean.
Si. (*ironically.*) No—really?
Da. No;
I'm only Davus—I'm no Œdipus.
Si. You'd have me speak more plainly—is it so?

Da. Indeed I would.
Si. Then, if I catch you scheming
To disappoint this match of ours to-day,
By way of showing your own cursed cleverness,
I'll have you flogged within an inch of life,
And sent to the mill—on this condition, look you—
When I let you out I'll go and grind myself.
Now, sir, d'ye understand me? Is that plain?
Da. Oh, perfectly! (*bowing.*) You state the case so clearly,
With such entire correctness of expression,
So free from ambiguity—it's quite charming!

The Distracted Lover.

Pamphilus. Is this well done? or like a man?—Is this
The action of a father?
Mysis (*behind.*) What's the matter?
Pam. O all ye Pow'rs of heaven and earth, what's wrong,
If this is not so?—If he was determin'd
That I to-day should marry, should I not
Have had some previous notice?—ought not he
To have inform'd me of it long ago?
Mys. Alas! what's this I hear?
Pam. And Chremes too,
Who had refus'd to trust me with his daughter,
Changes his mind, because I change not mine.
Can he then be so obstinately bent
To tear me from Glycerium? To lose her
Is losing life.—Was ever man so crossed,
So cursed as I?—O Pow'rs of heaven and earth!
Can I by no means fly from this alliance
With Chremes' family?—so oft contemn'd
And held in scorn!—All done, concluded all!—
Rejected, then recall'd.—And why?—unless,
For so I must suspect, they breed some monster:
Whom as they can obtrude on no one else,
They bring to me.
Mys. Alas, alas! this speech
Has struck me almost dead with fear.
Pam. And then
My father! what to say of him?—Oh, shame!

A thing of so much consequence to treat
So negligently!—For but even now
Passing me in the Forum, "Pamphilus!
To-day's your wedding-day," said he: "Prepare;
Go, get you home!"—This sounded in my ears
As if he said, Go, hang yourself!—I stood
Confounded. Think you I could speak one word?
Or offer an excuse, how weak soe'er?
No, I was dumb:—and had I been aware,
Should any ask what I'd have done, I would,
Rather than this, do any thing.—But now,
What to resolve upon?—So many cares
Entangle me at once, and rend my mind,
Pulling it diff'rent ways. My love, compassion,
This urgent match, my rev'rence for my father,
Who yet has ever been so gentle to me,
And held so slack a rein upon my pleasures.
—And I oppose him?—Racking thought!—Ah me!
I know not what to do.

Mys. Alas, I fear
Where this uncertainty will end. 'Twere best
He should confer with her; or I at least
Speak touching her to him. For while the mind
Hangs in suspense, a trifle turns the scale.

Pam. Who's there? what, Mysis! save you!

Mys. (*coming forward.*) Save you, sir.

Pam. How does she?

Mys. How! oppress'd with wretchedness;
To-day supremely wretched, as to-day
Was formerly appointed for your wedding.
And then she fears lest you desert her.

Pam. I!
Desert her? Can I think on't? or deceive
A wretched maid, who trusted to my care
Her life and honor! Her, whom I have held
Near to my heart, and cherish'd as my wife?
Or leave her modest and well-nurtur'd mind
Through want to be corrupted? Never, never.

Mys. No doubt, did it depend on you alone;
But if constrain'd—

Pam. Do you think me so vile?
Or so ungrateful, so inhuman, savage,

That neither intercourse, nor love, nor shame,
Can make me keep my faith?
Mys. I only know
That she deserves you should remember her.
Pam. I should remember her? O Mysis, Mysis!
The words of Chrysis touching my Glycerium
Are written in my heart. On her death-bed
She call'd me. I approach'd her. You retir'd.
We were alone; and Chrysis thus began:
"My Pamphilus, you see the youth and beauty
Of this unhappy maid: and well you know,
These are but feeble guardians to preserve
Her fortune or her fame. By this right hand
I do beseech you, by your better angel,
By your tried faith, by her forlorn condition,
I do conjure you, put her not away,
Nor leave her to distress. If I have ever,
As my own brother, lov'd you; or if she
Has ever held you dear 'bove all the world,
And ever shown obedience to your will—
I do bequeath you to her as a husband,
Friend, guardian, father: All our little wealth
To you I leave, and trust it to your care."—
She join'd our hands, and died.—I did receive her,
And, once receiv'd, will keep her.

The Clever Schemer.

Simo. Davus, I do confess, I doubted:
I had my fears; slaves—common slaves, I mean—
Will do such things,—that you were cheating me
As to this matter of my son's.
Davus. I, master! could you think it? cheat?—O dear!
Si. (*soothingly.*) Well, well—I fancied so: and with that thought
I kept the secret which tell you now.
Da. What's that?
Si. Well, you shall hear: for now at last
I almost think that I may trust you.—May I?
Da. At last, sir, it seems, sir, you appreciate me.
Si. This wedding was a mere pretense,
A scheme of mine, to test my son and you.

Da. Indeed!
Si. Yes, really.
Da. Look ye! what a wit
Our master has! I never could have guessed it.
Si. Listen; when I dismissed you, I met Chremes—
Da. (*aside.*) We're lost—I know it.
Si. Listen; straight I told him
What you told me, that Pamphilus was ready.
I begged and prayed that he would give his daughter;
At last I moved him.
Da. (*aside.*) Then I'm done for.
Si. Hey! did you speak?
Da. I only said, "well done," sir.
Si. And I beseech you, Davus, as you love me,
Since you alone have brought about this wedding—
Da. I! O dear, no! pray—
Si. For my son I ask you,
Still do your best to regulate his morals.
Da. I will, I will, sir—trust me. [*Exit Chremes.*
I'm gone—a thing of nought. Why don't I go
Straight to the mill-prison of myself?—Forgiveness?
No hope of that from any one. I've played
The very mischief with the total household;
Cheated the master—got the son a wife—
This very night, much to the old gentleman's
Astonishment, and his son's disgust.—Ah! well!
This comes of cleverness. Had I held my tongue,
No harm had happened.

TARQUIN'S DREAM.

LUCIUS ATTIUS (170–86 B.C.) translated and imitated the Greek tragic poets. Though Cicero speaks highly of his plays, little of them survives. This fragment from the tragedy of Brutus, by Attius, is translated by W. E. Aytoun.

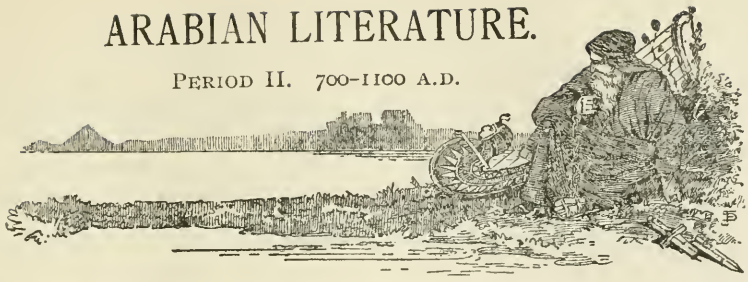
Tarquin. When repose had come upon me and I yielded to its power,
All my weary limbs composing, in the silent midnight hour;
It appeared to me in slumber, that a shepherd drove along
For my choice, it seemed, hish irsel; fair they were, and young, and strong.

Two I marked, that kindred seeming, most of all my fancy pleased,
And the comeliest and fairest of the twain, I straightway seized;
When behold, the other, turning, aimed at me his armed brow,
And so fiercely at me butted, that I fell beneath the blow.
There while lying, sorely wounded, to the heaven I cast my eyes,
And there saw I such an omen, as might well my soul surprise;
For the sun's resplendent body seemed towards the east to tend,
Leaving his accustomed orbit—what may such a sight portend?

Soothsayers. Little need we wonder, monarch, if the thoughts our bosoms keep,
If the deeds we fashion waking, should return to us in sleep.
Yet not lightly may such visions in so great a thing be rated,
Therefore take thou heed lest any who thou thought'st was fitly mated
With the dull and senseless many, be not wise, and good, and brave,
Lest he drive thee from thy kingdom; for the sign that Phœbus gave,
Shows some swift and sudden changing—something which shall see the light,
Well-portending for the people; since that omen from the right
To the left its course pursuing, is a certain sign and sure,
That the Roman state shall flourish, and beyond all states endure.

ARABIAN LITERATURE.

PERIOD II. 700–1100 A.D.



MOHAMMED not only converted the Arabians to Islam, but filled them with such zeal for its propagation that they could not be restrained within their peninsula. He was preparing for war against the Greeks in Syria when death snatched him away, 632 A.D. Even before the question of succession was settled, the fanatical tribes poured forth, conquering and to conquer. Northward, they subdued Syria, Mesopotamia, Assyria; eastward, Persia; westward, Egypt. Amid the rapidity of their marches there was no leisure or regard for art or literature. The mystical Koran, believed to be the very voice of God, possessed their thoughts. But Moawiya, who usurped the caliphate in 661 A.D., gave protection to the Greek scholars found in the conquered cities, and patronized poets and scientific men. Under his successors, known as the Omayyads (or Ommiades), the North of Africa was subdued, Spain was traversed, the Pyrenees were crossed, France was invaded. Not until they encountered Charles Martel, at Tours, in 732 A.D., had the Saracen arms suffered serious defeat. Here the tide of conquest was stayed and began to roll back. Otherwise the Mohammedans might have overrun Europe, as they had already swept over Asia and Africa. Yet dissensions had already arisen in their extended empire, and the caliphate was in dispute. The kindred of Mohammed, in the person of Abdul-Abbas, regained that dignity in 750 A.D. But five years later, Abdal-Rahman, the last survivor of the Omayyads, obtained the sovereignty of Spain, and established the Western Caliphate.

Haroun al Rashid (Aaron the Just), who became caliph at Bagdad, in 786 A.D., was the most famous ruler of his race.

His zeal for education was shown by his causing a school to be attached to every mosque he built. His reputation was enhanced by his patronage of learning. Poets and story-tellers were never weary of sounding his praises. The "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" has immortalized his reign and character. Yet still more munificent and zealous for learning was his son, Al Mamoun, who succeeded to the throne in 813 A.D. From the conquered provinces he exacted, as their most precious tribute, all the important books that could be discovered in them. To translate these books into Arabic, to explain and teach them, learned Syrians were employed, and were most liberally rewarded for their services. Bagdad became the centre of literary culture, as Athens and Alexandria had been in times gone by. Nor was this literary and scientific activity confined to the East. The Moslems in Spain, resting from war, shared the new impulse. From Cordova, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, the light of science shone brightly over the Peninsula, while Christian Europe lay shrouded in deplorable darkness. Among the Moslems, astronomy, mathematics and medicine were successfully taught. Philosophy was a favorite study. The decorative and useful arts flourished. Poetry and imaginative literature were assiduously cultivated. Before the Crusades the influence of Arabian civilization had begun to penetrate Western Europe. The still closer contact brought about by those mighty conflicts caused a more rapid diffusion of the novel ideas and material benefits derived from the East. The philosophy of the schoolmen, the lyrics of the troubadours, and beginnings of the various national literatures throughout Southern Europe, bear unmistakable tokens of their indebtedness to Arabian sources.

Abu Teman (806–845 A.D.), a distinguished poet of Bagdad, is yet more distinguished for his "Hamasa," or anthology, which comprises many hundreds of short poems, chiefly from the times before Mohammed. Similar collections were afterwards made, and original poems were constantly composed as long as the Eastern Caliphate lasted. The deficiencies of Arabian literature are conspicuous. It contains no epic or drama, but the poetical "Romance of Antar" may supply

the place of the former. The Koran was the first prose work. Its declamatory style was pronounced perfect, yet could not safely be imitated in other kinds of writing. Biography began in the relation of the life of Mohammed, and history in a sketch of the Moslem conquests. In the tenth century two great historians flourished, Tabari and Masudi. Numerous writers essayed similar compositions. But romantic tales, full of adventures, are the chief characteristics of Arabian literature. Translations and imitations of these have been diffused through Europe. The philosophers, Avicenna and Averroes, may here be mentioned for their influence on European thought.

THE ROMANCE OF ANTAR.

THE Romance of Antar, still cherished by all Arabs, is believed to have been composed about A.D. 800, by El-Asmai, a renowned poet of the court of Haroun al Rashid. It was esteemed by Sir William Jones among the most finished poems of the world, but it is altogether too long for the patience of English readers and translators. The narrative is interspersed with lyrics sung by Antar and other personages at every turn in the incidents. This singular opera-like poem is the record of the daily life, adventures and ideals of the children of the desert before the overpowering influence of Mohammed's teaching. An abridgment of one-third of the poem has been rendered into English by Terrick Hamilton, bringing the story down to the marriage of Antar and Abla.

Antar, doubly famous as invincible warrior and unsurpassed poet, was of ignoble origin. His father Shedad was known as the Knight of Jirwet from his celebrated mare of that name; but his mother was a black woman who had been captured in a plundering raid. The swarthy offspring of their union was early noted for strength and courage, and while a lad killed a prince's slave who had grossly insulted an old helpless woman. Though a crowd of other slaves attacked him, he was rescued; his conduct was approved by King Zohair, and his gallant behavior brought him abundant praise from the women of the tribe. Antar declared his love for Abla, daughter of Malik, his father's brother, and henceforth celebrated her beauty in passionate songs. When the king summoned the men of the tribe to an expedition, the camel-keeper Antar was left in charge of the women. While

the maidens were dancing, they were suddenly assailed and carried off by armed horsemen; but Antar overtook the one who had captured Abla, and dashed him to the ground. Not content with this, he pursued the others and compelled them to fly, leaving behind the women and plunder. He afterwards rescued the king's sons in the same way, and the grateful Zohair at a grand feast caused the hero to sit beside him, and recognized him as a warrior or knight. But the treacherous Malik disdained the son of a slave as a suitor for his daughter's hand, though the indomitable Antar was constantly performing new exploits and making them the theme of his songs, and forever exclaiming, "I am the lover of Abla."

After numerous victories the valiant poet was proclaimed the champion of the tribe Abs, and when he rescued his beloved Abla from the hostile Teyans, her father consented that she should be married to the lover of her choice. Yet his cunning craft was shown in requiring for her dowry a thousand Asafeer camels which could only be obtained by plunder from Monzar, king of a distant tribe. In such perilous attempt Antar was likely to be destroyed. But the hero undismayed set out with his faithful brother Shibub, renowned for swiftness and dexterity as an archer. They easily drove off the thousand camels, but were pursued and overtaken by Monzar. In the ensuing fight Abjer, Antar's horse, stumbles and brings him to the ground. Shibub,

thinking he is slain, fled homeward. Antar was made prisoner, but by his noble demeanor and pathetic eloquence, won the respect of King Monzar, and had an opportunity of his displaying his courage by slaying a lion. It was a critical time with Monzar, for he was a tributary of Persia, but having been insulted at court, had refused to obey the great king's orders to punish some plundering tribes. The Satrap Khosrewan was then sent against Monzar and defeated him while Antar was still in captivity. The Arab chief called on the lion-slayer for help and made him liberal promises. In the battle that ensued Antar performed prodigies of valor and finally slew Khosrewan with his own mace. Monzars before declaring his independence sent his vizier, Amru, on a special embassy to the Persian court.

King Chosroe was found perturbed by the arrival of Badhramut, whom the Greek emperor had commissioned to do battle in single combat for the Christian faith against the knights of Persia, instead of quietly paying his tribute as formerly. Badhramut had already overthrown the flower of the Persian chivalry, except Bahram, with whom the contest was still undecided. Amru spread such favorable report of Antar, that the Arab hero was sent for to enter the lists. In spite of the envious Bahram's treachery, Antar overcame the redoubtable Greek, and was rewarded munificently by Chosroe. Then though he was eager to return to his own land, he was detained with various festivities and beheld all the glory of the land of the Fire-worshipers. When he departed he was loaded with wealth, and he bore also presents for Abla, whose brilliant beauty he had not failed to celebrate amid all the blandishments of the foreign court.

The Loss and Recovery of Abla.

Abla told Antar how his brother Shibub had brought the doleful news of his death, and of all that had occurred to her during his long absence; and Antar, in his turn, briefly recounted his own adventures, and the perils he had been exposed to since he quitted the land of Shurebah to procure the Asafeer camels for her dowry.

Thus the lovers were conversing when the chief called Nocturnal Evil was seen rapidly approaching, having heard, from the two slaves that escaped Antar's spear-thrusts, of the irresistible champion who had come to the rescue of their fair charge. Antar, mounted on Abjer, impetuously assailed the brigand with his

spear, and, crying, "O by Abs! O by Adnan! I am the lover of Abla!" forced it through his breast, so that he fell lifeless to the earth. The hero then hastened to disperse the followers of the Nocturnal Evil and release the prisoners. While expressing his gratification at meeting his Uncle Malik, he reminded him that all his late sufferings were but a just punishment for his past conduct.

Then were the tents pitched, and a grand feast prepared by Antar's slaves, and the hero entertained his friends with his adventures in Irak and the honors and princely gifts bestowed on him by King Nushirvan. After the feast was over, Antar rejoined Abla, who threw herself into his arms, and kissed him repeatedly; and when he told her of all the riches he had brought home with him, "Truly," she replied, "thy safety is more acceptable to me than all thou hast described: I have felt no pleasure but in thy presence." Antar smiled, and his bosom expanded with joy at the purity of her love.

At daybreak the hero ordered the camels to be loaded and preparations made for continuing their journey home. Decorating Abla with magnificent robes studded with jewels, and placing on her head the diadem which Chosroe, the Persian King, had presented to him for her, Antar raised her into the silver litter, with her mother, and commanded the slaves to proceed with them in advance and guard them on the journey. When Abla was seated in the litter, her countenance became radiant and illumined; she smiled in the loveliest manner: every charm was heightened, and from her eyelashes she shot arrows that penetrated the slayer of men and heroes. It was therefore no wonder that the coxcomb Amarah should be tortured with envy and rage at thus beholding the bride of Antar!

When the party were within one day's journey of the tribe of Abs, Malik, with his son Amru and Abla's mother, went in advance to apprise King Zohair of Antar's return. All the warriors of Abs, with the king at their head, came forth to meet the hero,—and never was there such another meeting—such a glorious day! The noble Absians all surrounded him, whilst, in reply to King Zohair, he related his adventures. His mother and his brothers wept, and clamored at the ecstasy of meeting, and in the excess of their happiness after all past alarms and afflictions. Antar then distributed rich presents to Zohair and his sons, and to all the noble horsemen of Abs; to his father Shedad he gave abundance of gold and silver and many stout slaves; and the remainder, with the Asafeer camels, he delivered to his uncle Malik. After this every one sought his own tent. But Amru, Abla's brother, made the camels that conveyed his sister kneel down; he lifted up the curtain of the litter—but *Abla was not there!*

"Fortune builds up, and throws down!"—Antar's cup of happiness, filled to overflowing, was in an instant dashed from his lips, by the mysterious disappearance of his beloved Abla, for whose sake he had braved the perils of the deserts and the wastes, and fought with savage lions, and with warriors all but invincible. This was a calamity for which the heroic son of Shedad was totally unprepared; it fell upon him with a force that threatened to deprive him of his reason. In vain the kind-hearted King Zohair tried to soothe him with the assurance that he would soon clear up the mystery. The grief-stricken lover bitterly accused himself of having, in his anxiety to meet the king, carelessly left his heart's idol in charge of slaves who knew not her worth. The king sent forth parties to scour the country in every direction, but they all returned without having obtained tidings of the beautiful daughter of Malik. As to Antar himself, the calamity had quite unmanned him, and the slayer of heroes was for the time being unfit for "enterprises of great pith and moment." He despatched his brother Shibub, however, in quest of his lost bride, and awaited his return with anxious expectation, that banished sleep from his eyelids. The heart of the hero was completely subdued, and thus, with many a sob and sigh, he expressed his sorrow:

My tears stand in drops on my eyelids, and short is the sleep of my eyes.

For love there is no rest—no comfort when the railers advise.

We met, but our meeting quenched not the flame;—no, it did not cool the boiling heat!

How long shall I mourn for the mate that grieves me?—tears and lamentations avail not.

I have implored a peaceable life from Fortune, but her favors to me are like the boons of a miser.

I am dying, and the most extraordinary forbearance aids me not in my calamities.

Antar endured many days and weeks of torturing suspense, his only source of consolation being the society of King Zohair, until at length Shibub returned—with news of Abla. He related how she had been carried off by the envious Amarah, but that soon both had been captured by the barbarous chief Moofrij, who had treated both most cruelly and had compelled Abla to tend upon the flocks.

When Shibub had concluded his story, Antar appeared to be stupefied with rage and grief; but recovering himself, he cried, "I must be revenged on that family of Zeyad!—I will deprive them of their sweet slumbers!" He hastened to his friend Prince Malik, who conducted him to the king, to whom he related Amarah's ungrateful return for his services in liberating him from the Nocturnal Evil. Zohair was greatly exasperated at the infamous conduct of Amarah, and vowed vengeance upon the whole family of Zeyad. But Antar tells Prince Malik that he will not put the king to any trouble on his account, for he will alone undertake the rescue of Abla. His friend, however, insists upon going with him, and, taking advantage of the king's absence at the chase, he musters his father's horsemen, while Antar summons Shedad and his brother Malik, with his son Amru. The sun was not yet high when the warriors, to the number of two hundred, set out to revenge the insult that had been offered to the family of Carad, and to the whole tribe of Abs.

That same night the Teyans were surprised in their tents by the renowned Antar and his warriors, crying, "O by Abs! O by Adnan!" and sparing neither old nor young. While the horsemen were engaged in slaying or capturing the Teyans, Shibub released Rebia and his companions; then roamed among the tents in search of Abla, whom he at length found covered with the bodies of the slain, and groaning like a woman bereft of her children, and while she listened for the voice of Antar, thus she exclaimed:

O my cousin! ease my heart, and lead me home by the hand, for my body is worn out and my strength fails!

For the black hero I have encountered disgrace.

My frame—the zephyr would overwhelm it, so greatly have they exhausted me with eternal pains: my resignation—it is at an end.

My foes exult over me, and I have endured endless horrors.

Convey me to the protection of Antar: no one but the lion can defend the fawn.

Tell him I am in dismay, and my heart wanders wild in its fears.

My eyelids—no sleep have they; but they mourn for eternal sleep.

Shibub took Abla in his arms, and brought her to Antar, who pressed her to his breast, and kissed her between the eyes, saying, "Grievous indeed it is to me that you should suffer such calamities, and I be alive in the world! But it is the misfortune of the times, against which no human being can find refuge."

He then desired his brother to convey her to the tent of Moofrij (who had escaped to the sand-hills), and here Shibub has the satisfaction of discovering all Abla's property—her rich robes and strings of jewels—which he restores to her. Thus all her distresses and afflictions vanished, and her hopes and wishes were realized.

As the Absians are about to set out for their own country, Rebia and Amarah come up to Antar, and in the most abject manner implore his forgiveness for their infamous deeds. Antar pitied them, and, feeling favorably inclined towards them on account of his relationship, he embraced them, saying: "Although I am abused for being black, my acts are the acts of the noble born."

Returning from the land of Cahtan, they encounter the tribes

of Jadeelah and Nibhan, and, after a dreadful battle, are victorious. When they had collected all the spoil, they returned to their tents, preceded by Antar.

Abla rejoiced at his prowess and intrepidity, and smiled, and as Antar saw her smile,—"Daughter of my uncle," said he, "are you smiling at what you saw me perform this day in the carnage and combat?"—"By the faith of an Arab," she replied, "my sight was bewildered at your slaughter among these wretches!" —Her words descended into his heart sweeter than the purest water to the thirsty spirit.

At midnight, the Absians, having first divided the spoil, mounted their horses and resumed their march home.

Jaida and Khalid.

Moharib and Zahir, the fathers respectively of Khalid and Jaida, were brothers. Moharib was chief of the tribe of Zebeed, and Zahir was his counsellor. The brothers quarrelled, and Zahir struck his tents, and cast his lot with the kindred tribe of Saad. Zahir's wife becoming pregnant, he said to her that if a son were born, he would be most welcome; but if a girl, then she was to conceal the fact, and let it appear to the world that they had a male child, in order that his brother should not exult over him. In due course a daughter was born, and was called, in private, Jaida, but Jooder in public, that it might appear she was a boy. About the same time Moharib had a son born to him, whom he called Khalid. The daughter of Zahir was brought up as a boy, and taught to ride on horseback; and soon she became famous in all the exercises befitting a noble warrior—accompanying her father to battle, in which she ever took a prominent part. Khalid was also one of the most illustrious horsemen of the age, universally acknowledged as an intrepid warrior and a valiant hero.

The fame of his cousin Jooder (Jaida) having reached him, Khalid, after his father's death, visited his uncle, and spent ten days in jousting with the horsemen of the family. Jaida became deeply enamored of him, and her mother, on learning this, revealed the secret of her sex to Khalid's mother, and suggested that their children should be united in marriage. But when Khalid was told by his mother that his cousin was a woman, he was greatly chagrined, slighted her love for him, and hastened back to his own tribe.

Jaida, enraged at finding herself thus scorned, resolved to be revenged on her cousin, and, disguising herself, she set out for the land of Zebeed. Arrived there she entered a tent of public entertainment, close-visored, like a horseman of Hejaz. After proving her superiority over the best horsemen in the course, she encountered Khalid for three days in succession, without either of them obtaining any advantage; when she discovered herself to her cousin, whose hatred was now suddenly converted into love. But Jaida rejected him, and returned home.

Khalid hastened to his uncle and demanded Jaida in marriage. His cousin at length consents, on condition that he provide for slaughter at her wedding-feast a thousand camels belonging to Gheshm, son of Malik, surnamed the Brandisher of Spears. These Khalid procured by plundering the tribe of Aamir; but on his return, Jaida imposed a further condition—that her camel should be led by the captive daughter of a prince. Khalid again set out with his horsemen, and, assailing the family tribe of Moawiyah, son of Nizal, took captive his daughter Amimah; and his marriage with Jaida took place immediately after his return; when the daughter of Moawiyah held the bridle of her camel, "and the glory of Jaida was exalted among women and among men."

THE GENEROUS HATIM.

HATIM TAI was an Arab chief who lived before Mohammed. His generosity became proverbial throughout the East. He composed verses which are still sung, and is himself the hero of many tales of which the following is a specimen.

The Emperor of Constantinople, having heard much of Hatim's liberality, resolved to make trial of it. For this purpose he despatched a person from his court to request a particular horse which he knew the Arab prince valued above all his other possessions. The officer arrived at Hatim's abode on a dark, tempestuous night, at a season when all the horses were at pasture in the meadows. He was received in a manner suitable to the dignity of the imperial envoy, and treated that night with the utmost hospitality. The next day the officer delivered to Hatim his message from the emperor, at which Hatim appeared greatly concerned. "If," said he, "you had yesterday apprised me of your errand, I should instantly have complied with the emperor's request; but the horse he asks for is now no more; being sur-

prised by your sudden arrival, and having nothing else to regale you with, I ordered that very horse to be killed and served up to you last night for supper." [The Arabs prefer horse-flesh to other food.] Hatim immediately ordered the finest horses to be brought, and begged the ambassador to present them to his master. The emperor could not but admire this proof of Hatim's generosity, and confessed that he deserved the title of the most liberal among men.

It was the fate of Hatim to give umbrage to other monarchs. Numan, King of Yemen, conceived a violent jealousy against him, on account of his reputation; and, thinking it easier to destroy than to surpass him, the envious prince commissioned one of his sycophants to rid him of his rival. The courtier hastened to the desert where the Arabs were encamped. He discovered their tents at a distance, but as he had never seen Hatim, he wished to obtain a knowledge of his person, without exposing himself to suspicion. As he advanced, meditating on his design, he was accosted by a man of pleasing appearance, who invited him to his tent. Accepting the invitation, the courtier was charmed with the politeness of his reception. After a splendid repast he offered to take leave, but the Arab requested him to prolong his visit.

"Generous stranger," answered the officer, "I am confounded by your civilities; but an affair of the utmost importance obliges me to depart."

"Might it be possible for you," replied the Arab, "to communicate to me this affair, which seems so much to interest you? You are a stranger in this place; if I can be of any assistance to you, freely command me."

The courtier resolved to avail himself of the offer of his host, and accordingly made known the commission he had received from Numan. "But how," continued he, "shall I, who have never seen Hatim, execute my orders? Bring me to knowledge of him, and add this to your other favors."

"I have promised you my service," answered the Arab. "Behold, I am a slave to my word. Strike!" said he, uncovering his bosom—"Shed the blood of Hatim, and may my death gratify the wish of your prince, and procure you the reward you hope for. But the moments are precious; defer not the execution of your king's command, and depart with all possible expedition; the darkness will aid your escape from the revenge of my friends: if to-morrow you be found here, you are inevitably undone."

These words were as a thunderbolt to the courtier. Struck with a sense of his crime, and the magnanimity of Hatim, he fell down on his knees, exclaiming: "God forbid that I should lay a sacrilegious hand on you! Nothing shall ever urge me to such baseness." He then quitted the tent and took the road back to Yemen.

The cruel monarch, at the sight of his favorite, demanded the head of Hatim, but the officer could only give him a faithful account of what had passed. Numan, in astonishment, cried out: "It is with justice, O Hatim! that the world reveres you as a kind of divinity. Men instigated by a sentiment of generosity may bestow their whole fortune; but to sacrifice life is an action above humanity!"

After the decease of Hatim, the Arabs over whom he presided refused to embrace Islam. For this disobedience Mohammed condemned them to death, except the daughter of Hatim, whom he spared on account of her father's memory. This generous woman, seeing the executioners ready to perform the cruel command, threw herself at the Prophet's feet, and conjured him either to take her life or pardon her countrymen. Mohammed, moved with such nobleness of sentiment, revoked the decree he had pronounced, and, for the sake of Hatim's daughter, granted pardon to the whole tribe.

SHORT ARABIAN POEMS.

Most of the Arabian poems are short songs, descriptive, amatory or satirical. Some are epigrams and others riddles. J. D. Carlyle in 1789 published "Specimens of Arabian Poetry." Not a few poets of eminence, from Lord Byron to Charles Wesley, culled flowers from this anthology. A few examples from various sources sufficiently illustrate this national poetry.

The Song of Maisuna.

The following song, still popular among the desert tribes of Arabia, was composed by Maisuna, who belonged to the tribe of Calab. She was married while very young to the Caliph Moawiya, who transferred the Mohammedan capital from Medina to Damascus, A.D. 658. Amid the splendor of this ancient city she languished for the simple pleasures of the desert, and found temporary relief in singing her verses when she could privately indulge her melancholy. She was overheard one day by her husband, who might well be offended at her contemptuous expression for himself. Yet he merely banished her

from court, and she, taking her infant son Yezid, returned to her native Yemen. Here she remained until Yezid ascended the throne, when she went again to Damascus. Sir R. F. Burton has translated her song, which has been called the Arabian "Home, Sweet Home."

O take these purple robes away,
  Give back my cloak of camel's hair,
And bear me from this tow'ring pile
  To where the black tents flap in air.
The camel's colt with falt'ring tread,
  The dog that bays at all but me,
Delight me more than ambling mules—
  Than every art of minstrelsy.
And any cousin, poor but free!
Might take me, fatted ass! from thee.

To a Lady Weeping.

This poem is by Ibn Alrumi, A.D. 850. Note the close resemblance of one of Byron's "Hebrew Melodies" to this translation which preceded his poem by several years.

When I beheld thy blue eye shine
  Through the bright drop that Pity drew,
I saw beneath those tears of thine
  A blue-eyed violet bathed in dew.

The violet ever scents the gale
  Its hues adorn the fairest wreath;
But sweetest through a dewy veil
  Its colors grow, its odors breathe.

And thus thy charms in brightness rise:
  When Wit and Pleasure round thee play;
Where Mirth sits smiling in thine eyes
  Who but admires their sprightly ray?
But when through Pity's flood they gleam,
Who but must love their softened beam?

Fire.

The loftiest cedars I can eat,
  Yet neither paunch nor mouth have I;
I storm whene'er you give me meat;
  Whene'er you give me drink, I die.

The Crucifixion of Ibn Bakiah.

A specimen of Arab satire and wit, at the expense of the unfortunate and unpopular Vizier who was put to death. These verses are in every native work referring to the period.

Whate'er thy fate, in life and death,
Thou'rt doomed *above* us still to rise,
Whilst at a distance far beneath
We view thee with admiring eyes.

The gazing crowds still round thee throng,
Still to thy well-known voice repair,
As when erewhile thy hallowed tongue
Poured in the mosque the solemn prayer.

Still, generous Vizier, we survey
Thine arms extended o'er our head,
As lately, in the festive day,
When they were stretched thy gifts to shed.

Earth's narrow boundaries strove in vain
To limit thy aspiring mind;
And now we see thy dust disdain
Within her breast to be confined.

The earth's too small for one so great;
Another mansion thou shalt have—
The clouds shall be thy winding sheet,
The spacious vault of heaven thy grave.

Adversity.

By Abu Membaa Carawash, Sultan of Mosul, A.D. 1050.

Hail, chastening friend, Adversity! 'tis thine
The mental ore to temper and refine;
To cast in Virtue's mould the yielding heart,
And Honor's polish to the mind impart.

Without thy wakening touch, thy plastic aid,
I'd lain the shapeless mass that Nature made;
But formed, great Artist, by thy magic hand,
I gleam a sword, to conquer and command.

The Inconsistent Lady.

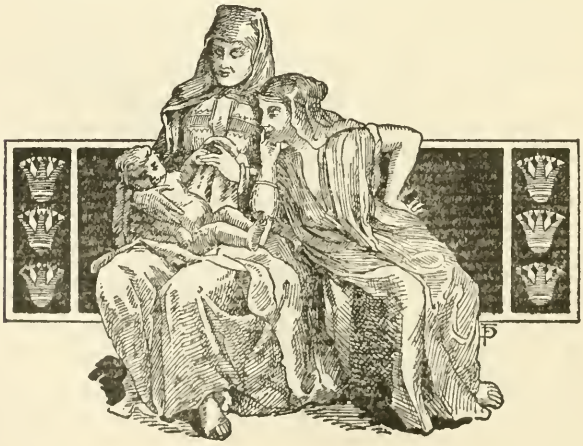
This poem was sent to a lady who had refused a present of melons and the addresses of her admirer.

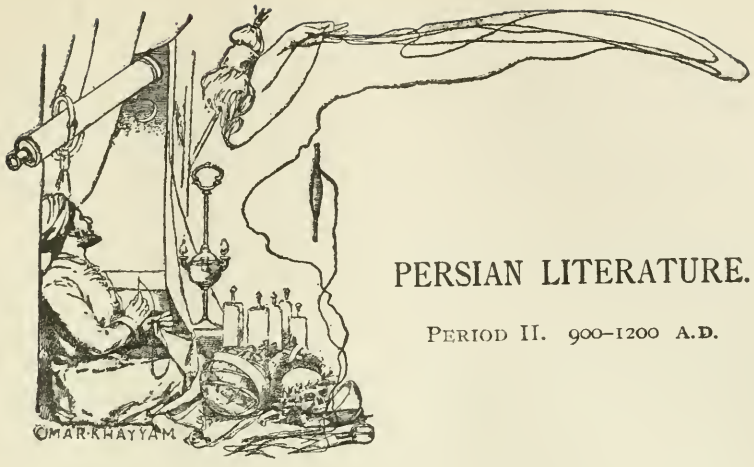
When I sent you my melons, you cried out with scorn,
"They ought to be heavy, and wrinkled, and yellow;"
When I offered *myself*, whom these graces adorn,
You flouted, and called me "an ugly old fellow!"

Birth and Death.

This beautiful epigram is translated by Sir William Jones.

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled.
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.





PERSIAN LITERATURE.

PERIOD II. 900–1200 A.D.

AFTER the conquest of Persia by the Arabians in the eighth century, the religion of Zoroaster, which had flourished under the Sassanian kings, was publicly suppressed. But many believers in the ancient Fire-worship remained, who conformed to the dominant faith, yet practiced their own rites occasionally. Others found refuge in mountainous districts, where native rulers maintained their power. Eventually the people of Persia became devoted to the religion of the Koran, though they interpreted parts of it differently from the stricter Arabs. A remarkable transfusion of ideas took place, and various sects arose after the dispute about the succession to the Prophet. Some, while orthodox in doctrine, differed in practice. The use of wine, prohibited by Mohammed, was generally tolerated in Persia, and was openly praised by its poets and teachers. Ideas derived from Zoroaster, from Greek philosophers, from early Christian teachers, and from the Brahmans and Buddhists of India, all found defenders and propagators in Persia. Many of these supported their views by peculiar interpretations of the Koran. The most numerous sect has been the Shiites, who adhere to the family of Ali, Mohammed's nephew, as the representative of the Prophet. They believe in the coming of a Messiah or Mahdi, who is to appear to redress the wrongs of the world and to establish a reign of righteousness.

It was not until the beginning of the tenth century that the enthusiasm of the new faith permitted the use of any language but Arabic for literary purposes. When the rulers of Khorasan became practically independent of the Caliphate, the minstrels were encouraged to cultivate the native tongue. Forms of verse and subjects remained the same as in the Arabian until Rudagi stamped his genius on Persian lyric poetry. As national spirit developed, a strong desire arose for the recovery of the ancient history, which had long been neglected. After some attempts to embody the old traditions had been frustrated, the great poet Firdausi accomplished the task in his famous Shahnameh, or Book of Kings. While he gave new vogue to many heroes, he distinguished especially Jemshid and Rustem. His contemporaries and successors sought to do the same for eminent men who had previously been overlooked. Later writers went abroad for subjects. The astonishing career of Alexander the Great furnished themes to Persian as well as to European writers of the Middle Ages. Stories of Mohammed and Ali, and even of Arabians of the pagan times, were related in prose as well as in verse. The love of story-telling, thus fostered, ere long gave rise to romantic fiction.

Meantime at the Persian courts eulogies and panegyrics on the reigning princes were liberally rewarded. Among the pleasure-loving people, short poems were constantly improvised on personal themes—love and adventures. Satires, like that of Firdausi on Mahmud, fables, epigrams, humorous poems, employed the talents of a host of singers. But the names and songs of few of these minor poets have reached the Western world. One class, however, has attracted a peculiar attention—the writings of the Sufites or Mystics, who inculcate absolute devotion to God as the only object of love and worship. Most of these mystical poets showed little regard for any formal creed; some were Pantheists. Somewhat similar to these were the free-thinkers, of whom the most famous is the astronomer-poet, Omar Khayyam. His Rubaiyat, or quatrains, have attained new vogue since they were rendered into English by Edward Fitzgerald.

Certain forms of verse are peculiar to the Persian poetry.

The ghazal consists of not less than five nor more than twelve couplets; the two lines of the first couplet rhyme together, and the second line of each succeeding couplet continues this rhyme, while the first line is free. The poet was required to introduce his own name into the last couplet. For this purpose nearly every Persian poet assumed a poetical name. The ghazal is devoted to personal feelings and moral reflections. The kasida is a poem similarly formed, but containing more than twelve and less than one hundred and twenty couplets. It was chiefly used for panegyric, but also for satire and elegy. The mesnavi is written in simple rhymed couplets, and may be of any length. The rubaiyat, or quatrains, are independent stanzas of four lines, sometimes all rhyming, but generally the third is left free. The diwan in Persian literature denotes the same as the English miscellany; it may be applied to a collection from several authors, or to the collection of prose and poetry by one author. In the diwan there is usually an alphabetical arrangement of the pieces. It sometimes denotes a collection of ghazals rhyming in a special way.

RUDAGI.

RUDAGI may be called the father of modern Persian literature. His proper name was Hakim Mohammed Farideddin Abdallah; his common surname is derived from Rudag, where he was born about 880 A.D. His extensive learning and accomplishments as a musician procured for him the favor of Nasir Ahmed, the ruler of Khorasan. For a time such was his wealth that he kept two hundred servants, and four hundred camels were required to carry his property. If in this respect he was more blessed than most poets, he is said also to have been afflicted, like some others, in being totally blind. And in his old age, when his royal patron was dead, the once charming poet incurred neglect and poverty. He died in 954 A.D. His epics and romantic tales have perished, and but few of his lyrics have been preserved.

BOKHARA.

WHEN Nasir's court was removed from Bokhara to Herat, the king became so attached to the latter city that he delayed his return. The courtiers, therefore, requested Rudagi to use his skill to persuade the ruler to restore them to their homes. The poet, entering into their views, sang the following verses, accompanying them on the viol. King Nasir then yielded to the wishes of his attendants.

The gale, whose breath such joy imparts,
  Comes from the gentle stream
Where they reside, to whom our hearts
  Return in memory's dream.
The precious odor that its wings convey
Is their regret for us—so far away!

The sands are rough along that shore
  Where glides our native Amu's stream;
But when we tread its banks once more,
  Like velvet those rude sands will seem.
O pitying Oxus, let thy waves divide,
And yield us passage down thy opening tide!

All hail, Bokhara, land of flowers!
  Our prince moves proudly on;
He goes to glad thy sunny bowers,
  He asks thy smile alone.
The waving cypress seeks his native groves,
The rising moon the firmament it loves.

ASADI.

Asadi or Essedi of Tus was the teacher of Firdausi, and yet survived his illustrious pupil. He was attached to the court of Mahmud; but little is known of his career. He introduced into Persian poetry the form afterwards called in Provençal literature the *tenson* or dispute, of which a specimen is here given. A story is told of Asadi whose improbability commends it to Mohammedans. He had declined the task of composing the national epic Shahnameh, on the ground of his age and had recommended his pupil Firdausi as younger and more likely to complete the work. But when Firdausi, after many years' labor feared that he would not be able to finish it, Asadi assured him that if the pupil should die leaving the poem incomplete, the teacher would carry it on. When reminded of his earlier distrust about his age, he replied, "My life is as God wills; but I feel sure that I can complete the poem." Setting to work, he composed in two days four thousand verses, which Firdausi accepted and added to his own. Roused from his despondency, the younger poet persevered to the end.

The Dispute of Day and Night.

Day and Night, who each can yield
  Joy and solace to the race,
Thus contended for the field,
  Claiming both the highest place.
Night spoke frowningly: "'Twas I
Who from all eternity
Ruled the chaos of the world,
When in dire confusion hurled.
The fervent prayer is heard at night;
Devotion flies day's glaring light.
'Twas night, the Mount when Moses left;
  At night was Lot avenged by fire;
At night the moon our Prophet cleft,
  And saw Heaven's might revealed entire.

The lovely Moon for thirty days
  Spreads radiant glory from afar:
Her charms for ever Night displays,
  Crowned like a queen with many a star.
Her seal-bearer is Mars; a band
Of planets wait on her command.

Day can but paint the skies with blue,
Night's starry hosts amaze the view.
Man measures time but by the moon;
Night shrouds what Day reveals too soon.

Day is with toil and care oppressed,
Night comes and, with her, gentle rest.
Day, busy still, no praise can bring;
All night the saints their anthems sing;
Her shade is cast by Gabriel's wing!
The Moon is pure; the Sun's broad face
Dark and unsightly spots deface.
The Sun shines on with changeless glare,
The Moon is ever new and fair."

Day rose, and smiled in high disdain:
"Cease all this boasting, void and vain;
The Lord of Heaven and earth and thee
Gave me a place more proud than thine;
And men with joy my rising see,
And hail the beams that round me shine.
The holy pilgrim takes by day
To many a sacred shrine his way;
By day the pious fast and pray,
And solemn feasts are held by day.
On the Last Day the world's career is run,
As on the First its being was begun.

Thou, Night, art friendly, it may be,
For lovers fly for help to thee.
When do the sick thy healing see?
Thieves by thy aid may scathless prowl;
Sacred to thee the bat and owl;
And, led by thee, pale spectres grimly howl!

I sprang from Heaven, from dust art thou;
Light crowns my head with many a gem;
The collier's cap is on thy brow,
For thee a fitting diadem.
My presence fills the world with joy;
Thou com'st all comfort to annoy.
I am a Moslem—white my vest;
Thou a vile thief, in sable dressed.

Out, negro-face!—dar'st thou compare
Thy cheeks with mine, so purely fair?
Those hosts of stars, thy boast and pride,
How do they rush their sparks to hide,
How to their native darkness run,
When, in his glory, comes the Sun!

True, Death was first; but tell me who
Thinks Life less worthy of the two?
'Tis by the Moon the Arab counts;
The lordly Persian tells his year
By the bright Sun, that proudly mounts
The yielding heavens, so wide and clear.
The Sun is ruddy, strong and hale;
The Moon is sickly, wan and pale.
Methinks 'twas ne'er in story told
That silver had the worth of gold!
The Moon, a slave, is bowed and bent,
She knows her light is only lent;
She hurries on, the way to clear,
Till the great Shah himself appear!

What canst thou, idle boaster, say,
To prove that Night excels the Day?
If stubborn still, let Him decide
With whom all truth and law abide;
Let Nasur Ahmed, wise as great,
Pronounce, and give to each his state."

FIRDAUSI.

PERSIA claims a great epic poet in Firdausi, whose "Shahnameh," or Book of Kings, is a versified history of the country from the earliest times. Before the Arabian invasion kings and scribes had collected the popular tales of ancient rulers for preservation in the royal libraries. Although this labor was interrupted by the Mohammedan conquest, its results were not destroyed. After a time princes of Persian descent resumed the task, and more than one "Book of Kings" was compiled. The poet Dakiki, who had been appointed to prepare a new history, was assassinated, and the dynasty which he served fell from power. The Ghaznavid

dynasty succeeded, and Mahmud, who became ruler of Khorasan in 997 A.D., was a generous patron of native literature. He was fortunate in finding a poet qualified by genius, patriotism and love of history to give renown to his realm.

This was Abul Kasim Mansur, who was born at Tus about 941 A.D. He was already engaged in versifying ancient legends, when he heard of Dakiki's death, and resolved to carry on his work. He had been patronized by the governor of Tus, but was soon attracted to the court of Mahmud. Yet amid the throng of visitors of all kinds, Mansur did not at first gain the notice of the sultan. Some poets attached to the court became aware of his ambition, and on one occasion three of them conspired to challenge his ability in extemporary verse. They selected three rhyming words for which there was not a fourth in the Persian language. The first poet began:

Thy beauty eclipses the light of the sun·

The second continued:

The rose with thy cheek would comparison shun;

The third added:

Thy glances pierce through the mailed warrior's johsun;*

But Mansur promptly completed the quatrain:

Like the lance of fierce Giv in his fight with Poshun.

The others, astonished, asked an explanation, and Mansur recited the battle which forms an episode in the Shahnameh. His poetical version of another legend was presented to the sultan, who was so favorably impressed that he introduced Mansur to the seven poets already engaged on the epic. Afterwards charmed with some of his verses, the ruler surnamed the new-comer Firdausi (Paradisaic), declaring that he rendered the poets' corner of the court a veritable Paradise. Still further delighted with his genius, Mahmud intrusted to him the entire work of versifying the national history, and the poet responded in an enthusiastic panegyric. The sultan ordered his treasurer to pay Firdausi a thousand gold dirhems

* A sort of cuirass.

for every thousand verses. But the poet preferred to wait till the poem was complete, intending to use the money for building a dike to protect his native city from inundations. Meantime, in spite of the king's favor, Firdausi, who was regarded as an infidel by the zealous Moslems, often suffered want, and his acceptance of presents from other rulers provoked jealousy among Mahmud's courtiers.

When the Shahnameh, with its 60,000 couplets, was completed after thirty years' labor, it was presented to the sultan by his favorite, Ayaz. Mahmud ordered his treasurer to give the poet an elephant's load of gold, but that officer, always hostile to Firdausi, persuaded his master that a load of silver would be sufficient. It amounted to 60,000 silver dirhems, one for each vease. When the proud author found that silver had been substituted for the promised gold, and learned that this was done by agreement between the sultan and the treasurer, he forthwith gave one-third of the load to the bearer, one-third to the keeper of the bath-house, in which he happened to be, and the other third for a glass of beer. He also sent a reproachful message to the sultan for breaking his word, and declared that he had not written for the sake of money. Mahmud reproved the treasurer, but the latter soon turned his master's anger against the imprudent poet. Firdausi, informed of this, sought an interview and begged his sovereign's pardon, which was granted.

Feeling, however, his position unsafe, Firdausi destroyed thousands of his verses, wrote an indignant farewell on the walls of the mosque, and departed in the dress of a dervish. A fierce satire was left to be delivered to Mahmud after twenty days had passed. This invective stirred the sultan to offer a reward for the capture of the fugitive, but he was already beyond reach. For a while he was sheltered at Bagdad, and won the favor of the caliph by eulogies and other poems. Some of these were intended to conciliate the Moslems, offended at a writer who had devoted his life to the glorification of the Fire-worshipers. Mahmud, who was a nominal subject of the caliph, insisted on the surrender of Firdausi. The latter therefore went to Kohistan, the governor of which had been a friend of his youth. Various intercessors pleaded

in behalf of the poet, and finally Mahmud was induced to offer full reparation for the wrong he had done. But Firdausi, now eighty years old, had returned to his native Tus. There he died 1020 A.D. On the day of his funeral messengers arrived from Mahmud, bearing 100,000 pieces of gold, a robe of honor and a gracious letter of apology. The poet's daughter refused to accept the gift, but his aged sister used it for building the dike and erecting a caravanserai.

The Shahnameh, while accepted in the East as history, is a collection of romantic tales, in which the ingenuity of investigators is taxed to find the kernels of fact. A didactic spirit pervades the whole, and it abounds in maxims and ethical reflections. The history is brought down to the last king of the Sassanid dynasty, who was deprived of his throne by the Arabs in 636 A.D. The Shahnameh was justly called by Sir William Jones, "A glorious monument of Eastern genius and learning." The fame of its author has eclipsed that of the four hundred poets who formed the "Round Table" in Mahmud's magnificent palace.

The extracts given here from the Shahnameh are chiefly from James Atkinson's abridged translation in prose and verse.

Praise of Mahmud.

Praise, praise to Mahmud, who, of like renown
In battle or in banquet, fills the throne!
Lord of the realms of Chin and Hindustan,
Sovereign and lord of Persia and Turan;
With his loud voice he rends the flintiest ear;
On land a tiger fierce, untouched by fear,
And on the wave he seems the crocodile
That prowls amidst the waters of the Nile.
Generous and brave, his equal is unknown;
In deeds of princely worth he stands alone.
The infant in the cradle lisps his name,
The world exults in Mahmud's spotless fame.
In festive hours, Heaven smiles upon his truth;
In contest, deadly as the dragon's tooth;
Bounteous in all things, his exhaustless hand
Diffuses blessings through the grateful land;
And of the noblest thoughts and actions, lord,
The soul of Gabriel breathes in every word.
May Heaven with added glory crown his days!
Praise, praise to mighty Mahmud, everlasting praise!

Invective on Mahmud.

In Mahmud shall we hope to find
One virtue to redeem his mind?
A mind no generous transports fill,
To truth, to faith, to justice chill.
Son of a slave! His diadem
In vain may glow with many a gem.
Exalted high in power and place,
Outbursts the meaness of his race.

Place thou within the spicy nest,
Where the bright Phœnix loves to rest,
A raven's egg—and, mark it well,
When the vile bird has chipped its shell,
Though fed with grains from trees that grow
Where Salesbel's* sweetest waters flow—

* The sacred well at Mecca.

Though airs from Gabriel's wings may rise
To fan the cradle where he lies;
Though long these patient cares endure,
It proves at last a bird impure.
A viper nurtured in a bed,
Where roses all their beauties spread,
Though nourished with the drops alone
Of waves that spring from Allah's throne,
Is still a poisonous reptile found,
And with its venom taints the ground.

This truth our holy Prophet sang—
All things reveal from whence they sprang.
Pass near the merchant's fragrant wares,
Thy robe the scent of amber bears;
Go where the smith his trade pursues,
Thy mantle's folds show dusky hues.
Let not those deeds thy mind amaze
A mean and worthless man displays.
An Ethiop's skin becomes not white;
Thou canst not change the clouds of night.
What poet shall attempt to sing
The praises of a vicious king?

Hadst thou, degenerate prince, but shown
One single virtue as thy own,
Had honor, faith, adorned thy brow,
My fortunes had not sunk as now;
But thou hadst gloried in my fame,
And built thyself a deathless name.
O Mahmud, though thou fear'st me not,
Heaven's vengeance will not be forgot.
Shrink, tyrant, from my words of fire,
And tremble at a poet's ire.

Jemshid the Wanderer.

Jemshid, the wisest and most powerful of the ancient kings of Persia, indulged in such pride and vain-glory that God drove him from his throne. After years of wandering he arrived at the city of Zabul in the spring season, when the roses were in bloom; and it so happened that the park of King Gureng was in the way, and also that his daughter was amusing herself there

at the time. Jemshid proceeded in that direction, but the keepers of the garden would not allow him to pass, and therefore, fatigued and dispirited, he sat down by the garden gate under the shade of a tree. Whilst he was sitting there a slave-girl chanced to come out of the park, and, observing him, was surprised at his melancholy and forlorn condition. She said to him involuntarily: "Who art thou?" And Jemshid, lifting his eyes, replied:—"I was once possessed of wealth and lived in great affluence, but I am now abandoned by fortune, and have come from a distant country. Would to heaven I could be blessed with a few cups of wine; my fatigue and affliction might then be relieved." The girl smiled, and returned hastily to the princess, and told her that a young man, wearied with traveling, was sitting at the garden gate, whose countenance was more lovely even than that of her mistress, and who requested to have a few cups of wine. When the damsel heard such high praise of the stranger's features she was exceedingly pleased, and said: "He asks only for wine, but I will give him both wine and music, and a beautiful mistress beside."

This saying, she repaired towards the gate
In motion graceful as the waving cypress,
Attended by her handmaid; seeing him,
She thought he was a warrior of Iran
With spreading shoulders, and his loins well bound.
His visage pale as the pomegranate flower,
He looked like light in darkness. Warm emotions
Rose in her heart, and softly thus she spoke:
"Grief-broken stranger, rest thee underneath
These shady bowers; if wine can make thee glad,
Enter this pleasant place, and drink thy fill."

Jemshid looked at her thoughtfully, and hesitated; and she said to him: "Why do you hesitate? I am permitted by my father to do what I please, and my heart is my own."

"Stranger, my father is the monarch mild
Of Zabulistan, and I his only child;
On me is all his fond affection shown;
My wish is his, on me he dotes alone."

Jemshid was not disposed to comply with her entreaty; but contemplating again her lovely face, his heart became enamored, when she took him by the hand and led him along the beautiful walks.

With dignity and elegance she passed—
As moves the mountain partridge through the meads;
Her tresses richly falling to her feet,
And filling with perfume the softened breeze.

In their promenade they arrived at the basin of a fountain, near which they seated themselves upon royal carpets, and the damsel having placed Jemshid in such a manner that they might face each other, she called for music and wine.

But first the rose-cheeked handmaids gathered round,
And washed obsequiously the stranger's feet;
Then on the margin of the silvery lake
Attentive sat.

The youth, after this, readily took the wine and refreshments which were ordered by the princess.

Three cups he drank with eager zest,
Three cups of ruby wine;
Which banished sorrow from his breast,
For memory left no sign
Of past affliction; not a trace
Remained upon his heart, or smiling face.

Whilst he was drinking, the princess observed his peculiar action and elegance of manner, and instantly said in her heart: "This must be a king!" She then offered him some food, as he had come a long journey, and from a distant land, but he only asked for more wine. "Is your fondness for wine so great?" said she. And he replied:

"Whilst drinking wine I never see
The frowning face of my enemy;
Drink freely of the grape, and nought
Can give the soul one mournful thought;
Wine is a bride of witching power,
And wisdom is her marriage dower;
Wine can the purest joy impart,
Wine inspires the saddest heart;
Wine gives cowards valor's rage,
Wine gives youth to tottering age;
Wine gives vigor to the weak,
And crimson to the pallid cheek;
And dries up sorrow, as the sun
Absorbs the dew it shines upon."

From the voice and eloquence of the speaker she now conjectured that this certainly must be King Jemshid, to whom her nurse had prophesied she should be married.

Two ring-doves, a male and female, happened to alight on the garden wall near the fountain where they were sitting, and began billing and cooing in amorous play, so that seeing them together in such soft intercourse, blushes overspread the cheeks of the princess, who immediately called for her bow and arrows. When they were brought she said to Jemshid, "Point out which of them I shall hit, and I will bring it to the ground." Jemshid replied: "Where a man is, a woman's aid is not required—give me the bow, and mark my skill;

> However brave a woman may appear,
> Whatever strength of arm she may possess,
> She is but half a man!"

The damsel abashed turned her head aside, and gave him the bow. Her heart was full of love. Jemshid took the bow, and selecting a feathered arrow out of her hand, said:—"Now for a wager. If I hit the female, shall the lady whom I most admire in this company be mine?" The damsel assented. Jemshid drew the string, and the arrow struck the female dove so skilfully as to to transfix both the wings, and pin them together. The male ring-dove flew away, but moved by natural affection it soon returned, and settled on the same spot as before. The bow was said to be so strong that there was not a warrior in the whole kingdom who could even draw the string; and when the damsel witnessed the dexterity of the stranger, and the ease with which he used the weapon, she thought within her heart, "I am certain that this can be no other than the King Jemshid, the son of Tahumers, called the Binder of Demons." Then she took the bow from the hand of Jemshid, and observed: "The male bird has returned to its former place; if my aim be successful shall the man whom I choose in this company be my husband?" Jemshid instantly understood her meaning. At that moment her Kabul nurse appeared, and the young princess communicated to her all that had occurred. The nurse leisurely examined Jemshid from head to foot with a slave-purchaser's eye, and knew him, and said to her mistress,—"All that I saw in thy horoscope and foretold, is now in the course of fulfillment. God has brought Jemshid hither to be thy spouse. Be not regardless of thy good fortune, and the Almighty will bless thee with a son, who will be the con-

queror of the world. The signs and tokens of thy destiny I have already explained."

And now a picture of Jemshid was brought to the princess from her father's gallery. Finding the resemblance exact, she put it into Jemshid's hand. But the wanderer, being reminded of his past glory and happiness, burst into tears.

The princess said to him: "Why at the commencement of our friendship dost thou weep? Art thou unhappy? and am I the cause?" Jemshid replied: "No, it is simply this; those who have feeling, and pity the sufferings of others, weep involuntarily. I pity the misfortunes of Jemshid, driven as he is by adversity from the splendor of a throne, and reduced to a state of destitution and ruin. But he must now be dead; devoured, perhaps, by the wolves and lions of the forest." The nurse and princess, however, were convinced, from the sweetness of his voice and discourse, that he could be no other than Jemshid himself, and taking him aside, they said: "Speak truly, art thou not Jemshid?" But he denied himself. Again they observed: "What says this picture?" To this he replied: "Is it not possible that I may be like Jemshid in feature; for surely there may be in the world two men like each other?" And notwithstanding all the efforts made by the damsel and her nurse to induce Jemshid to confess, he still resolutely denied himself. Several times she assured him she would keep his secret, if he had one, but that she was certain of his being Jemshid. Still he denied himself. "This nurse of mine, whom thou seest," said she, "has often repeated to me the good tidings that I should be united to Jemshid, and bear him a son. My heart instinctively acknowledged thee at first sight: then wherefore this denial of the truth? Many kings have solicited my hand in marriage, but all have been rejected, as I am destined to be thine, and united to no other." Dismissing now all her attendants, she remained with the nurse and Jemshid, and then resumed:

> "How long hath sleep forsaken me? how long
> Hath my fond heart been kept awake by love?
> Hope still upheld me—give me one kind look,
> And I will sacrifice my life for thee;
> Come, take my life, for it is thine for ever."

Saying this, the damsel began to weep, and shedding a flood of tears, tenderly reproached him for not acknowledging the truth. Jemshid was at length moved by her affection and sorrow,

and thus addressed her:—"There are two considerations which at present prevent the truth being told. One of them is my having a powerful enemy, and Heaven forbid that he should obtain information of my place of refuge. The other is, I never intrust my secrets to a woman!

Fortune I dread, since fortune is my foe,
And womankind are seldom known to keep
Another's secret. To be poor and safe,
Is better far than wealth exposed to peril."
To this the princess: "Is it so decreed,
That every woman has two tongues, two hearts?
All false alike, their tempers all the same?
No, no! could I disloyally betray thee?
I who still love thee better than my life?"

But Jemshid found it impossible to resist the damsel's incessant entreaties and persuasive tenderness. Vanquished by the warmth of her affections, he told her his name, and the history of his misfortunes. She then ardently seized his hand, overjoyed at the disclosure, and taking him privately to her own chamber, they were married according to the customs of her country.

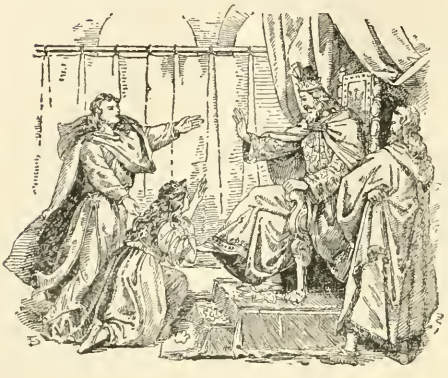
When Gureng the king found that his daughter had married without his permission, he was in great wrath.

"What hast thou done, ungrateful child?
Why hast thou flung, in evil day,
Thy veil of modesty away?
That cheek the bloom of spring displayed,
Now all is withered, all decayed;
But daughters, as the wise declare,
Are ever false, if they be fair."

Incensed at words so sharp and strong,
The damsel thus repelled the wrong:—
"Me, father, canst thou justly blame?
I never, never, brought thee shame;
With me can sin and crime accord,
When Jemshid is my wedded lord?"

After this precipitate avowal, the Kabul nurse took up her defense, and informed the king that the prophecy she had formerly communicated to him was on the point of fulfillment, and that the Almighty having, in the course of destiny, brought Jemshid into his kingdom, the princess would shortly become a mother.

And now the damsel grovels on the ground
Before King Gureng. "Well thou know'st," she cries
"From me no evil comes. Whether in arms,
Or at the banquet, honor guides me still:
And well thou know'st thy royal will pronounced
That I should be unfettered in my choice,
And free to take the husband I preferred.
This I have done; and to the greatest king
The world can boast, my fortunes are united,
To Jemshid, the most perfect of mankind."



With this explanation the king expressed abundant and unusual satisfaction. His complacence, however, did not arise from the marriage, but from the opportunity it afforded him of betraying Jemshid, and treacherously sending him bound to the usurper Zohak in the hope of being magnificently rewarded. Exulting with this anticipation, he said to her smiling:

"Glad tidings thou hast given to me,
My glory owes its birth to thee;
I bless the day, and bless the hour,
Which placed this Jemshid in my power.
Now to Zohak, a captive bound,
I send the wanderer thou hast found;
For he who charms the monarch's eyes,
With this long-sought, this noble prize,
On solemn word and oath, obtains
A wealthy kingdom for his pains."

On hearing these cruel words the damsel wept before her father, and said to him: "Oh, be not accessory to the murder of such a king! Wealth and kingdoms pass away, but a bad name remains till the day of doom.

Turn thee, my father, from this dreadful thought,
And save his sacred blood: let not thy name
Be syllabled with horror through the world,
For such an act as this. When foes are slain,

It is enough, but keep the sword away
From friends and kindred; shun domestic crime;
Fear him who giveth life, and strength, and power,
For goodness is most blessed. On the day
Of judgment thou wilt then be unappalled.
But if determined to divide us, first
Smite off this head, and let thy daughter die."

So deep and violent was the grief of the princess, and her lamentations so unceasing, that the father became softened into compassion, and, on her account, departed from the resolution he had made. He even promised to furnish Jemshid with possessions, with treasure, and an army, and requested her to give him the consolation he required, adding that he would see him in the morning in his garden.

The heart-alluring damsel instant flew
To tell the welcome tidings to her lord.

Next day King Gureng proceeded to the garden, and had an interview with Jemshid, to whom he expressed the warmest favor and affection; but notwithstanding all he said, Jemshid could place no confidence in his professions, and was anxious to escape. He therefore fled from the court. But he was arrested in his wandering by an envoy from Zohak. Being delivered to the usurper, he was sawn asunder.

The Flying Throne.

Being safe now from foreign and domestic enemies, King Kaus turned his attention to pursuits very different from war and conquest; he directed the Demons to construct two splendid palaces on the mountain Alberz, and separate mansions for the accommodation of his household, which he decorated in the most magnificent manner. All the buildings were beautifully arranged, both for convenience and pleasure. Gold and silver and precious stones were used so lavishly, and the brilliancy produced by their combined effect was so great, that night and day appeared to be the same.

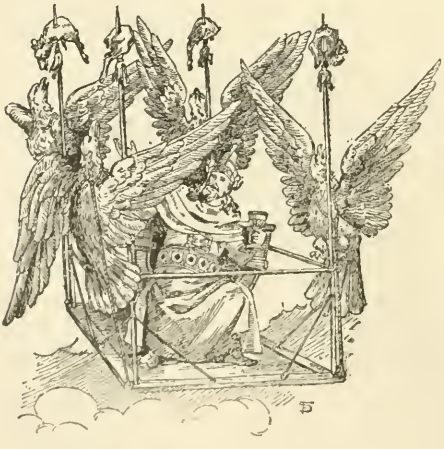
Iblis, ever active, observing the vanity and ambition of the king, was not long in taking advantage of the circumstance, and he soon persuaded the Demons to enter into his schemes. Accordingly one of them, disguised as a domestic servant, was instructed

to present a nosegay to Kaus; and after respectfully kissing the ground, say to him:

Thou art great as king can be,
Boundless in thy majesty;
What is all this earth to thee,
All beneath the sky?
Peris, mortals, demons, hear
Thy commanding voice with fear;
Thou art Lord of all things here;
But—thou canst not fly!

That remains for thee; to know
Things above, as things below,—
How the planets roll;
How the sun his light displays,
How the moon darts forth her rays;
How the nights succeed the days;
What the secret cause betrays,
And who directs the whole!

This artful address of the Demon satisfied Kaus of the imperfection of his nature, and the enviable power which he had yet to obtain. To him, therefore, it became a matter of deep concern how he might be enabled to ascend the heavens without wings, and for that purpose he consulted his astrologers, who presently suggested a way in which his desire might be accomplished.



They contrived to rob an eagle's nest of its young, which they reared with great care, supplying them well with invigorating food, till they grew large and strong. A frame-work of aloes-wood was then prepared; and at each of the four corners was fixed perpendicularly a javelin, surmounted on the point with flesh of a goat. At each corner again one of the eagles was bound, and in the middle Kaus was seated in great pomp, with a goblet of wine before him. As soon as the eagles became hungry, they endeavored to get at the goat's flesh upon the javelins, and by

flapping their wings and flying upwards, they quickly raised up the throne from the ground. Hunger still pressing them, and still being distant from their prey, they ascended higher and higher in the clouds, conveying the astonished king far beyond his own country. But after long and fruitless exertion their strength failed them, and unable to keep their way, the whole fabric came tumbling down from the sky, and fell upon a dreary solitude in the kingdom of Chin. There Kaus was left, a prey to hunger, alone and in utter despair, until he was discovered by a band of Demons, whom his anxious ministers had sent forth.

Rustem and Gudarz and Tus at length heard of what had befallen the king, and with feelings of sorrow, not unmixed with indignation, set off to his assistance. "Since I was born," said Gudarz, "never did I see such a man as Kaus. He seems to be entirely destitute of reason and understanding; always in distress and affliction. This is the third calamity in which he has wantonly involved himself. First at Mazinderan, then at Hamaveran, and now he is being punished for attempting to discover the secrets of the heavens!" When they reached the wilderness into which Kaus had fallen, Gudarz repeated to him the same observations, candidly telling him that he was fitter for a madhouse than a throne, and exhorting him to be satisfied with his lot and be obedient to God, the creator of all things. The miserable king was softened to tears and acknowledged his folly. As soon as he was escorted back to his palace, he shut himself up, remaining forty days unseen, prostrating himself in shame and repentance. After that he recovered his spirits, and resumed the administration of affairs with his former liberality, clemency, and justice, almost rivaling the glory of Feridun and Jemshid.

Rustem and Sohrab.

Rustem was the national hero of Persia. He was the son of Jemshid and King Gureng's daughter. While on a hunting expedition in Turan he was married to Tahmineh, the king's daughter. When he returned to Persia he told his wife to send him word if she bore a son. But she, fearing that the son would be taken from her, sent a message that it was a daughter. Her son grew rapidly and was trained to martial exercises. At the age of fifteen he took the field, and was soon marching against King Kaus of Persia.

The accounts of Sohrab's amazing prowess filled Kaus with alarm, and the warrior Giv was forthwith deputed to Zabulistan

to call Rustem to his aid. The letter ran thus: "A youthful warrior, named Sohrab, has invaded Persia from Turan, and thou alone art able to avert his destructive progress;

> "Thou art the sole support of Persia; thou—
> Endued with nerve of more than human power;
> Thou art the conqueror of Mazinderan;
> And at Hamaveran thou didst restore
> The king to liberty and life; thy sword
> Makes the sun weep; thy glorious actions fling
> Unequaled splendor o'er the kingly throne."

When the letter was received, Rustem inquired anxiously about Sohrab, whom Giv described as being like the heroes Sam and Nariman. This made him ponder, and he thought it might be his own son; but he recollected Tahmineh had written from Samengan, that her child was a daughter!

Although Giv repeated the commands of the king that no time should be lost, Rustem, regardless of the summons, called for wine and music, and made a feast, which continued seven days. On the eighth he said, "This too must be a day of festivity;" and it was not till the ninth that he ordered Rakush to be saddled for the journey. He then departed with his brother Zuara and the Zabul troops, and at length arrived at the royal court. Kaus was in great indignation at the delay that had occurred, and directed both Rustem and Giv to be impaled alive for the offence they had committed in not attending to his instructions. Tus was commanded to execute this order; but when he stretched out his hand towards Rustem, the champion dashed it aside. Retiring from the assembly, and vaulting upon his horse, he thus addressed the king:

> "Weak and insensate! take not to thy breast
> Devouring fire; thy latest actions still
> Outdo the past in baseness. Go thyself,
> And, if thou canst, impale Sohrab alive!
> When wrath inflames my heart, what is Kaus?
> What, but a clod of earth? Him must I dread?
> No, to the Almighty power alone I bend.
> The warriors of the empire sought to place
> The crown upon my head; but I was faithful,
> And held the kingdom's laws and customs sacred.
> Had I looked to the throne, thou would'st not now
> Have had the power with which thou art surrounded,

To injure one who is thy safest friend.
But I deserve it all; for I have ever,
Ungrateful monarch! done thee signal service."

Saying this, Rustem withdrew. As he went away, the hearts of all the courtiers and warriors sank, with dread of the ruin of the empire. But Gudarz, being in great favor with the king, was able to appease the blind anger of Kaus. He also followed Rustem and said to him:

"Thou know'st that Kaus is a brainless king,
Wayward, capricious, and to anger prone;
But quickly he repents, and now he seeks
For reconciliation. If thou'rt deaf
To this good change in him, and nourishest
The scorn he has inspired, assuredly
The people of our nation will be butchered;
For who can now resist the Tartar band?
Persia again will groan beneath the yoke
Of the Turanian despot. Must it be?
Have pity on thy countrymen, and never
Let it be bruited through the scornful world,
That Rustem feared to fight a beardless boy!"

The speech of Gudarz had effect, and the champion returned to the court of the king; who, rising from his throne, received him with the highest honor, and apologized for the anger into which he had been betrayed.

"Wrathful and wayward in my disposition,
I felt impatient at the long delay;
But now I see my error, and repentance
Must, for that insult unprovoked, atone."

Rustem assured the king of his allegiance, and of his readiness to undertake whatever might be desired of him; but Kaus said: "To-day let us feast; to-morrow we will fight." Having feasted all night, in the morning Kaus placed all his warriors and his army under the command of Rustem, who immediately set off to oppose the progress of Sohrab.

When the stripling from the top of the fort first observed the approach of the Persians, he said to Human, "Look, on every side at the coming legions;" at which the Tartar chief turned pale. But the youth added, "Fear not, by the favor of Heaven I will soon disperse them." He then called for a goblet of wine,

full of confidence in his own might, and in the result of the expected battle. Descending from the walls, he proceeded to his pavilion, pitched on the plain in front of the fort, and sat in pomp among the chiefs of the Turanian army.

Rustem repaired thither secretly, and in disguise, to observe his formidable enemy, and beheld him sitting drinking wine surrounded by great chiefs and heroes. Zindeh, a warrior, retiring from the banquet, saw a shadow, and going nearer to the spot, found a man in ambush. He said, "Who art thou?" when Rustem struck him a blow on the neck, which stretched him lifeless on the ground, and effected his escape. In a few minutes came another person, who, seeing the body, brought a light, and discovered it to be Zindeh. When the fact was communicated to Sohrab, the youth well knew that it must have been the work of the enemy, who had secretly entered his pavilion, and he solemnly vowed that next day he would be revenged on the Persians, and especially on Kaus, wherever he might be found.

In the meantime Rustem described to Kaus the appearance and splendor of Sohrab:

> "In stature perfect, as the cypress tree,
> No Tartar ever boasted such a presence;
> Turan, and even Persia, can not show
> A hero of his bold and gallant bearing;
> Seeing his form thou would'st at once declare
> That he is Sam, the warrior; so majestic
> In mien and action!"

When morning dawned, Sohrab took the captive warrior Hujir to the top of the fortress, and promised to release him if he would answer truly what he had to ask. He inquired: "To whom belongs that pavilion surrounded by elephants?" Hujir replied, —"It belongs to King Kaus." Sohrab resumed—"To whom belongs the tent on the right?"—"To the warrior Tus." "To whom, then, belongs that crimson pavilion?"—"To Gudarz." "Whose is that green pavilion, with the Gavani banner flying over it, and in which a throne is seen?" Hujir knew that this was Rustem's tent; but he reflected that if he told the truth, Sohrab might in his wrath attack the champion unprepared, and slay him; better it would be, he thought, to deny his being present, and accordingly he said: "That tent belongs to the chief of the troops sent by the Emperor of Chin in aid of King Kaus." "Dost thou know his name?"—"No, I do not."

Sohrab meditated, "I see here the plain indications of Rustem's presence, which my mother gave me; why am I deceived?" He again questioned Hujir, and received the same answer. "Then where is Rustem's tent?" he asked, impatiently. "It appears that he has not yet arrived from Zabulistan."

> At this the stripling's heart was sunk in grief;
> The tokens which his mother gave, were all
> Conspicuous; yet his father was denied;
> So Fate decreed it. Still he lingering hoped
> By further question and encouragement,
> To win the important secret from Hujir.

Again he said, with persuasive gentleness, "Look well around; try if thou canst find the tent of Rustem, and thou shalt be richly rewarded for thy trouble." "Rustem's tent may be in some degree similar to that; but it is not Rustem's." Hujir then went on in praise of the champion, and said:

> "When roused to fury in the battle-field,
> What is a man, an elephant, or pard;
> The strength of five-score valiant men exceeds not
> Rustem's unwearied nerve and towering frame."

Then Sohrab said to him: "Why dost thou praise Rustem in this manner to me? Where hast thou seen the strife of heroes?" Hujir become alarmed, and thought within himself, if I point out Rustem's tent, no doubt he will be killed by this ambitious youth, and then there will be no one to defend the Persian throne. Sohrab continued with emotion: "Point out to me the tent of Rustem this moment, or thou shalt die!" Hujir again paused, and said within himself: "More honorable will it be to save the lives of Rustem and Kaus than my own. What is my life compared to theirs?—Nothing!" He then said aloud:—"Why thus seek for a pretext to shed my blood? Why these pretenses, since my life is in thy power?" Sohrab turned from him in despair, and, descending from the rampart on which he stood, arrayed himself in armor, and prepared for battle.

His first object was to attack the centre, where Kaus was posted; thither he proceeded, and called out aloud: "I have sworn to be revenged on Kaus for the murder of Zindeh; if he has any honor let him meet me in single combat." Sohrab stood alone on the plain, firm as the mountain Alberz, and such terror had seized upon the hearts of the warriors, that not a man had

courage enough to advance a step against him. After a short space Sohrab called out again: "The king cannot be excused. It is not the custom of kings to be without honor, or to skulk away like foxes from the power of lions in battle. O Kaus, wherefore dost thou hesitate to enter the field?"

Kaus was appalled by the insulting boldness of the youth, and called to his friends to inform Rustem of the dilemma into which he was thrown, and the panic of his warriors, who seemed deprived of their senses. But Rustem had resolved not to fight on that day. "Let another chief," said he "oppose the Tartar, and when he is overthrown it will be my turn." Kaus then sent Tus to urge him to comply, and the champion being made acquainted with the distress and terror of the king, hurried on his armor and left his tent. On the way he said to himself: "This enemy must be of the demon-breed; otherwise why should the warriors be afraid to oppose him?" Then throwing aside all apprehension on his own account, and, placing his trust in God, he appeared before Sohrab, who invited him to go to a little distance and fight apart from the beholders. The invitation being accepted, Sohrab said: "No mortal has power to resist this arm—thou must perish!" "Why this boasting? Thou art but a child, and where hast thou seen the conflicts of the valiant? I am myself an old experienced warrior; I slew the White Demon and all his Demon-host, and neither lion, nor dragon, nor tiger, can escape from me.

"Compassion rises in my heart,
I cannot slay thee—let us part!
Thy youth, thy gallantry demand
A different fate than murderous brand."

"Perhaps," replied Sohrab, "thou art Rustem!" "No, I am only the servant of Rustem."

At first the two combatants fought with spears, which were soon shivered to pieces; then with swords, which became hacked like saws, and then with clubs. So fiercely did they contend that their mail was torn in pieces, their weapons bent, and their horses almost exhausted. Blood and sweat poured down on the ground as they struggled, and their throats were parched with thirst. Both stood still for a while to breathe. Rustem said to himself: "I never saw man or Demon with such activity and strength;" and Sohrab thus addressed the champion gaily, "When thou art ready, come and try the effects of bow and arrow!" They then engaged with bows and arrows, but without any decisive result.

Afterwards they used their hands and arms in wrestling, and Rustem applied as much force as might have shaken a mountain, to raise Sohrab from the ground, but he could not move him. Sohrab then endeavored to lift his antagonist, but in vain. Both were satisfied, and forsook each other's hold. Sohrab, however, had recourse to his mace, and struck a heavy blow on the head of Rustem, who reeled with the pain it inflicted. The laughing stripling, in consequence, spoke tauntingly to him, and Rustem said, "Night is coming on, we will resume the battle to-morrow." Sohrab replied, "Go, I have given thee enough, I will now let Kaus feel the sharpness of my sword!" At the same moment that he proceeded against the Persian king, Rustem galloped forward to be revenged on the Turanians. But in the midst of his career, the unprotected situation of Kaus struck his mind, and returning to his own army, he found that Sohrab had slain a number of his warriors, and was still committing great havoc. Rustem called to him, and said, "Let there be a truce to-night; but if thou art still for war, oppose thyself to me alone!" Sohrab was himself weary, and closed with the first proposal. Both accordingly retired to their tents.

In the night Kaus sent for Rustem, and observed, that during the whole period of his life he had never witnessed or heard of such overwhelming valor as had been exhibited by the young invader; to which Rustem replied, "I know not, but he seems to be formed of iron. I have fought him with sword, and arrow, and mace, and he is still unhurt. In the warrior's art he is my superior, and Heaven knows what may be the result to-morrow." Having retired to his own place of rest, Rustem passed the night in petitions to the Almighty. To his brother Zuara he said, "Alas! I have felt that the power of this youth's arm is prodigious. Should anything untoward happen in the ensuing fight, go immediately to Zal, and think not of opposition to this triumphant Tartar, for certainly the whole of Persia will fall under his control."

Meanwhile Sohrab, having returned to his tent, said to Human, "This old man has the strength and the port of Rustem; God forbid that, if the signs which my mother gave be true, he should prove my father!" Human said in answer: "I have often seen Rustem, and I know him; but this is not the champion of Persia—and though his horse is like Rakush, it is not the same." From this declaration of Human, Sohrab felt assured that this was not Rustem.

As soon as the morning dawned the noble combatants took places opposite each other. But when the eye of Sohrab fell upon Rustem, an instinctive feeling of affection rose in his heart, and he wished to close the contest in peace.

> "Let us together sit and shun the strife,
> Which sternly seeks each other's valued life;
> Let others mix in fight, whilst we agree,
> And yield our hearts to peace and amity.
> Affection fills my breast with hopes and fears,
> For thee my cheeks are overflowed with tears;
> How have I ceaseless sought to know thy name,
> Oh, tell it now, thou man of mighty fame."

To this address Rustem replied, that the words of the preceding evening were of a different import, and the agreement was to wrestle to-day. "I am not," said he, "a person of trick or artifice, nor a child, as thou art, but I am prepared to wrestle with thee." Sohrab, finding every effort fruitless, all his hopes disappointed, and his views frustrated at every step, dismounted and prepared for the contest. Rustem was already on foot, tightening his girdle previous to the struggle.

> Like lions they together tugged, and strained
> Their sinewy limbs;—and from their bodies flowed
> Streams of red blood and sweat. Sohrab, with force
> Equal to a mad elephant's, raised up
> The champion, and upon the sandy plain
> Dashed him down backward. Then upon his breast
> Fierce as a tiger on a prostrate elk,
> He sat all ready to lop off the head.

But Rustem called out in time, and said, "According to the custom of my country, the first time a combatant in wrestling is thrown, his head is not severed from his body, but only after the second fall." As soon as Sohrab heard these words, he returned his dagger into the sheath, and allowed his antagonist to rise.

When the youth returned to his tent, and told Human what he had done, the Turanian chief lamented deeply the thoughtlessness of his conduct. "To ensnare the lion," said he, "and then set him at liberty to devour thee, was certainly foolish!" But Sohrab said, "He is still in my power, being inferior to me in skill and strength, and to-morrow I shall be able to command the same advantage." Human replied, "The wise never look upon an enemy as weak and contemptible!"

When Rustem had escaped from the battle with Sohrab, he purified himself with water,, and prostrated himself all night in devotion to the Almighty, praying that his former strength and power might be vouchsafed to him.

The Death of Sohrab.

'Again they met. A glow of youthful grace
Diffused its radiance o'er the stripling's face,
And when he saw, in renovated guise,
The foe so lately mastered; with surprise
He cried—"What! rescued from my power, again
Dost thou confront me on the battle plain?
Or dost thou wearied draw thy vital breath,
And seek, from warrior bold, the shaft of death?
Truth has no charms for thee, old man; even now,
Some further cheat may lurk upon thy brow;
Twice have I shown thee mercy, twice thy age
Hath been thy safety—twice it soothed my rage."
Then mild the Champion: "Youth is proud and vain.
The idle boast a warrior would disdain;
This aged arm perhaps may yet control
The wanton fury that inflames thy soul!"
Again, dismounting, each the other viewed
With sullen glance, and swift the fight renewed;
Clenched front to front, again they tug and bend,
Twist their broad limbs as every nerve would rend;
With rage convulsive Rustem grasps him round;
Bends his strong back, and hurls him to the ground;
Him, who had deemed the triumph all his own;
But dubious of his power to keep him down,
Like lightning quick he gives the deadly thrust,
And spurns the stripling weltering in the dust
—Thus as his blood that shining steel imbrues,
Thine too shall flow, when Destiny pursues;
For when she marks the victim of her power,
A thousand daggers speed the dying hour.
Writhing with pain Sohrab in murmurs sighed—
And thus to Rustem—"Vaunt not in thy pride;
Upon myself this sorrow have I brought,
Thou but the instrument of fate—which wrought
My downfall; thou art guiltless—guiltless quite;

Oh! had I seen my father in the fight,
My glorious father! Life will soon be o'er,
And his great deeds enchant my soul no more!
Of him my mother gave the mark and sign,
For him I sought, and what an end is mine!
My only wish on earth, my constant sigh,
Him to behold, and with that wish I die.
But hope not to elude his piercing sight,
In vain for thee the deepest glooms of night;
Couldst thou through Ocean's depths for refuge fly,
Or midst the star-beams track the upper sky!
Rustem, with vengeance armed, will reach thee there,
His soul the prey of anguish and despair."

An icy horror chills the Champion's heart,
His brain whirls round with agonizing smart;
O'er his wan cheek no gushing sorrows flow,
Senseless he sinks beneath the weight of woe;
Relieved at length, with frenzied look, he cries:
"Prove thou art mine, confirm my doubting eyes!
For I am Rustem!" Piercing was the groan,
Which burst from his torn heart—as wild and lone,

He gazed upon him. Dire amazement shook
The dying youth, and mournful thus he spoke:
"If thou art Rustem, cruel is thy part,
No warmth paternal seems to fill thy heart;
Else hadst thou known me when, with strong desire,
I fondly claimed thee for my valiant sire;
Now from my body strip the shining mail,
Untie these bands ere life and feeling fail,
And on my arm the direful proof behold!
Thy sacred bracelet of refulgent gold!
When the loud brazen drums were heard afar,
And, echoing round, proclaimed the pending war,
Whilst parting tears my mother's eyes o'erflowed,
This mystic gift her bursting heart bestowed:
'Take this,' she said, 'thy father's token wear,
And promised glory will reward thy care.'
The hour is come, but fraught with bitterest woe,
We meet in blood to wail the fatal blow."
The loosened mail unfolds the bracelet bright,
Unhappy gift! to Rustem's wildered sight;
Prostrate he falls—"By my unnatural hand,
My son, my son is slain—and from the land
Uprooted."—Frantic, in the dust, his hair
He rends in agony and deep despair;
The western sun had disappeared in gloom,
And still the Champion wept his cruel doom;
His wondering legions marked the long delay,
And, seeing Rakush riderless astray,
The rumor quick to Persia's Monarch spread,
And there described the mighty Rustem dead.
Kaus, alarmed, the fatal tidings hears;
His bosom quivers with increasing fears.
"Speed, speed, and see what has befallen to-day
To cause these groans and tears—what fatal fray!
If he be lost, if breathless on the ground,
And this young warrior with the conquest crowned—
Then must I, humbled, from my kingdom torn,
Wander like Jemshid through the world forlorn."
The army roused rushed o'er the dusty plain,
Urged by the Monarch to revenge the slain;
Wild consternation saddened every face.
Tus, winged with horror, sought the fatal place,

And there beheld the agonizing sight,—
The murderous end of that unnatural fight.
Sohrab, still breathing, hears the shrill alarms,
His gentle speech suspends the clang of arms:
"My light of life now fluttering sinks in shade,
Let vengeance sleep, and peaceful vows be made.
Beseech the King to spare this Tartar host,
For they are guiltless, all to them is lost;
I led them on, their souls with glory fired,
While mad ambition all my thoughts inspired.
In search of thee, the world before my eyes,
War was my choice, and thou the sacred prize;
With thee, my sire! in virtuous league combined,
No tyrant King should persecute mankind.
That hope is past—the storm has ceased to rave—
My ripening honors wither in the grave;
Then let no vengeance on my comrades fall;
Mine was the guilt, and mine the sorrow, all;
How often have I sought thee—oft my mind
Portrayed thee to my sight—o'erjoyed to find
My mother's token; disappointment came,
When thou deniedst thy lineage and thy name;
Oh! still o'er thee my soul impassioned hung,
Still to my Father fond affection clung!
But fate, remorseless, all my hopes withstood,
And stained thy reeking hands in kindred blood."
His faltering breath protracted speech denied:
Still from his eyelids flowed a gushing tide;
Through Rustem's soul redoubled horror ran,
Heart-rending thoughts subdued the mighty man.
And now, at last, with joy-illumined eye,
The Zabul bands their glorious Chief descry;
But when they saw his pale and haggard look,
Knew from what mournful cause he gazed and shook,
With downcast mien they moaned and wept aloud;
While Rustem thus addressed the weeping crowd:
"Here ends the war! let gentle peace succeed,
Enough of death, I—I have done the deed!"
Then to his brother, groaning deep, he said—
"Oh, what a curse upon a parent's head!
But go—and to the Tartar say—No more
Let war between us steep the earth with gore."

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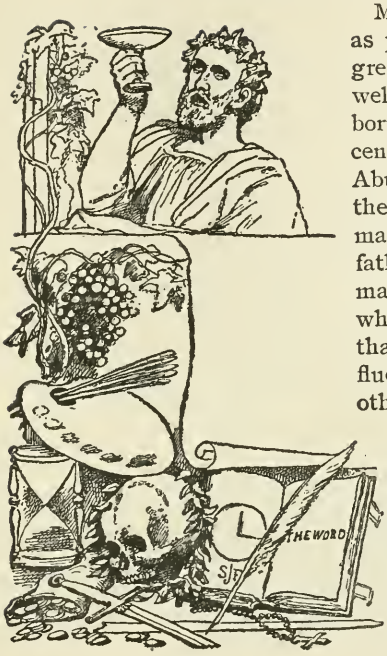
Then to his dying son the Champion turned,
Remorse more deep within his bosom burned;
A burst of frenzy fired his throbbing brain:
He clenched his sword, but found his fury vain:
The Persian Chiefs the desperate act repressed,
And tried to calm the tumult in his breast:
Thus Gudarz spoke—"Alas! wert thou to give
Thyself a thousand wounds, and cease to live;
What would it be to him thou sorrowest o'er?
It would not save one pang—then weep no more;
For if removed by death, O say, to whom
Has ever been vouchsafed a different doom?
All are the prey of death—the crowned, the low,
And man, through life, the victim still of woe."
Then Rustem: "Fly! and to the king relate
The pressing horrors which involve my fate;
And if the memory of my deeds e'er swayed
His mind, Oh, supplicate his generous aid;
A sovereign balm he has, whose wondrous power
All wounds can heal, and fleeting life restore;
Swift from his tent the potent medicine bring."
But mark the malice of the brainless king!
Hard as the flinty rock, he stern denies
The healthful draught, and gloomy thus replies:
"Can I forgive his foul and slanderous tongue?
The sharp disdain on me contemptuous flung?
Scorned 'midst my army by a shameless boy,
Who sought my throne, my sceptre, to destroy!
Nothing but mischief from his heart can flow;
Is it, then, wise to cherish such a foe?
The fool who warms his enemy to life,
Only prepares for scenes of future strife."
Gudarz, returning, told the hopeless tale—
And thinking Rustem's presence might prevail;
The Champion rose, but ere he reached the throne,
Sohrab had breathed the last expiring groan.
Now keener anguish rack'd the father's mind,
Reft of his son, a murderer of his kind;
His guilty sword distained with filial gore,
He beat his burning breast, his hair he tore:
The breathless corpse before his shuddering view,
A shower of ashes o'er his head he threw;

"In my old age," he cried, "what have I done?
Why have I slain my son, my innocent son?
Why o'er his splendid dawning did I roll
The clouds of death,—and plunge my burthened soul
In agony? My son! from heroes sprung!
Better these hands were from my body wrung;
And solitude and darkness, deep and drear,
Fold me from sight than hated linger here.
But when his mother hears, with horror wild,
That I have shed the life-blood of her child,
So nobly brave, so dearly loved in vain,
How can her heart that rending shock sustain?"

Now on a bier the Persian warriors place
The breathless Youth, and shade his pallid face;
And turning from that fatal field away,
Move towards the Champion's home in long array.
Then Rustem, sick of martial pomp and show,
Himself the spring of all this scene of woe,
Doomed to the flames the pageantry he loved,
Shield, spear, and mace, so oft in battle proved;
Now lost to all, encompassed by despair;
His bright pavilion, crackling, blazed in air.
The sparkling throne the ascending column fed;
In smoking fragments fell the golden bed;
The raging fire red glimmering died away,
And all the Warrior's pride in dust and ashes lay.

OMAR KHAYYAM.



MATHEMATICIANS are seldom noted as poets, but Omar Khayyam was a great astronomer and algebraist as well as a polished versifier. He was born at Nishapur early in the eleventh century, his name being Giyathuddin Abulfath Omar. To this was added the surname al-Khayyam, "the tent-maker," that being probably his father's trade. Among his school-mates were Nizam-ulmulk and Hasan, who entered into covenant with him that whichever first gained an influential position should help the others. Nizam-ulmulk became the vizier of Alp Arslan, and made Hasan a chamberlain, while Omar Khayyam accepted a yearly allowance that he might devote himself to his darling mathematics. But though he wrote an Arabic treatise on Algebra, and helped to reform the Mohammedan calendar, his fame as poet has surpassed that as mathematician. He died in 1123 A.D. He is celebrated for his praises of wine, love, and the pleasures of life, and his cutting satires against bigotry and hypocrisy, but still more for his denunciations of inexorable fate which destroys all beauty. His song is a bold lyrical expansion of the text, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry; for to-morrow we die." Pessimists of the present day have found wierd beauty in his polished quatrains, which had repelled many of the earlier Orientalists. Edward Fitzgerald, the friend of Tennyson, devoted much of his time and talent to translating a selection of these verses. Of the four editions of his version, the last and best is here given.

RUBAIYAT.

WAKE! For the Sun who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
  Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

Before the phantom of False morning died,
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
"When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?"

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—"Open then the Door!
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."

Now the New Year* reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the White Hand of Moses† on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the ground suspires.

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup‡ where no one knows;
But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Waters blows.

And David's lips are locked; but in divine
High-piping Pehlevi,§ with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That sallow cheek of hers to incarnadine.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

Whether at Naishapur or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
And this first Summer month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobad away.

* The vernal equinox. † Exodus iv. 6 Here the white blossoms.
‡ Typical of the Seven Heavens. Jamshyd is another form of Jemshid, to whom the Persians ascribe the invention of all arts.
§ An old form of the Persian language.

Well, let it take them! What have we to do
With Kaikobad the Great, or Kaikhosru?
  Let Zal and Rustum bluster as they will,
Or Hatim call to Supper—heed not you.

With me along the strip of Herbage strewn
That just divides the desert from the sown,
  Where name of Slave and Sultan is forgot—
And Peace to Mahmud on his golden Throne!

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
  Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Some for the Glories of this World, and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
  Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

Look to the blowing Rose about us—lo,
Laughing, she says, "Into the world I blow,

At once the silken tassel of my purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahram, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropped in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
To-day of past Regret and future Fears:
To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath pressed,
Have drunk their Cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
  Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
  Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

Alike for those who for To-day prepare,
And those that after some To-morrow stare,
  A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There."

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust
  Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopped with Dust.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
  About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door wherein I went.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
  And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

Into this Universe, and Why not knowing
Nor Whence, like Water willy-nilly flowing;
  And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not Whither, willy-nilly blowing.

What, without asking, hither hurried Whence?
And, without asking, Whither hurried hence!
  Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
  And many a Knot unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see:
  Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me.

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
  Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

Then of the Thee and Me who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
  A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,
As from without—"The Me within Thee blind!"

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn:
  And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—"While you live,
Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall return."

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
  And drink; and Ah! the passive Lip I kiss'd,
How many Kisses might it take—and give!

For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:
  And with its all-obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd—"Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

And has not such a Story from of Old
Down Man's successive generations roll'd
  Of such a cloud of saturated Earth
Cast by the Maker into Human mould?

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw
For Earth to drink of, but may steal below
  To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye
There hidden—far beneath, and long ago.

As then the Tulip for her morning sup
Of Heav'nly Vintage from the soil looks up,
  Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n
To Earth invert you—like an empty Cup.

Perplexed no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
  And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in—Yes;
  Think then you are To-day what Yesterday
You were—To-morrow you shall not be less.

So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
  And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
  Wer't not a Shame—wer't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

'T is but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultan to the realm of Death addressed;
  The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrash
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, and mine, should know the like no more;
  The Eternal Saki from that Bowl has pour'd
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

When You and I behind the Veil are passed,
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
  Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste—
  And lo!—the phantom Caravan has reached
The Nothing it set out from—Oh, make haste!

Would you that spangle of Existence spend
  About the Secret—quick about it, Friend!
  A Hair perhaps divides the False and True,
And upon what, prithee, does Life depend?

A hair perhaps divides the False and True;
Yes; and a single Alif* were the clue—
  Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,
And peradventure to The Master too;

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains;
  Taking all shapes from Mah to Mahi;† and
They change and perish all—but He remains;

A moment guess'd—then back behind the Fold
Immersed of Darkness round the Drama roll'd
  Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,
He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor
Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening Door,
  You gaze To-day, while You are You—how then
To-morrow, when You shall be You no more?

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;
  Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house;
  Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

For "Is" and "Is-not" though with Rule and Line,
And "Up-and-down" by Logic I define,
  Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

Ah, but my Computations, People say,
Reduced the Year to better reckoning.—Nay,
  'T was only striking from the Calendar
Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape
  Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 't was—the Grape!

* First letter of the alphabet. † From fish to moon.

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute.
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal can into Gold transmute:

The mighty Mahmud, Allah-breathing Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

Why, be this juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,
To fill the Cup—when crumbled into Dust!

O threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain—This Life flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who,
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,
Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep,
They told their comrades and to Sleep return'd.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd, "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell:"

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
  Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days:
  Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;
  And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—He knows—He knows!

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
  Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
  Lift not your hands to It for help—for it
As impotently moves as you or I.

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead,
And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:
  And the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

Yesterday This Day's Madness did prepare;
To-morrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
  Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

I tell you this—When, started from the Goal,
Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal
  Of Heav'n Parwin and Mushtari * they flung,
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul.

The Vine has struck a fibre: which about
If clings my Being—let the Dervish flout;
  Of my Base metal may be filed a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

* The Pleiads and the Planet Jupiter.

And this I know: whether the one True Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath consume me quite,
One flash of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke
A conscious Something to resent the yoke
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid
Pure Gold for what he lent him dross-allay'd—
Sue for a Debt we never did contract,
And cannot answer—Oh, the sorry trade!

O Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestin'd Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

O Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd—Man's forgiveness give—and take!

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazan* away,
Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay;

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall,
And some loquacious vessels were; and some
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.

Said one among them—"Surely not in vain
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
And to this Figure moulded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

Then said a Second—"Ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy;
And He that with his hands the Vessel made
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

* The Mohammedan month of fasting.

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly make:
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry:
What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot—
I think a Sufi* pipkin—waxing hot—
"All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me then,
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

"Why," said another, "Some there are who tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
The luckless Pots he marr'd in making—Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well."

"Well," murmur'd one, "let whoso make or buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by."

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
The little Moon look'd in that all were seeking:
And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother! Brother!
Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash the Body whence the Life has died,
And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden-side,

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air
As not a True-believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in this World much wrong;
Have drown'd my Glory in a shallow Cup,
And sold my reputation for a Song.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
And then—and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence a-pieces tore.

* The Sufis are the Persian mystics.

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honor—Well,
  I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One-half so precious as the stuff they sell.

Yet ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
  The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

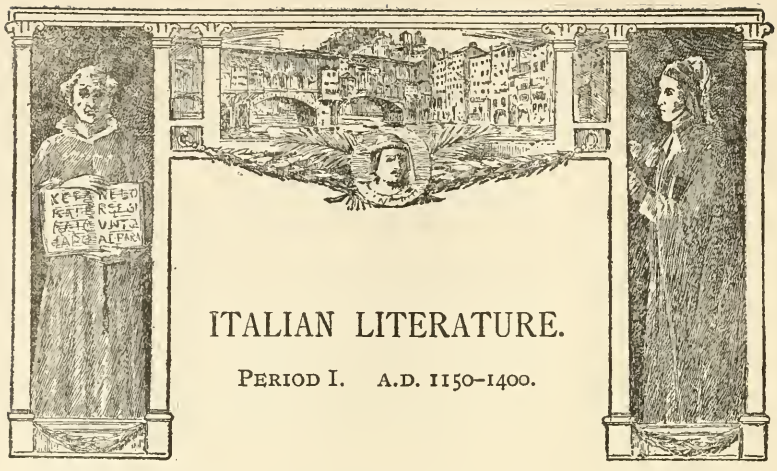
Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed reveal'd,
  To which the fainting Traveler might spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

Would but some winged Angel ere too late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
  And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

Ah, Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
  Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's desire!

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
  How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!

And when like her, O Saki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
  And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!



ITALIAN LITERATURE.

PERIOD I. A.D. 1150–1400.

WHEN the Roman Empire was overthrown, and the Goths established their rule in Italy, Latin remained the language of Church and State. It survived the destruction of temples and monuments. Grammarians were employed to teach the Latin classics and Roman law in the courts of Gothic kings. When these hastily-erected kingdoms crumbled away, the people of Italy fell apart, socially and politically, so that their country came to resemble ancient Greece. Each city and district developed its own dialect and government. Petty rivalries wasted their energies. Only in the Church did the Roman instinct of unity and imperial rule manifest itself. The Church, dominating the religious life, rigidly adhered to the use of Latin for all purposes. When the first revival of learning led to the founding of the mediæval universities, the intellectual activity was shown altogether in that ancient tongue. In Northern Europe this movement stirred to higher employment of the various languages. But Italy, which showed little enthusiasm in the Crusades, was slow in the literary use of the vernacular.

Italian Literature before Dante might be likened to a twilight of faint and struggling rays, all suddenly eclipsed in the splendor of the risen sun, shining, indeed, amid storm-clouds. Dante must be hailed as the true father of Italian literature. And yet before Dante was possible it had been

necessary for both poets and prose-writers of Italy to throw off the spell of Roman tradition, and to cast off a second yoke of Provençal fashion. Dante himself at first dreamed of his great vision in Latin hexameters. Furthermore in the "Tesoretto" of his teacher, Brunetto Latini, Dante found the germ, in all probability, of his famous "Divina Commedia."

It is necessary to emphasize the tenacity with which the Latin tradition clung to life in the peninsula that had shared "the grandeur that was Rome." Italy, though the seat of the Popes, left theology to Paris, but became absorbed in the ancient Roman law. One would have expected that this very heritage of the Roman language and lore would have inspired Italy to be the first to rise and take her place as a leader and guide of the literary movement which sprang up among the peoples of Southwestern Europe with the consolidation of the new states. But in the possession of a literature she was preceded by both France and Spain, and when, at length, she did make a beginning, it was in the character of a humble follower of Provence. This anomaly may be explained partly by political conditions, which in Italy were less stable than in the sister countries—less propitious, therefore, to the cultivation of letters. For centuries the best Italian intellects were usurped by the effete and half-understood language of Rome. Literature became an affair of hieroglyphics. It was confined to a caste. The only recognized subjects were theology and jurisprudence. The remembrance of Roman greatness, of which a reflex was still visible in the Papacy, was almost a fatal bar to Italian progress. It drew men's minds backwards and made them cling to impossible ideals. The restoration of the Empire, not the unity of Italy, was the dream of impassioned patriots, and in the millennium, to which their hopes pointed, the universal tongue was to be Latin.

In an attempt to escape from the fetters of Latin, a band of poets in the north of Italy welcomed the invading influence of the Provençal language. From the close of the twelfth to the middle of the thirteenth century—in all about eighty years—there flourished these new-style *trovatori*, modelled after the

Provençal troubadours. Of all these trovatori the most memorable is Sordello, who was born near Mantua about 1180 and died about 1255. He was attached to the household of the Count St. Bonifazio, one of the chiefs of the Guelf (or Papal) party, and afterwards to the court of Raymond Berenger, the last Count of Provence of the house of Barcelona. In popular tradition Sordello became a genuine hero of romance—a sort of Italian Blondel—and in our own day Robert Browning has made him the central figure of his most obscure poem, "Sordello," in which he not only gives a picture of the restless and troubled condition of Northern Italy in the thirteenth century, but also a history of the development of the troubadour's soul. Dante mentions Sordello eight times in his "Purgatorio." Sismondi declares that the real merit of the old minstrel consists in the harmony and sensibility of his verses. But the Italian began to assert itself, and a species of mixed (*miste*) French and Italian dialect began to be written. In this hybrid tongue were written romance-poems that tell of the wicked Macaire and the unfortunate Blanciflor, of Charlemagne's "Expedition to Spain," and the "Capture of Pampelune."

In the South the Sicilian school, the first nest of native Italian poets, had already burst into full song. Its origin may have been due to the fact that Sicily was the meeting-place of Normans and Saracens, two races which already had the gift of lyrical expression of feeling. The royal Apollo of this school was Frederick II. (1194–1250), grandson of the terrible Barbarossa and son of Henry VI. Contemporaries styled him "the Wonder of the World." Of unusual wisdom as a statesman, one of the few successful crusaders, a strenuous antagonist of the Pope, he was likewise a poet and musician. He not only wrote a number of Sicilian poems, but he gathered a gifted coterie around him. Among these were his own sons, Manfred and Enzo, King of Sardinia; Piero della Vigne, accredited with the fatherhood of the Sonnet; Mina, an Italian Sappho, famous for interchange of rhymes with Dante of Majano, less mighty at verse than his Florentine namesake; and Ciullo di Alcamo, whose dialogue between two lovers was long deemed to be the oldest specimen of Italian

verse, and is still the most typical example of the poetic "Disputes" (*Contrasti*) of this Sicilian school. Dante of Majano is said to have written sonnets "half fun, half satire," while Cecco Angiolieri of Siena has been styled "the oldest 'humorist' we know of—a far-off precursor of Rabelais."

Out of this Provençal court of poets arose Guido Guinicelli (died 1276), who founded the Bolognese school of poetry, which aimed at being learned and philosophical. He "harped on the metaphysics of love, analyzing and examining it in order to discover its latent properties." Dante deigned to borrow from him, styled him "father," and "best of those who ever used soft and lovely rhymes of love." Like Dante, Guinicelli became involved in the quarrels of Guelfs and Ghibellines, and was driven into exile. The date of his death is unknown. As for his poetic influence, that lived after him in Guido Cavalcanti, Dante's friend, who was dubbed by Lorenzo the Magnificent, "the Arch-Dialectician," and whose canzonet, "On the Nature of Love," was a treatise on amorous metaphysics. It was annotated later in a learned way by the most renowned Platonic philosophers of the fifteenth century, such as Marsilio Ficino. In his Ballate (ballads),* however, and in many of his sonnets Cavalcanti freed himself from the Bolognese dulness, and gave reins to his true fancy and spirit. His sonnet on his exile is full of pathos. He was banished in the year of Dante's priorate (1300), along with the party of the *Bianchi* (Whites), and took refuge at Sarzana. Another Platonic, although not exactly philosophical, love poet of this era was Cino Sinibaldi da Pistoia, who even survived Dante without betraying the influence of that master's genius.

Of perhaps greater interest than all of these other forerunners of Dante, though, is Ser Brunetto Latini (died 1294), honored as the "Schoolmaster of the Florentines." He was Dante's teacher of rhetoric. Latini was secretary of the Commune of Florence, and Boccaccio records that he was

* The *ballata* or ballad was originally a song suited to dancing, having a refrain or burthen after each stanza.

so proud of his profession of notary that rather than own to a mistake which he carelessly made he preferred to be sent into exile for suspected fraud. After his exile he wrote a work, "Li Tresors," in French. Latini's great work, however, was his "Tesoretto" in his mother tongue. In this composition Latini seized upon the familiar mediæval idea of the vision as a piece of literary machinery, and gave it a new vogue. Dante is supposed to have been prompted by it to the framework of his "mediæval miracle of song." In Latini's short poem, written in seven-syllabled verse, rhyming in couplets, the poet feigns to have been returning from an embassy to King Alfonso of Castile, when he met on the field of Roncesvalles a student of Bologna, who informs him of the expulsion from Florence of the Guelfs, or Papal party. Plunged in sorrow he loses his way in a wondrous forest, where he suddenly finds himself confronted by the august and gigantic figure of Nature. She relates to him the whole story of the creation of the world in a long scientific discourse. Latini then continues his wanderings under the banners of the Virtues, Vices, Philosophy, Fortune, Ovid and the God of Love. Upon emerging from the strange wood he confesses himself to the monks of Montpellier. Then he wanders back and finds himself seated upon Olympus, where he ends his interrupted treasure of poetry in discoursing of the elements with Ptolemy, "Master of astronomy and of philosophy." It was doubtless this "slight and almost invisible spark" that "served to kindle a vast conflagration."

Dante (1265–1321) originally belonged to the school of Cavalcanti and Brunetto, as is shown in his "Vita Nuova," which sets forth in mingled prose and poetry the new supersensual life into which his love for the child Beatrice, whom he had seen only at a distance, had elevated his soul. Later this wonderful genius plunged fiercely into bitter political struggles until he was banished from his beloved Florence. From city to city he wandered, filled with fantastic dreams of a new order of the world. Unable to secure its realization, the imaginative poet set forth in his great work, strangely called the *Divine Comedy*, his vision of the future life as the necessary counterpart of the present. He reveals the fearful

punishment of the wicked, the purification of the penitent, the transcendent bliss of the redeemed, the ineffable glory of God. Throughout the poem the allegorical spirit of the Middle Ages moulds the form of the narrative, but the realism of the poet's genius prevails over the abstractions of theory. Even in the regions of the dead he sees and calls forth to the gaze of others living men of all time. The Divine Comedy is the sublime embodiment of the mediæval conception of the Universe; amid an infinite series of spiritual beings, from the gloriously enthroned Creator to the inextricably imprisoned Satan, men achieve their eternal destiny. While this stupendous allegory towers sublime above all others in the world, Italian literature offers fewer works of this class than other European languages.

Petrarch (1304–1374), the next Italian poet, is the first lyric poet of the modern school. Attached to the Papal court, he was a diplomatist and classical scholar, but is known to the world as the lover of Laura. His contemporary, Boccaccio (1313–1375) was a writer of Latin treatises and of the first Italian romantic poem, "Teseide." Though this and others of his poems were widely circulated, their fame was eclipsed by his prose stories in the "Decamerone." In this work novel-writing assumed an artistic shape, and care was taken in delineating characters and describing passions. His imitators, Florentino and Sacchetti, were less successful.

Apart from the literary movement of the higher classes, there was a similar awakening among the common people. It may be ascribed to St. Francis of Assisi and his followers, who excited the religious spirit so that it found vent in vernacular hymns and poems, and afterwards furnished rude dialogues which were the origin of religious dramas. Here, as in other countries, this gift of tongues to the lower classes soon gave rise to satires and political songs. Tales in prose and verse and humorous poems followed; some of these prefigured in a humble way the romantic epics which won a foremost place in the sixteenth century.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

THIS poetical dialogue in the Sicilian dialect is entirely in the style of the Provençal Troubadours. It is ascribed to Ciullo (or Vincenzo) D'Alcamo, and is supposed to have been written about 1175. It is one of the earliest Italian poems extant. The following translation is by D. G. Rossetti.

Knight. Thou sweetly smelling fresh red rose
That near thy summer art,
Of whom each damsel and each dame
Would fain be counterpart;
Oh! from this fire to draw me forth
Be it in thy good heart;
For night or day there is no rest with me,
Thinking of none, my lady, but of thee.

Lady. If thou hast set thy thoughts on me,
Thou hast done a foolish thing.
Yea, all the pine-wood of this world
Together might'st thou bring,
And make thee ships, and plough the sea
Therewith for corn-sowing,
Ere any way to win me could be found;
For I am going to shear my locks all round.

Knight. Lady, before thou shear thy locks
I hope I may be dead:
For I should lose such joy thereby
And gain such grief instead.
Merely to pass and look at thee,
Rose of the garden-bed,
Has comforted me much, once and again,
Oh! if thou wouldst but love, what were it then!

Lady. Nay, though my heart were prone to love,
I would not grant it leave.
Hark! should my father or his kin
But find thee here this eve,
Thy loving body and lost breath
Our moat may well receive.
Whatever path to come here thou dost know,
By the same path I counsel thee to go.

The Knight continues to press his suit, declaring that he has traveled over Italy, and even to Babylon and Barbary, and has not found her equal. The lady threatens to enter a cloister, declares that many lovers have sought her in vain, and advises the persistent pleader to ask her parents that they may be married in church before Advent. But he insists on love without conditions or permission of others, saying he has loved her a year already. At last he begs for pity.

Knight. Woe's me! Perforce it must be said
No craft could then avail:
So that if thou be thus resolved,
I know my suit must fail.
Then have some pity, of thy grace!
Thou mayst, love, very well;
For though thou love not me, my love is such
That 'tis enough for both—yea, overmuch.

Lady. Is it even so? Learn then that I
Do love thee from my heart.
To-morrow, early in the day,
Come here, but now depart.
By thine obedience in this thing
I shall know what thou art,
And if thy love be real or nothing worth;
Do but go now, and I am thine henceforth.

Knight. Nay, for such promise, my own life,
I will not stir a foot.
I've said, if thou wouldst tear away
My love even from its root,
I have a dagger at my side
Which thou mayst take to do 't;
But as for going hence, it will not be.
Oh, hate me not! my heart is burning me.

Lady. Think'st thou I know not that thy heart
Is hot and burns to death?
Of all that thou or I can say,
But one word succoreth.
Till thou upon the Holy Book
Give me thy bounden faith,
God is my witness that I will not yield:
For with thy sword 'twere better to be killed.

Knight. Then on Christ's Book, borne with me still
To read from and to pray
(I took it, fairest, in a church,
The priest being gone away),
I swear that my whole self shall be
Thine always from this day.
And now at once give joy for all my grief,
Lest my soul fly, that's thinner than a leaf.

Lady. Now that this oath is sworn, sweet lord,
There is no need to speak:
My heart, that was so strong before,
Now feels itself grow weak.
If any of my words were harsh,
Thy pardon. I am meek
Now, and will give thee entrance presently.
It is best so, since so it was to be.

EMPEROR FREDERICK II.

FREDERICK II. (1194–1250) was one of the most striking figures of the Middle Ages. In infancy he was called King of the Romans. At the age of sixteen he became King of Germany. He was elected Holy Roman Emperor at twenty-three. Like his grandfather Barbarossa, a brave warrior; like his father Henry VI., a politic, far-sighted statesman; he was yet a lover of luxury and a sensualist. These qualities he may have inherited from his mother Constance, the heiress of the Norman kingdom of the Two Sicilies. His love of pleasure was fostered by his residence in Sicily, the meeting-place of Saracens and Normans as well as Greeks and Italians. He gave encouragement to the first lispings of Italian poetry, and himself aspired to be a poet. In his luxurious court at Palermo troubadours and artists found cordial welcome and munificent patronage.

THE CAPTIVE LADY.

FOR grief I am about to sing
Even as another would for joy;
Mine eyes which the hot tears destroy
Are scarce enough for sorrowing;
To speak of such a grievous thing
Also my tongue I must employ,

Saying: Woe's me, who am full of woes!
Not while I live shall my sighs cease
For her in whom my heart found peace;
I am become like unto those
That cannot sleep for weariness,
Now I have lost my crimson rose.

And yet I will not call her lost;
She is not gone out of the earth;
She is but girded with a girth
Of hate, that clips her in like frost.
Thus says she every hour almost:—
"When I was born, 'twas an ill birth!
Oh, that I never had been born,
If I am still to fall asleep
Weeping, and when I wake to weep;
If he whom I most loathe and scorn
Is still to have me his, and keep
Smiling about me night and morn!

'O that I never had been born
A woman! a poor, helpless fool,
Who can but stoop beneath the rule
Of him she needs must loathe and scorn!
If ever I feel less forlorn,
I stand all day in fear and dule,
Lest he discern it, and with rough
Speech mock at me, or with his smile
So hard you scarce could call it guile:
No man is there to say 'Enough.'
Oh, but if God waits a long while,
Death cannot always stand aloof!

"Thou, God the Lord, dost know all this;
Give me a little comfort then.
Him who is worst among bad men
Smite thou for me. Those limbs of his
Once hidden where the sharp worm is,
Perhaps I might see hope again.
Yet for a certain period
Would I seem as one that saith
Strange things for grief, and murmureth
With smitten palms and hair abroad:

Still whispering under my held breath,
'Shall I not praise Thy name, O God?'

"Thou, God the Lord, dost know all this:
It is a very weary thing
Thus to be always trembling;
And till the breath of his life cease,
The hate in him will but increase,
And with his hate my suffering.
Each morn I hear his voice bid them
That watch me, to be faithful spies
Lest I go forth and see the skies;
Each night to each he saith the same;—
And in my soul and in mine eyes
There is a burning heat like flame."

Thus grieves she now; but she shall wear
This love of mine, whereof I spoke,
About her body for a cloak,
And for a garland in her hair,
Even yet: because I mean to prove,
Not to speak only, this my love.

SORDELLO.

THE fame of Sordello long rested on the high admiration expressed by Dante, who, meeting him at the entrance of Purgatory, likens him to a lion in majestic repose. Browning has revived his fame and endeavored to interpret his enigmatic career. But the facts of his life have been so overlaid by romantic fictions that it is impossible now to separate them. He was born near Mantua about 1180, and died after 1255. Although a Lombard, he adopted in his compositions the Provençal language. More than thirty of his poems have been preserved; about half of them are love-songs, some pure and delicate, others coarse and vulgar. He was among the first to use the form of the ballata, or song with a refrain after each stanza. We give the prose translation of a *Tenson* or Dispute between Sordello and Bertrand d'Alamanon.

Sordello. If it were necessary either to forego the delight of lady-love, and to renounce the friends whom you possess or may possess, or to sacrifice to the lady of your heart, the honor which you have acquired, and may acquire, by chivalry, which of the two would you choose?

Bertrand. The mistresses whom I have loved, have despised me so long, and so little have I gained by them, that I cannot compare them to chivalry. Yours may be the folly of love, the enjoyment of which is so frail. Still continue to chase the pleasures, which lose their value as soon as tasted. But I, in the career of arms, ever behold before me new conquests and new glories.

Sordello. What is glory without love? How can I abandon joy and gallantry for wounds and combats? Thirst and hunger, a burning sun or piercing frost, are these to be preferred to love? Ah! willingly do I resign to you these benefits, for the sovereign joys which my mistress bestows.

Bertrand. What! dare you then appear before your mistress, if you dare not draw your sword for the combat? Without valor, there is no real pleasure; it is valor which elevates man to the highest honors, but love is the degradation and the fall of those whom he seduces.

Sordello. Let me but be brave in the eyes of her I love, and I heed not the contempt of others. From her all my happiness flows; I seek for no other felicity. Go then, overthrow your castles and your walls, while I enjoy the sweet kisses of my mistress. You may gain the esteem of all noble Frenchmen; but, for my part, I prize more her innocent favors than all the achievements of the lance.

Bertrand. But Sordello, to love without valor, is to deceive her whom you love. I would not wish for the love of her I serve, did I not at the same time merit her esteem. A treasure so ill acquired would be my grief. Do you, then, be the protector of the follies of love, whilst the honor of arms is mine; since you are so deluded as to place false joys in the balance against real happiness.

KING ENZO.

ENZO was a natural son of Frederick II., and at an early age subdued the island of Sardinia, of which his father made him king. But at the age of twenty-five Enzo was captured by the Bolognese, by whom he was kept in prison twenty-three years, till his death. His captivity was somewhat alleviated by his wife's presence and care. His only recreation was music.

THE FITNESS OF SEASONS.

THERE is a time to mount; to humble thee
A time; a time to talk, and hold thy peace;
  A time to labor, and a time to cease;
A time to take thy measures patiently;
A time to watch what Time's next step may be
  A time to make light count of menaces,
  And to think over them a time there is;
There is a time when to seem not to see.
Wherefore I hold him well-advised and sage
  Who evermore keeps prudence facing him,
    And lets his life slide with occasion,
And so comports himself, through youth to age,
  That never any man at any time
    Can say, Not thus, but thus thou shouldst have done.

POVERTY.

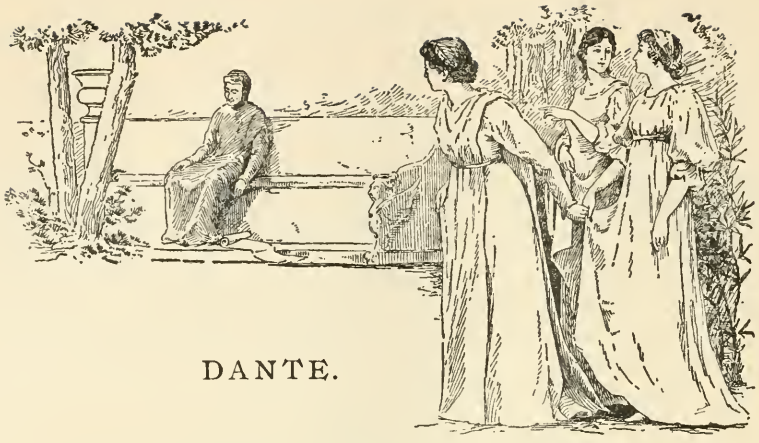
THIS jesting sonnet is the earliest example of a style which became common among the Italians in later years. It was written by Bartolomeo di Sant' Angelo about 1250 A.D.

I am so passing rich in poverty
That I could furnish forth Paris and Rome,
  Pisa and Padua and Byzantium,
Venice and Lucca, Florence and Forli;
For I possess, in actual specie,
  Of nihil and of nothing a great sum;
  And unto this my hoard whole shiploads come,
What between nought and zero, annually.
In gold and precious jewels I have got
  A hundred ciphers' worth, all roundly writ;
    And therewithal am free to feast my friend.
    Because I need not be afraid to spend,
  Nor doubt the safety of my wealth a whit:—
No thief will ever steal thereof, God wot.

GUINICELLI.

GUIDO GUINICELLI belonged to a noble family of Bologna, and died in 1276. Dante praised him highly and imitated some of his work. Most of it is metaphysical and obsolete, but the following sonnet shows his genius.

When Lucy draws her mantle round her face,
  So sweeter than all else she is to see,
  That hence unto the hills there lives not he
Whose whole soul would not love her for her grace.
Then seems she like a daughter of some race
  That holds high rule in France or Germany:
  And a snake's head stricken off suddenly
Throbs never as then throbs my heart to embrace
Her body in these arms, even were she loth;—
  To kiss her lips, to kiss her cheeks, to kiss
    The lids of her two eyes which are two flames.
    Yet what my heart so longs for, my heart blames:
  For surely sorrow might be bred from this
Where some man's patient love abides its growth.



DANTE.

DANTE, "that singular splendor of the Italian race," as Boccaccio calls him, was the typical poet of the Middle Ages, and one of the few poets of the first rank in universal literature. Many insignificant facts of his career are well known, while many of the most important are matters of conjecture. His poetry, lyrical and epic, is surcharged with the personal element; it depicts in singular detail the development of his intellectual, poetical and spiritual life, and yet leaves some of the simplest questions concerning him unanswered. The "Divine Comedy" names distinctly many eminent personages of his time, joins with them his friends and foes, often otherwise unknown, and consigns them to heaven or hell at his pleasure. Yet other characters prominent in the pages of history, as Pope Gregory VII., he passes without the slightest mention. Dante lived at the same moment in the real and in an ideal world, and in his lofty poetic visions he mingled the sights and thoughts of both. So complete was his mastery of his art that from these incongruous materials perfect works were formed which have commanded the admiration of all succeeding ages. His minor poems, fashioned according to the prevailing canons of the time, trained him for his greatest achievement, which towers like a mediæval cathedral above the petty structures of his contemporaries.

In the beautiful city of Florence in May, 1265, was born Durante Alighieri, who, like many other Italians, was to become known to the world by a pet abbreviation of his Christian name. His childhood was imbued with the mys-

tical spirit which pervaded the Church. His youth readily accepted the Platonic idealization of love which dominated the Provençal Troubadours. When but nine years of age, as he tells in his "Vita Nuova," he first beheld "the glorious lady of his heart," the child Beatrice, a few months younger. He never mentions her family name, but his biographers say it was de Portinari. Though he saw her often again for nine years, she never noticed him, while his heart and life were consecrated with her image. At last she graciously saluted him, and he was overwhelmed with the might of love. She married another, and scarcely spoke to her adorer, yet he worshiped her with unfaltering constancy. She died in her twenty-fourth year, and her death intensified his passion. Yet he soon after married Gemma Donati, whose family belonged to the Guelfs or Papal faction at Florence. There is no reason to believe that his relations with her were unhappy, except that after his exile in 1301 he never expressed a desire to see her again. Of the seven children who were the offspring of this marriage but little is known. With Dante, as with the whole tribe of the Troubadours, poetic love and prosaic marriage were wide as the poles asunder.

In the public affairs of his native city Dante took an active, vexatious and self-sacrificing part. In youth he bore arms in her battles; later he was enrolled in the guild of apothecaries as "poet." After holding some minor offices he was made one of the six priors of the city, whose term of office was but two months. The great struggle of Guelfs and Ghibellines had given place to a local strife between the Whites and Blacks. Dante was a White, but used his brief power to banish the extremists of both factions. In 1301 he was sent on an embassy to Rome, and meanwhile Charles of Valois, invited to heal the quarrel, entered Florence and took up the cause of the Blacks. After three days' bloody fighting in the streets, he vanquished all opponents. Dante with a crowd of others was banished, and afterwards sentenced to be burned to death if he dared to return. He never again saw fair Florence, though his heart remained true to her, to use his own figure, "as the needle to the pole." Believing that only the Emperor could restore peace to distracted Italy,

Dante was henceforth a pronounced Ghibelline. The exile wandered from city to city, blown to and fro "by the sharp wind that springs from sad poverty." He is said to have visited Paris, and hastened back when Henry of Luxemburg, being made Emperor, seemed likely to realize his sublime dreams. These hopes, set forth in Dante's Latin treatise, *De Monarchia*, as well as a remarkable letter to the Emperor, were frustrated by Henry's death in 1313. Dante resumed his wanderings, but found refuge chiefly in Ravenna, where he died on the 14th of September, 1321, wrapped in the cowl and mantle of a Franciscan friar. After his death he was habited as a poet, and his friend Guido Novello pronounced his eulogy. The city which had banished him relentlessly for twenty years endeavored after his death to make some amends for its cruelty to its greatest citizen and to show vain regard for his memory.

Dante was the first great writer of Italian in both prose and poetry. In his Latin treatise, *De Vulgari Eloquio*, he urged the claims of the people's speech to be used as a literary language, but it was only his great example and incontrovertible success that overcame the conservatism of learning and inaugurated the modern era. His *Vita Nuova* is a curious but charming record of his love-life, containing prose narrative with sonnets and canzoni; so again his *Convito* or Banquet, adds prose comments to certain poems. The *Canzoniere* is a collection of sonnets and canzoni, such as some of friends also composed. But the *Divina Commedia*, that vast treasure-house of the beliefs and feelings of the Middle Ages, elaborated with the consummate art of the greatest Catholic poet, stands forever unrivalled in the literature of the world. While its form is allegorical, according to the ideas then prevalent, the personages are real, though intermingled with a few abstract or collective ideas, as the Church, the Empire, and the Virtues. The characters are mostly persons recently deceased, whose names and reputations were still fresh among men. Their several fates might serve as examples of warning or encouragement to those still living. To redress the wrongs of the visible world the homeless exile wields a superhuman power and sets forth the realities of the spiritual and eternal world.

Notwithstanding many expressions of bitter hate, the reader's chief wonder is that the poet could so rise above the wrongs done to himself to the serenity of spirit necessary to reveal the joys of the blessed and the supreme glory of the Beatific Vision.

First Sight of Beatrice.

(From the Vita Nuova. Translated by D. G. Rossetti.)

Nine times already since my birth had the heaven of light returned to the self-same point almost, as concerns its own revolution, when first the glorious Lady of my mind was made manifest to mine eyes; even she who was called Beatrice by many who knew not wherefore. She had already been in this life for so long as that, within her time, the starry heaven had moved towards the Eastern quarter one of the twelve parts of a degree; so that she appeared to me at the beginning of her ninth year almost, and I saw her almost at the end of my ninth year. Her dress, on that day, was of a most noble color, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with her very tender age. At that moment, I say most truly that the spirit of life, which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart, began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith; and in trembling it said these words: *Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi* (Here is a deity stronger than I; who, coming, shall rule over me). At that moment the animate spirit, which dwelleth in the lofty chamber whither all the senses carry their perceptions, was filled with wonder, and speaking more especially unto the spirits of the eyes, said these words: *Apparuit jam beatitudo vestra* (Your beatitude hath now been made manifest unto you). At that moment the natural spirit, which dwelleth there where our nourishment is administered,

began to weep, and in weeping said these words: *Heu miser! quia frequenter impeditus ero deinceps* (Woe is me! for that often I shall be disturbed from this time forth!).

I say that, from that time forward, Love quite governed my soul; which was immediately espoused to him, and with so safe and undisputed a lordship (by virtue of strong imagination) that I had nothing left for it but to do all his bidding continually. He oftentimes commanded me to seek if I might see this youngest of the Angels: wherefore I in my boyhood often went in search of her, and found her so noble and praiseworthy that certainly of her might have been said those words of the poet Homer, "She seemed not to be the daughter of a mortal man, but of God." And albeit her image, that was with me always, was an exultation of Love to subdue me, it was yet of so perfect a quality that it never allowed me to be overruled by Love without the faithful counsel of reason, whensoever such counsel was useful to be heard. But seeing that were I to dwell overmuch on the passions and doings of such early youth, my words might be counted something fabulous, I will therefore put them aside; and passing many things that may be conceived by the pattern of these, I will come to such as are writ in my memory with a better distinctness.

After the lapse of so many days that nine years exactly were completed since the above-written appearance of this most gracious being, on the last of those days it happened that the same wonderful lady appeared to me dressed all in pure white, between two gentle ladies elder than she. And passing through a street, she turned her eyes thither where I stood sorely abashed; and by her unspeakable courtesy, which is now guerdoned in the Great Cycle, she saluted me with so virtuous a bearing that I seemed then and there to behold the very limits of blessedness. The hour of her most sweet salutation was exactly the ninth of that day; and because it was the first time that any words from her reached mine ears, I came into such sweetness that I parted thence as one intoxicated. And betaking me to the loneliness of mine own room, I fell to thinking of this most courteous lady, thinking of whom I was overtaken by a pleasant slumber, wherein a marvellous vision was presented to me: for there appeared to be in my room a mist of the color of fire, within the which I discerned the figure of a lord of terrible aspect to such as should gaze upon him, but who seemed therewithal to rejoice inwardly that it was a marvel to see. Speaking he said many things, among the which I could understand but few; and of these, this:

Ego dominus tuus (I am thy lord). In his arms it seemed to me that a person was sleeping, covered only with a blood-colored cloth; upon whom looking very attentively, I knew that it was the lady of the salutation who had deigned the day before to salute me. And he who held her held also in his hand a thing that was burning in flames; and he said to me, *Vide cor tuum* (Behold thy heart). But when he had remained with me a little while, I thought that he set himself to awaken her that slept; after the which he made her eat that thing which flamed in his hand; and she ate as one fearing. Then, having waited again a space, all his joy was turned into most bitter weeping; and as he wept he gathered the lady into his arms, and it seemed to me that he went with her up toward heaven: whereby such a great anguish came upon me that my light slumber could not endure through it, but was suddenly broken. And immediately having considered, I knew that the hour wherein this vision had been made manifest to me was the fourth hour (which is to say, the first of the nine last hours) of the night.

Then, musing on what I had seen, I proposed to relate the same to many poets who were famous in that day: and for that I had myself in some sort the art of discoursing with rhyme, I resolved on making a sonnet, in the which, having saluted all such as are subject unto Love, and entreated them to expound my vision, I should write unto them those things which I had seen in my sleep. And the sonnet I made was this:

To every heart which the sweet pain doth move,
And unto which these words may now be brought
For true interpretation and kind thought,
Be greeting in our Lord's name, which is Love.
Of those long hours wherein the stars above
Wake and keep watch, the third was almost nought,
When Love was shown me with such terrors fraught
As may not carelessly be spoken of.
He seemed like one who is full of joy, and had
My heart within his hand, and on his arm
My lady, with a mantle round her, slept;
Whom (having wakened her) anon he made
To eat that heart: she ate, as fearing harm.
Then he went out; and as he went, he wept.

To this sonnet I received many answers, conveying many different opinions; of the which one was sent by him whom I now call the first among my friends, and it began thus, "Unto my

thinking thou beheld'st all worth."* And, indeed, it was when he learned that I was he who had sent those rhymes to him, that our friendship commenced. But the true meaning of that vision was not then perceived by any one, though it be now evident to the least skillful.

From that night forth, the natural functions of my body began to be vexed and impeded, for I was given up wholly to thinking of this most gracious creature: whereby in short space I became so weak and so reduced that it was irksome to many of my friends to look upon me; while others, being moved by spite, went about to discover what it was my wish should be concealed. Wherefore I (perceiving the drift of their unkindly questions), by Love's will, who directed me according to the counsels of reason, told them how it was Love himself who had thus dealt with me; and I said so, because the thing was so plainly to be discerned in my countenance that there was no longer any means of concealing it. But when they went on to ask, "And by whose help hath Love done this?" I looked in their faces smiling, and spake no word in return.

Beatrice's Death.

A lady, young, compassionate, and fair,
Richly adorned with every human grace,
Watched o'er my couch, where oft I called on death;
And noticing the eyes with sorrow swollen,
And listening to the folly of my words,
Fear seized upon her, and she wept aloud.
Attracted by her moaning, other dames
Gave heed unto my pitiable state,
And from my view removed her.
They then approached to rouse me by their voice,
And one cried, "Sleep no more!"
And one, "Why thus discomfort thee?"
With that the strange, delirious fancy fled,
And, calling on my Lady's name, I awoke.
So indistinct and mournful was my voice,
By anguish interrupted so, and tears,
That I alone the name heard in my heart:

* This answer by Cavalcanti is given on p. 256; another by Cino da Pistoia on p. 257.

Then with a countenance abashed, through shame,
Which to my face had mounted visibly,
Prompted by Love, I turned towards my friends,
And features showed so pale and wan,
It made beholders turn their thoughts on death.
"Alas! our comfort he must have,"
Said every one, with kind humility.
Then oft they questioned me,
"What hast thou seen, that has unmanned thee thus?"
And when I was in part restored, I said,
"Ladies, to you the vision I'll relate.
Whilst I lay pondering on my ebbing life,
And saw how brief its tenure, and how frail,
Love wept within my heart, where he abides;
For my sad soul was wandering so, and lost,
That, sighing deeply at the thought, it said,
'Inevitable death attends Madonna too.'
Such consternation then my senses seized,
The eyes weighed down with fear were closed;
And scattered far and wide
The spirits fled, and each in error strayed;
And then imagination's powers,
Of recollection and of truth bereft,
Showed me the fleeting forms of wretched dames,
Who shouted, 'Death!' still crying, 'Thou shalt die!'
Many the doubtful things which next I saw,
Wandering in vain imagination's maze.
I seemed to be I know not in what place,
And ladies loosely robed saw fleet along,
Some weeping, and some uttering loud laments,
Which darted burning griefs into the soul.
And then methought I saw a gradual veil
Obscure the sun; the star of Love appeared,
And sun and star seemed both to weep;
Birds flying through the dusky air dropped down;
Trembled the earth:
And then appeared a man, feeble and pale,
Who cried to me, 'What! here? Heard'st not the news?
Dead is thy Lady,—she who was so fair.'
I raised the eyes then, moistened with my tears,
And, softly as the shower of manna fell,
Angels I saw returning up to heaven:

Before them was a slender cloud extended,
And from behind I heard them shout, 'Hosanna!'
What more was sung I know not, or would tell.
Then Love thus spoke: 'Concealment here shall end;
Come now, and see our Lady who lies dead.'
Imagination's fallacy
Then led me where in death Madonna lay;
And after I had gazed upon her form,
Ladies I saw conceal it with a veil;
And such true meekness from its features beamed,
It seemed to say to me, 'I dwell in peace.'
So meek in my affliction I became,
Seeing such meekness on her brow expressed,
That I exclaimed, 'O Death, I hold thee sweet,
Noble and kind henceforth thou must be deemed,
Since thou hast been united to Madonna;
Piteous, not cruel, must thy nature be.
Behold desire so strong to be enrolled
Thy follower, my faith and thine seem one!
Come, for the heart solicits thee!'
I then departed, all sad rites complete;
And when I found myself alone,
With eyes upraised to the realms above I said,
'Blessed is he beholds thee, beauteous soul!'
That instant, through your kindness, I awoke."

Sonnet to Brunetto Latini.

(This sonnet was sent with a copy of the Vita Nuova.)

Master Brunetto, this my little maid
Is come to spend her Easter-tide with you;
Not that she reckons feasting as her due,—
Whose need is hardly to be fed, but read.
Not in a hurry can her sense be weigh'd,
Nor mid the jests of any noisy crew;
Ah! and she wants a little coaxing too
Before she'll get into another's head.
But if you do not find her meaning clear,
You've many Brother Alberts* hard at hand,

* Referring to Albertus Magnus (1193–1280), the eminent Dominican and scholastic philosopher.

Whose wisdom will respond to any call.
Consult with them and do not laugh at her;
And if she still is hard to understand,
Apply to Master Janus * last of all.

THE DIVINE COMEDY.

THE genesis of the Divine Comedy is found in Dante's life-long devotion to the ideal he saw in Beatrice, the daughter of Folco Portinari. After the composition of the Vita Nuova, and the appearance of a heavenly vision which he records, he was constrained to speak no more of the "Blessed One," until he could treat of her more worthily, and say of her what had never yet been said of woman. This was done at last in this great mystical, yet realistic poem, in which the Unseen World is described in exact detail as it appeared to the glorified imagination of the explorer.

Readers are puzzled to understand why this solemn poem should be called a comedy; but the explanation is that, to Dante, the essential notion of comedy was the "happy ending." The style also is characteristic of comedy, being lax, unpretending, and in the common tongue, in which women and children speak. The name "Comedy" was given by Dante himself; the epithet "Divine" was attached by later writers. The mystical numbers, three, nine, and ten, occur repeatedly. The whole poem contains one hundred cantos—ten tens. Each of the three divisions, the Inferno, or Hell, Purgatory and Paradise, has thirty-three cantos. To Hell is prefixed an introductory one, completing the hundred. The number thirty-three alludes to the years of our Saviour's life. Hell is divided into nine circles, each occupied by a different class of sinners, and ends in the abyss where Satan is confined; Purgatory into seven, ending with the earthly Paradise; and Heaven again into nine spheres, beyond which is the Throne of God. Dante tells us that the work is to be

* Perhaps referring to the Franciscan John of Parma, who popularized the mystical doctrines and predictions of Joachim, Abbot of Floris (1145–1202).

interpreted literally, allegorically, morally and spiritually. It is in the form of a vision, and thus permits not only a literal description of the invisible world, but also infinite shadowings of all kinds of truth.

The poet represents himself as conducted through the various realms of the unseen world in order to be saved from sin and error; through Hell, to which those who knew not or rejected Christ are condemned; through Purgatory, where sin not mortal may be purified; through Paradise, in which the righteous reap the fruit of earthly endeavor, and enjoy through all eternity the light and love of God. Human reason, as seen in Virgil, the poet's master, is sufficient to conduct him through Hell and Purgatory; but for Paradise, faith and grace divine are necessary; and these are ever displayed in Beatrice, who conducts him through the abodes of the blessed, till she at last resumes her seat in the glorious assembly. The poet finds a new guide in St. Bernard, whose devotion to the Blessed Virgin, had made him the fittest to demonstrate the final absorption of the redeemed into the life and thought of God.

The work abounds with mystical and difficult allusions. For instance, the three beasts which barred Dante's progress, described in the opening canto of Hell, may represent sensuality, pride, and greed of gain; the Mount Delectable is the ideal polity for the salvation of his country, as well as the ideal righteousness for the salvation of his soul. The four stars are the cardinal virtues of Plato's ethics: the other three which make up the seven, are Faith, Hope and Love. Geryon is the type of fraud and counterfeit, while the centaurs represent the brute and spiritual forces in human life. But in the midst of these allegorical figures the traveler finds the great personages of the world's history and the men and women whom he had encountered in his stormy life. For their deeds they are assigned a fitting retribution whether of happiness or woe eternal. All, from popes and emperors to humble saints and reckless sinners, are judged as by Divine Wisdom and Justice. The poem ends triumphantly and gloriously with the Beatific Vision.

VIRGIL, THE POET'S GUIDE.

(From the Inferno, Canto I. Translated by Dean Plumptre.)

THEN he made answer: "Man no more am I:
Man I was once; my parents Lombards were,
And both to Mantua traced their ancestry;
Sub Julio was I born, though late the year,
And lived at Rome beneath Augustus good,
While false and lying gods men worshiped there.
A poet I, and sang the righteous mood
Of great Anchises' son, who came from Troy,
When haughty Ilion was by fire subdued.
But thou, why turn'st thou back to such annoy?
Why climb'st thou not yon Mount Delectable,
Which is the source and spring of every joy?"
"What! art thou Virgil, thou that springing well
Which pours of clear full eloquence the tide?"
I answered him with looks that reverence tell.

"O of all other bards the light and pride,
Let the long study and the love avail
Which I to that thy volume have applied.
Thou art my Master, Guide that dost not fail,
And thou alone art he from whom I drew
The goodly style whence comes of praise full tale.
Thou see'st the beast that back my footsteps threw;
Give me thine aid against her, famous seer,
For she with fear doth vein and pulse imbue."
"'Tis meet thy steps to other course should veer,"
He answered when he saw me weeping sore,
"If thou wilt 'scape this region waste and drear;
For that fell beast, whose spite thou wailest o'er,
Lets no man onward pass along her way,
But so doth hinder that he lives no more,
And is of mood so evil, fierce to slay,
That never doth she sate her hunger dread,
But when full-gorged still hungers most for prey.
Many the creatures are that with her wed,
And will be more until the Greyhound come
Who with sharp agony shall smite her dead.
He shall not crave broad lands or pelf at home,
But wisdom, virtue, charity shall love,
And 'twixt two Feltros shall his subjects roam.
Of low Italia shall he saviour prove,
For which of old the maid Camilla died,
Nisus, Euryalus, and Turnus strove.
He through each town shall chase her far and wide,
Until he drive her back to deepest Hell,
From whence at envy's primal hest she hied.
Wherefore for thee I think and judge 'tis well
That thou should'st follow, I thy leader be,
And guide thee hence to that eternal cell,
Where thou shalt hear sharp wails of misery,
Shalt see the ancient spirits in their pain,
For which, as being the second death, men cry:
Those thou shalt see who in the hope to gain,
When the hour comes, the blest ones' happier clime,
Can bear the torturing fire nor yet complain.
To these would'st thou with eager footsteps climb,
A soul shall guide thee worthier far than I:
With her I'll leave thee when to part 'tis time.

For that great Emperor who reigns on high,
Because I lived a rebel to his will,
Wills that through me none come His city nigh.
Through all the world He rules, yet there reigns still;
There is His city, there his lofty throne.
Thrice blest whom He doth choose those courts to fill!"
Then spake I, "By the God thou didst not own,
O Poet, I of thee a boon desire,
That I may 'scape this woe, or worse unknown,
That whither thou hast said thou lead me higher,
So that St. Peter's gate in sight I find,
And those thou tell'st of in their torments dire."
Then he moved onward and I trod behind.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

(From the Inferno, Canto V. Translated by C. B. Cayley.)

THE second circle of Hell was the first place of torment, and to it were consigned those who had transgressed the law of marriage. Here winds buffeted the guilty souls forever, whirling them about and dashing them against each other. Among these Virgil pointed out Semiramis, Dido, Cleopatra, Helen, and others, but Dante sought to speak to a particular couple who whirled more quickly than the rest. These he found to be Paolo and Francesca, whose story he had heard in his

youth. Francesca was the daughter of the lord of Ravenna, and was married to Giovanni Malatesta, the lord of Rimini. But the husband was lame and morose, and Francesca preferred the company of his handsome brother Paolo, who had free access to the castle. The intrigue was brought to a crisis when the lovers were reading the story of Sir Galahad, who connived at the guilty love of Lancelot and Queen Guinevere. Paolo and Francesca were slain by her husband and buried in the same grave.

Of ghosts a thousand more he showed and told,
Whom love had sundered from our living state.
Now, when the ladies and the knights of old
I heard my teacher name, almost my brain
Was 'wildered, ruth upon me took such hold.
And I began, "Poet, with yonder twain
I crave to speak, who move in company,
And seem so light upon the hurricane."
Then he replied, "Await, until they be
More nigh, and thou shalt pray them by the love
Which them controls, and they will come to thee."
As soon as toward us on the blast they move,
I lift my voice, "O spirits harassed,
Come and speak with us here, if none reprove."
As doves that, by affection called, with spread
And moveless wings to their sweet nest repair,
Through the air gliding, by volition sped;
Thus from the troop, which Dido holds, they fare,
Approaching us across the air malign,
So strong the loving call had reached them there.
"O thou quick spirit, gracious and benign,
That, seeking us, the tawny air dost pierce,
Even us, who did the ground encarnadine;
Had we the Monarch of the universe
Our friend, his peace for thee should be our quest,
As thou hast pity on our pain perverse.
Whatever thou to speak and hear may list,
We will give ear to, and will speak to thee,
So long as yet the blast remaineth whist.
The land where I was born is by the sea,
Upon the margin, where descendeth Po,
With all his followers, at peace to be.
Love, whom the gentle heart is quick to know,
Seized him by that fair person, which, it grieves

Me still to think, I was despoiled of so.
Love, who from loving none beloved reprieves,
So kindled me to work his will again,
That still, thou seest, my side he never leaves.
Love led us to one death; the place of Cain
Awaiteth him, by whom in life we bled."

These words proceeded to us from the twain.
When I the wounded spirits heard, my head
I hung adown, and sometime kept it low,
Until, "What thinkest thou?" the poet said.
Then I began, when I made answer, "Oh,
What dear desire, what many thoughts and sooth
Have led them both unto this bourne of woe?"
I turned to them and spoke myself, "In truth,
Francesca," I began, "thine agonies
So pierce me, I can weep for woe and ruth;
But tell me, at the time of your sweet sighs,
How love, and, by what token, did concede
That you the dubious passions might surprise?"
And she replied, "There is no pain indeed
Like the remembering of happy state
In grief, nor will thy guide to learn it need;
But if such eagerness to penetrate
The first root of our love thy mind incite,

As one that speaks and weeps I shall relate.
One day we had been reading for delight
Of Lancelot, how love had him compelled;
We were alone together, dreadless quite.
This reading many a time our eyes had held
Upon each other, and our cheeks made pale;
One only passage our endurance quelled;
For when the smile desired, in our tale,
Was kissed by such a great and loving one,
This man, who never from my side can fail,
Kissed me, all quivering, my mouth upon.
The book, the author, Pandar's trade was plying;
That evening we could read no further on."
As in that guise one spirit was replying,
The other wept so sore, my senses fled
Through pity, as if I had been a-dying;
I dropped upon the ground as drop the dead.

Count Ugolino.

(From the Inferno, Canto XXXII. Translated by Dean Plumptre.)

Count Ugolino della Gherardesca, by a series of treasons, made himself absolute master of Pisa. But afterwards his rivals, and especially, according to Dante, the Archbishop Ruggieri de' Ubaldini, by equally criminal methods, succeeded in overthrowing the tyrant. The count, with his four children, was committed to prison and left to perish by starvation. Dante declares that in the last circle of Hell those who have betrayed their native country are punished by being entombed in a sea of everlasting ice. When exploring this region, he beheld two heads above the surface, and shuddered to see one of them gnawing the skull of the other. Approaching, he recognized Count Ugolino, and inquired the cause of this cannibalism. The count then rehearsed his dreadful story.

Already we had left him and withdrew,
When in one pit I saw two frozen thrust,
So that one head as hood to the other grew;
And as a famished man devours a crust,
So there the topmost one his teeth set fast,
Where skull with neck the juncture doth adjust;
Not otherwise did Tydeus make repast
Of Menalippus's skull in his disdain,
Than he on scalp and what it held broke fast.

"O thou whose hate in bestial sign is plain,
Thy hate for him whom thou dost thus devour,
Do thou, these terms agreed, the 'why' explain;
That if of right thy rage on him doth pour,
I, knowing who ye are and what his sin,
May pay thee when I reach the world once more,
Unless my tongue lie stiff my lips within."
His mouth that sinner from his fierce repast
Uplifted then, and wiped it on the hair
Of that same head that he behind laid waste,
And then began: "Anew thou biddest me bear
The desperate sorrows on my heart that weigh,
Even in thought while I from speech forbear;
But, if my words as seed their part shall play
To bear the fruit of shame to him I eat,
My tears and words shall mingled find their way.
I know not who thou art, nor how thy feet
Are led below, but, as thy speech I hear,
Thou seem'st to me a Florentine complete.
Know, then, thou see'st Count Ugolino here,
And this the Archbishop Ruggieri is;
Now list why such a neighbor I appear,
That I by work of evil thoughts of his,
Trusting to him was first a prisoner made,
And after killed—no need to tell thee this;
But what before thee cannot have been laid,
That is, how sharp and dread my death hath been,
Thou now shalt hear; then let my wrongs be weighed.
A little window, that hawk's cage within,
Which now through me as Hunger's Tower is known
(And others too its gates shall enter in),
Through its small aperture to me had shown
Full many a moon, when I dreamt ill dream true,
In which the future's veil aside was thrown.
I saw this lord and chief his prey pursue,
Chasing the wolf and wolf-cubs on the hill
Which hideth Lucca from the Pisans' view,
With hungry hounds, well trained, of eager will;
Guarlandi and Lanfranchi and Sismond,
He had there set the foremost place to fill.
A little while and sire and sons were found,
So seemed it, wearied out; fangs sharp and dread

Upon their flanks made many a horrid wound.
When I awoke, ere yet the night had fled,
Still in their sleep I heard my children wail,
Who there were with me, crying out for bread.
Full hard art thou, if grief shall not prevail
To touch thee, thinking what my heart did cry;
When canst thou weep, if now to weep thou fail?
Already they had waked; the hour drew nigh
Till which they had been wont for food to wait,
And each one's dream brought sore perplexity.
I heard the locking of the lower gate
Of that dread tower, and then awhile I stared
In my sons' faces—speechless, desolate.
I wept not; all within as stone grew hard.
They wept, and then my Anselmuccio said,
'What ails thee, father? Why this fixed regard?'
And still I shed no tear, nor answer made
All that long day, nor yet the following night,
Till the next sun was o'er the world displayed;
And when there came a little ray of light
Into the dolorous prison, and I knew
My own face by four faces' piteous plight,
Then both my hands in anguish I gnawed through.
And they, who deemed that hunger did constrain
To eat, rose up with one accord to sue,
And said, 'O father, less will be our pain
If thou eat us; thou didst these frames array
With this poor flesh, now strip it off again.'
I calmed me then, their anguish to allay;
That day, and then the next, we all were dumb;
Hard earth, why opened not thy depths that day?
And when unto the fourth day we had come,
Gaddo lay stretched before my feet and cried,
'Why, father, helpest thou not?' and there, in sum,
He died; and as thou see'st me, so I eyed
The three fall down, and perish one by one,
The fifth day and the sixth, and then I tried,
Already blind, to grope o'er them alone,
And three days called them after they were dead;
Then even grief by hunger was outdone."
Then with his eyes askance, as this he said,
On that poor skull he gripped his teeth full well,

Which, like a dog's, upon the bare bone fed.
Ah! Pisa, shame and blot of all that dwell
In that fair country where the Si* doth sound;
Since neighbor states work not their vengeance fell,
Let Caprai and Gorgona shift their ground,
And make a dam for Arno's issuing tide,
So that each living soul in thee be drowned!
For e'en if Ugolino rumor wide
Did charge with guilt of citadels betrayed,
Not by such torture should his sons have died.
Guiltless of crime their tender age them made,
(O thou new Thebes!) Brigat, Uguccion,
And those whose names my song above hath said.

Buonconte da Montefeltro.

(From the Purgatorio, Canto V. Translated by Dean Plumptre.)

In 1289 Dante, then a boy of fourteen, was an eye-witness of the notable battle of Campaldino between the Florentines and the people of Arezzo. The former were endeavoring to restore the Guelf faction, recently expelled from that city. They were successful, and Buonconte da Montefeltro, an ardent Ghibelline, was supposed to be slain in the fight. But his body was not found, and Dante accounts for this disappearance by the heavy storm which followed the battle. The body was swept down stream into the Arno and there covered from view. Buonconte complains that his wife and other relatives were neglecting to secure his deliverance from the pains of Purgatory, and entreats the poet's aid.

Ne'er in my sight have fiery vapors sped
In early eve to cleave the blue serene,
Or clouds of August in the sunset red,
More quick than they anon to turn were seen,
And turning so, when they the others met,
They wheeled on us like squadron without rein.
"The folk that press us form a throng close set,"
The Poet said, "and they imploring come;
So still go onward, onward, listening yet."
"O soul that tak'st thy way to blessed home,
With limbs the same as those thy mother bore,"
Shouting they came, "stay here, and look if some
Among us thou hast ever seen before;

* The Italian word for "Yes."

That news of him to yon world thou may'st bear;
Ah! why dost go? Why haltest thou no more?
We all a death of violence did share,
And sinners were, e'en to our latest hour;
Then light from Heaven made our vision clear;
So by repentance and love's pardoning power
We passed from life as reconciled to God,
On whom to gaze strong yearnings us devour."
And I, "Though every face to me is showed,
Yet recognize I none; but if aught please
That I can do, O spirits born for good,
Tell me, and I will do it, by that peace,
Which makes me, following such a Guide as this,
Seek it from world to world and never cease."
And one began: "Each one full certain is
Of thy good-will, though oaths of thine were none,
Unless thy will through want of power shall miss,
Whence I, who speak before the rest alone,
Pray thee, if ever thou that land dost see
'Twixt Charles's kingdom and Romagna thrown,
That thou wouldst ask of thy great courtesy
That Fano's prayers may be on me bestowed,
That I may purge my grave iniquity.
Thence sprang I, but the deep wounds, whence there flowed
The blood wherein of old I dwelt secure,
Were given in land by Antenori trod,
There where I dreamed my safety was most sure:
'Twas he of Este had it done, whose spite
Went far beyond what justice could endure.
But had I towards Mira taken flight,
When I o'erta'en at Oriaco stood,
I still had breathed in yonder world of light.
I to the marshes ran, where reeds and mud
So tangled me that I fell there, and saw
Upon the ground a pool of mine own blood."
Then said another, "That which thee doth draw
Be thine, the wish to mount this lofty hill,
So thou help mine by love's all-pitying law!
Of Montefeltro once, Buonconte still:
Nor others, nor Giovanna, for me care.
Hence as I walk sad looks tell tale of ill."

And I to him: "What force or chance did bear
Thee so far off from Campaldino's plain,
That thou wast buried, no man knowing where?"
"At Casentino's foot," said he again
There flows a stream, as Archiano known,
Which from the Apennine convent seeks the main.
There, where it drops the name it once did own,
I came, my throat with many a wound pierced through,
On foot, and all the plain was blood-bestrown.
There my sight failed, and with it utterance too
Ceased with the name of Mary; and I fell,
And my corpse lifeless lay exposed to view.
Truth will I speak; do thou the living tell;
God's angel took me, and Hell's loudly cried,
'Why robb'st thou me, thou, who in Heaven dost dwell?
Thou bear'st the part that ever shall abide,
For one poor tear that cheats me of my prize;
The rest shall by another doom be tried.'
Thou knowest well how in the air doth rise
That humid vapor which in rain-drops breaks,
Soon as it mounts where cold pervades the skies.
Then came that Evil Will who evil seeks,
That only, with his mind, and with the power
His nature gives him, moves the windy reeks;
And so the valley at day's closing hour,
From Pratomagno to the mountain-chain,
He veiled with cloud, and made the heaven to lower,
So that the pregnant air condensed to rain.
The showers fell fast, and to the gullies came
So much of them as earth could not contain;
And as with torrents strong they one became,
Towards the kingly river on they passed
So quickly that no force their strength could tame.
My frozen body near its mouth at last
The raging Archian found and drove amain
I' the Arno, and set loose the cross which fast
I o'er my breast made when I bowed to pain:
It rolled me on its banks and in its bed;
Then girt and hid me with its stolen gain."

Matilda Gathering Flowers.

(From the Purgatorio, Canto XXVIII. Translated by P. B. Shelley and Dean Plumptre.)

Commentators are not agreed who is meant by Matilda. She can hardly be the famous Countess of Tuscany, who befriended Pope Gregory VII. When the poet had passed through the seven circles of Purgatory, he reached the stream of Lethe (Forgetfulness), and on its farther bank saw this lady in flowery fields, which she explained to be the earthly Paradise. Here Virgil disappeared, but his place was taken by Beatrice, who was to conduct the poet through Heaven.

And, earnest to explore within—around—
That divine wood whose thick green living woof
Tempered the young day to the sight, I wound
Up the green slope, beneath the forest's roof,
With slow soft steps leaving the mountain's steep;
And sought those inmost labyrinths, motion-proof
Against the air that, in that stillness deep
And solemn, struck upon my forehead bare
The slow soft stroke of a continuous sleep;
In which the light leaves tremblingly were
All bent towards that part where earliest
The sacred hill obscures the morning air.
Yet were they not so shaken from their rest
But that the birds, perched on the utmost spray,
Incessantly renewing their blithe quest,
With perfect joy received the early day,
Singing within the glancing leaves, whose sound
Kept a low burden to their roundelay,
Such as from bough to bough gathers around
The pine-forest on bleak Chiassi's shore,
When Æolus Sirocco has unbound.
My slow steps had already borne me o'er
Such space within the antique wood that I
Perceived not where I entered any more,
When lo! a stream whose little waves went by,
Bending towards the left through grass that grew
Upon its bank, impeded suddenly
My going on. Water of purest hue
On earth would appear turbid and impure
Compared with this, whose unconcealing dew,

Dark, dark, yet clear, moved under the obscure
Eternal shades, whose interwoven looms
No ray of moon or sunshine will endure.
I moved not with my feet, but mid the glooms
Pierced with my charméd eye, contemplating
The mighty multitude of fresh May-blooms
Which starred that night; when (even as a thing
That suddenly, for blank astonishment,
Charms every sense, and makes all thought take wing)
I saw a solitary woman! and she went
Singing, and gathering flower after flower,
With which her way was painted and besprent.
"Bright lady, who if looks had ever power
To bear true witness of the heart within,
Dost bask under the beams of love, come lower
Towards this bank! I prithee let me win
This much of thee, to come, that I may hear
Thy song. Like Proserpine in Enna's glen
Thou seemest to my fancy; singing here
And gathering flowers, as that fair maiden when
She lost the Spring, and Ceres her more dear."

Then, as fair lady moving in the dance,
Turns with her soles just lifted from the ground,
And scarcely one foot forward doth advance,
She among red and golden flowers turned round
To me, and with no other look she went
Than downcast eyes of maid with meekness crowned.
And now she gave my prayers their full content,
So drawing near me, that her song's sweet tune
Came to me, and I gathered what it meant.
Soon as she came where o'er the bank had grown
Plants with the waves of that fair river wet,
By special boon her eyes on me were thrown.
I do not deem such glorious light was set
Beneath the lids of Venus, when her son
Transfixed her, as he never had done yet.
Erect, she smiled the other bank upon,
Those fair flowers culling with her hands' sweet art,
Which without seed that region high had won.
By just three paces did the stream us part,

But Hellespont, where Xerxes crossed its wave,
Still, even now, a curb for man's proud heart,
Ne'er from Leander suffered hate more grave,
'Twixt Sestos and Abydos flowing strong,
Than that from me, because no ford it gave.
"Ye are new come," so she began ere long,
"And maybe seeing I in this place smile,
Chosen as home to which man's race may throng,
This wondering springs from some distrust awhile;
But the psalm '*Delectasti*' pours its ray
To free thy mind from clouds that thee beguile.
And thou, who art in front, and me didst pray,
Speak if thou more would'st hear, for I came nigh
Ready for every question, doubt to stay."
"This stream," I said, "and forest's melody,
Clash in my mind with that my new-born faith
In what I heard of this the contrary."
Then "I will tell thee how is wrought," she saith,
"By its fit cause what doth thy wonder move,
And clear the cloud that thee embarrasseth.
The Good Supreme, self-centred in its love,
Made man as good, and gave this place of bliss
As earnest of eternal peace above:
On this side it descends, with power endued,
Which takes from men the memory of their sin,
On that, recalls to men each deed of good.
So here it doth the name of Lethe win,
And Eunoe there, and till men both shall taste,
Will not to do its wondrous work begin,
All other savors are by this surpassed.

. . . . . .

Those who of old indulged in poet's theme
Of golden age and its high happiness,
Of this land had, perchance, Parnassian dream.
Here innocence man's primal root did bless,
Here ever spring and every fruit abound;
The nectar this which they to know profess."
And then I turned me, face and body round
Upon my Bards,* and saw that with a smile
They of those last words well had heard the sound;
Then to that lady fair I turned awhile.

* Virgil and Statius.

Beatrice Leaves Dante.

(From the Paradiso, Canto XXXI. Translated by J. W. Thomas.)

With what amazement must such scene sublime
And my great joy thereat have fill'd my mind!
Certes, my thoughts unbreathed with silence chime.
And as a pilgrim his content will find,
Looking around the temple of his vow,
And hopes one day to tell what's there enshrined,
So through the living light that bathed my brow,
Mine eyes glanced o'er the seats in each degree,
Now up, now down, and sweeping round them now.
Persuasive looks I saw, to charity,
Adorn'd with heavenly light and their own smile,
And gestures full of grace and dignity.
The general plan of Paradise, meanwhile,
My view already fully comprehended,
But fix'd on no part yet, so volatile;
And with new longing that my doubts were ended,
Of certain things I turn'd to ask my guide,
On which my judgment had remain'd suspended.
Another than the one I sought replied:
I look'd for Beatrice, but in her stead
Saw an old man robed like the glorified.
Over his eyes and in his aspect spread
Kindness and joy, by pious action shown,
As of a tender father, might be read.
And "Where is she?" I ask, with eager tone.
Then he: "Thy wishes fully to expound,
By Beatrice moved, I from my place have flown.
If thou wilt upward look to the third round
Of the chief grade, her form thou wilt descry
Upon the throne which her desert has found."
Raising my eyes above, without reply,
Her, circled with a crown, I saw with wonder,
Reflecting the eternal beams on high.
From the most lofty sphere whence rolls the thunder,
A mortal eye were not so distant, sure,
If in the ocean's lowest depth placed under,
As mine from Beatrice; yet there to view her

It hinder'd not: her image visible
To me descended through that medium pure.
"O Lady, who my hope hast prosper'd well,
And didst for my salvation enterprise
To leave the traces of thy feet in Hell,
By all the things on which I've set mine eyes,
Both of thy power and generosity
The virtue and the grace I recognize:
Thou, of a slave, hast set me fully free.
By all the ways and all the modes most fit,
Which for that purpose were employ'd by thee,
Me let not thy munificence e'er quit,
So that my soul, which health from thee did gain,
Pleasing to thee may from the body flit."
Such was my prayer, and she, as it was plain,
Though so far distant, smiled, and look'd on me,
Then to the Eternal Fountain turn'd again.
And that old Saint said then, "To wait on thee
By prayer and holy love enjoin'd am I,
That thou thy way mayst finish perfectly:
Now let thine eyes around this garden fly;
Because the sight thy faculties will raise
To mount where shines the ray Divine on high.
And she, the Queen of Heaven, for whom I blaze
With love entire, will grant us every aid,
For me, her faithful Bernard,* still she sways."

GUIDO CAVALCANTI.

Guido Cavalcanti, born about 1250, was of a noble Florentine family and of high repute in his own day for learning and poetry. He was called by Dante his "first friend." Yet when the party strife of the Blacks and Whites vexed the city of Florence, Dante joined with the other magistrates in banishing Cavalcanti, as a leader of the Whites. The exile soon returned in ill health and died in 1301. His metaphysical poem, "On the Nature of Love," has been translated into English by C. T. Brooks. In the following sonnet he answers Dante's first sonnet in the "Vita Nuova." (See p. 235.)

* St. Bernard was noted especially for his devotion to the worship of the Blessed Virgin.

Answer to Dante.

Unto my thinking, thou beheld'st all worth,
All joy, as much of good as man may know,
If thou wert in his power who here below
Is honor's righteous lord throughout this earth.
Where evil dies, even there he has his birth,
Whose justice out of pity's self doth grow.
Softly to sleeping persons he will go,
And, with no pain to them, their hearts draw forth.
Thy heart he took, as knowing well, alas!
That Death had claimed thy Lady for a prey:
In fear whereof, he fed her with thy heart.
But when he seemed in sorrow to depart,
Sweet was thy dream; for by that sign, I say,
Surely the opposite shall come to pass.

CINO DA PISTOIA.

Cino da Pistoia is the name in literature of Guittoncino de' Sinibuldi (1270–1336). He belonged to the White faction, which arose in his native Pistoia. When banished, he went to Lombardy and afterwards to Rome. Returning to Pistoia in 1319, he abandoned political strife, and attained legal and literary fame. He was the friend of Dante in his later years and wrote a canzone to console him for the death of Beatrice. The following is his attempt to answer Dante's first sonnet. (See p. 235.)

Each lover's longing leads him naturally
Unto his lady's heart his heart to show;
And this it is that Love would have thee know
By the strange vision which he sent to thee.
With thy heart therefore, flaming outwardly,
In humble guise he fed thy lady so,
Who long had lain in slumber, from all woe
Folded within a mantle silently.
Also, in coming, Love might not repress
His joy, to yield thee thy desire achieved,
Whence heart should unto heart true service bring.
But understanding the great love-sickness
Which in thy lady's bosom was conceived,
He pitied her, and wept in vanishing.

CECCO ANGIOLIERI.

AMONG the poets who clustered around Dante the gambling scapegrace, Cecco Angiolieri of Siena, played the part of buffoon. His realistic cynical sonnets tell not only his love for Becchina, a shoemaker's daughter, but also his unnatural hatred of his father for opposing his marriage with her. Dante reproved Cecco for his folly and was repaid with railing.

THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTER.

Why, if Becchina's heart were diamond,
And all the other parts of her were steel,
As cold to love as snows when they congeal
In lands to which the sun may not get round;
And if her father were a giant crown'd,
And not a donkey born to stitching shoes;
Or I were but an ass myself;—to use
Such harshness, scarce could to her praise redound.
Yet if she'd only for a minute hear,
And I could speak if only pretty well,
I'd let her know that I'm her happiness;
That I'm her life should also be made clear,
With other things that I've no need to tell;
And then I feel quite sure she'll answer Yes.

WHAT I WOULD DO.

IF I were fire, I'd burn the world away;
If I were wind, I'd turn my storms thereon;
If I were water, I'd soon let it drown;
If I were God, I'd sink it from the day;
If I were Pope, I'd never feel quite gay
Until there was no peace beneath the sun;
If I were Emperor, what would I have done?—
I'd lop men's heads all round in my own way.
If I were Death, I'd look my father up;
If I were Life, I'd run away from him,
And treat my mother to like calls and runs.
If I were Cecco (and that's all my hope),
I'd pick the nicest girls to suit my whim,
And other folk should get the ugly ones.

NICCOLO ALBIZZI.

Niccolo, who belonged to the noble Florentine family of the Albizzi, is little known. Here he makes fun of the wretched soldiers who returned from an bootless expedition to Milan about 1300.

Return of the Troops.

If you could see, fair brother, how dead beat
  The fellows look who come through Rome to-day,—
  Black yellow smoke-dried visages,—you'd say
They thought their haste at going all too fleet.
Their empty victual-wagons up the street
  Over the bridge dreadfully sound and sway;
  Their eyes, as hanged men's turning the wrong way;
And nothing on their backs, or heads, or feet.
One sees the ribs and all the skeletons
  Of their gaunt horses; and a sorry sight
Are the torn saddles, crammed with straw and stones.
  They are ashamed, and march throughout the night,
Stumbling, for hunger, on their marrow-bones;
  Like barrels rolling, jolting in this plight.
Their arms all gone, not even their swords are saved:
And each as silent as a man being shaved.

PETRARCH.

Francesco Petrarca (1304–1374) was the great poet of Italy in the age after Dante, and he has a special claim to the gratefulness of posterity in the fact that he was truly the father of Italian humanism. His own character was, however, a strikingly mixed composite of greatness and weakness. Flattered by his own age as the king of poetry, he became a full-blown egotist. He was evidently not insensible to the merits of his Canzoni in honor of Laura, for he polished them as assiduously as a Virgil could have done, yet with a characteristic affectation he treated them with apparent indifference. It was upon his Latin epic, "Africa," with Scipio Africanus as its hero, rather than upon his triumphs as a sonneteer that he hoped to attain immortality. It was, further-

more, upon the strength of this poem that he had himself solemnly crowned with laurel in the Campidoglio at Rome. There can be no doubt that Petrarch's own self-seeking vanity brought about this unique spectacle. He persuaded both the University of Paris and King Robert of Naples to offer him the honor, and chose the royal invitation as the more illustrious from a spectacular standpoint. In the month of April, 1341, his coronation occurred at Rome. He received the poet's crown upon the Capitol from the hand of a Roman senator amid the plaudits of plebeians and patricians alike, and delivered a triumphal oration upon the words of Virgil: "But sweet love of Parnassus carried me over the desert steeps." Thereafter he styled Vaucluse, to which he had retired in 1337, his cisalpine Parnassus. Petrarch was thirty-seven years old when he was thus crowned. Later in life he awoke somewhat from his Latin dreams and projected a work which was a distant echo of Dante's "Commedia." It was a series of "Triumphs," of Love, Chastity, Death, Fame, Time, and Eternity. The ostensible subject is the poet and his love, but the series takes in the destiny of man.

Petrarch's fame rests on his "Canzoniere," or lyrical poems, which describe the phases of his love for Madonna Laura, both before and after the death of this purely worshiped mistress. These perfect sonnets have won for Petrarch the title of the "Prince of Sentimentalists." In order to understand Petrarch's relations with and sentiments towards Laura, who was a married woman, it is necessary to review his life. His father was a Florentine notary named Petrarco, who had espoused the same cause as Dante did during the quarrels of the Blacks and Whites, and had been banished from the commune by the same decree. The notary took refuge in Avignon in 1313. Avignon still belonged to Provence, and owned King Robert of Naples as sovereign; while the Popes of the "Babylonish Captivity" had been living there since the insults offered to Boniface VIII. at Anagni in 1303. This Avignon it was which influenced the scholar-poet with an indelible three-fold impress—religious, poetical and political. Left practically penniless by his father's death, he took orders and eventually became a

priest, although so unclerical that he afterwards had two illegitimate children. He was essentially a voluptuary throughout his life. Politically, he always owned a fulsome allegiance to the King of Naples, as he did to all patrons of rank. He successfully pleaded for the tyrants of Verona. He was a warm friend of the tyrant Azzo di Correggio of Parma. Nevertheless, when Cola di Rienzi accomplished the remarkable revolution of May, 1347, and sought to revive the republic of Rome, Petrarch hailed this "Last of the Tribunes." On the tribune's downfall the poet made lament in verse.

J. A. Symonds has declared: "Petrarch was made up of contradictions. Praising solitude, playing the hermit at Vaucluse, he only loved seclusion as a contrast to the society of courts; while he penned dissertations on the futility of fame and the burden of celebrity, he was trimming his sails to catch the breeze of popular applause. No one professed a more austere morality, and few mediæval writers indulged in cruder satire on the female sex; yet he passed some years in the society of a concubine, and his living masterpiece of art is the apotheosis of chivalrous passion for a woman. These discords of an undecided nature displayed themselves in his political theories and in his philosophy of conduct. In one mood he was fain to ape the antique patriot; in another he affected the monastic saint. He was clamorous for the freedom of the Roman people; yet at one time he called upon the Popes to re-establish themselves in the Eternal City; at another he besought the Emperor to make it his headquarters; at a third he hailed in Rienzi the founder of a new republic." Mr. Symonds makes the plea for Petrarch, however, that all these and the many more antitheses in the character and opinions of this singular man were harmonized in a personality of potent and enduring force. "Petrarch," he asserts, "was essentially the first of the moderns, the ancestor of Hamlet and Faust, Rousseau and Childe Harold." And he adds, "the point to notice in this complex personality is that Petrarch's ideal remained always literary." Appreciation and remembrance of this point will explain the Platonic love of this immoral young priest for his Laura, the queen of his sonnets. Furthermore, in Avignon, he had imbibed the troubadour

traditions of Provence, whereby marriage with another was no bar to a chivalrous love. The single knight might choose a wedded lady, to sing her praises for beauty and modesty.

Petrarch was only twenty-three years old when he happened first to behold Laura in a church at Avignon. Tradition—somewhat dubious—declares that she was then but twenty-two years old and had been for two years the wife of Hugh de Sade, scion of a distinguished family of that place. Despite the troubadour precedent and the Platonic nature of his love Petrarch himself was never quite at ease concerning the blamelessness of his literary passion. In his casuistical dialogues with Saint Augustine he talks of a moral improvement as the fruit of his passion, while in his curious autobiography, the "Epistle to Posterity" he thinks repentance, after all, a more becoming posture.

The "Canzoniere" are composed with an exquisite art. On them Symonds pronounces the verdict: "They cannot become obsolete, for perfect metrical form has been married to language of the choicest and purest." Shelley exclaimed that these lyrics "are as spells which unseal the inmost enchanted fountains of the delight which is the grief of love." Petrarch thus came between the old metaphysical lyrists of Tuscany and the more realistic amorists of succeeding generations. Of his classical labors it is sufficient to record here that he was "the hero, the founder of Humanism, the inaugurator of the Renaissance in Italy."

THE SONNET.

The sonnet is a notable form of verse, originating in Italy, but transferred into other languages. It was born in the Sicilian school, the earliest being attributed to Piero della Vigne. Its length is fixed at fourteen lines, but considerable variety has been exercised in regard to the arrangement of the rhymes. The inventor's sonnet consisted of two quatrains (*abababab*) and two terzets (*cdecde*). Petrarch improved and polished this new form, making it an octave with two rhymes and a sestet of two or three. This is the normal Italian form, but poets in other languages have taken greater liberty.

Shakespeare's variation is three quatrains of alternate rhymes with a concluding couplet. The sonnet is properly intended to mirror one single wave of cumulative emotion. Chastely beautiful as it was in the hands of its great master Petrarch, it became a plaything with some of his compatriots. Although sonnet-writing has been a favorite exercise with some of the greatest English poets, the form is still regarded as exotic by readers. Great skill in the poetic art is requisite for success in its production.

Sonnets to Laura.

All ye who list, in wildly warbled strain,
Those sighs with which my youthful heart was fed,
Erewhile fond passion's maze I wont to tread,
Erewhile I lived estrang'd to manlier pain;
For all those vain desires, and griefs as vain,
Those tears, those plaints, by am'rous fancy bred,
If ye by love's strong power have e'er been led,
Pity, nay, haply pardon, I may gain.
Oft on my check the conscious crimson glows,
And sad reflection tells—ungrateful thought!—
How jeering crowds have mock'd my love-lorn woes:
But folly's fruits are penitence and shame,
With this just maxim, I've too dearly bought,
That man's applause is but a transient dream.

Poor, solitary bird, that pour'st thy lay,
Or haply mournest the sweet season gone,
As chilly night and winter hurry on,
And daylight fades, and summer flies away!
If, as the cares that swell thy little throat,
Thou knew'st alike the woes that wound my rest,
Oh, thou wouldst house thee in this kindred breast,
And mix with mine thy melancholy note!
Yet little know I ours are kindred ills:
She still may live the object of thy song:
Not so for me stern Death or Heaven wills!
But the sad season, and less grateful hour,
And of past joy and sorrow thoughts that throng,
Prompt my full heart this idle lay to pour.

Translated by Lady Dacre.

Alone and pensive, the deserted strand
I wander o'er with slow and measured pace,
And shun with eager eye the lightest trace
Of human foot imprinted on the sand.
I find, alas! no other resting-place
From the keen eye of man; for, in the show
Of joys gone by, it reads upon my face
The traces of the flame that burns below.
And thus, at length, each leafy mount and plain,
Each wandering stream and shady forest, know,
What others know not, all my life of pain.
And e'en as through the wildest tracts I go,
Love whispers in my ear his tender strain,
Which I with trembling lip repeat to him again.

Translated by G. W. GREENE.

Swift current, that from rocky Alpine vein,
Gathering the tribute to thy waters free,
Mov'st joyous onward night and day with me,
Where nature leads thee, me love's tyrant chain!
Roll freely on; nor toil nor rest restrain
Thine arrowy course; but ere thou yieldest in
The tribute of thy waters to the main,
Seek out heaven's purest sky, earth's deepest green;
There wilt thou find the bright and living beam
That o'er thy left bank sheds its heavenly rays:
If unto her too slow my footsteps seem,—
While by her feet thy lingering current strays,
Forming to words the murmurs of its stream,—
Say that the weary flesh the willing soul delays.

Translated by G. W. GREENE.

In what ideal world or part of heaven
Did Nature find the model of that face
And form, so fraught with loveliness and grace,
In which to our creation she has given
Her prime proof of creative power above?
What fountain nymph or goddess ever let
Such lovely tresses float of gold refined
Upon the breeze, or in a single mind

Where have so many virtues ever met,
E'en though those charms have slain my bosom's weal?
He knows not love, who has not seen her eyes
Turn when she sweetly speaks, or smiles, or sighs,
Or how the power of love can hurt or heal.

Translated by T. ROSCOE.

Creatures there be, of sight so keen and high,
That even on the sun they bend their gaze;
Others, who, dazzled by too fierce a blaze,
Issue not forth till evening veils the sky;
Others, who, with insane desire, would try
The bliss which dwells within the fire's bright rays,
But, in their sport, find that its fervor slays.
Alas! of this last heedless band am I:
Since strength I boast not, to support the light
Of that fair form, nor in obscure sojourn
Am skilled to fence me, nor enshrouding night.
Wherefore, with eyes which ever weep and mourn,
My fate compels me still to court her sight,
Conscious I follow flames which shine to burn.

Translated by T. ROSCOE.

Waved to the winds were those long locks of gold
Which in a thousand burnished ringlets flowed,
And the sweet light beyond all measure glowed
Of those fair eyes which I no more behold,
Nor (so it seemed) that face aught harsh or cold
To me (if true or false, I know not) showed;
Me, in whose breast the amorous lure abode,
If flames consumed, what marvel to unfold?
That step of hers was of no mortal guise,
But of angelic nature; and her tongue
Had other utterance than of human sounds.
A living sun, a spirit of the skies,
I saw her. Now, perhaps, not so. But wounds
Heal not, for that the bow is since unstrung.

Translated by T. ROSCOE.

Ode to Rienzi.

Nicola di Rienzi (1312–1354) endeavored to restore the ancient Roman republic and for a time achieved wonderful success. Afterwards overcome with vanity he fell from his proud eminence.

Spirit heroic! who with fire divine
Kindlest those limbs awhile which pilgrim hold
On earth a Chieftain, gracious, wise, and bold;
Since rightly now the rod of state is thine
Rome and her wandering children to confine,
And yet reclaim her to the old good way:
To thee I speak, for elsewhere not a ray
Of virtue can I find, extinct below,
Nor one who feels of evil deeds the shame.
Why Italy still waits, and what her aim
I know not, callous to her proper woe,
Indolent, aged, slow,
Still will she sleep? Is none to rouse her found?
Oh! that my wakening hands were through her tresses wound

So grievous is the spell, the trance so deep,
Loud though we call, my hope is faint that e'er
She yet will waken from her heavy sleep:
But not, methinks, without some better end
Was this our Rome entrusted to thy care,
Who surest may revive and best defend.
Fearlessly then upon that reverend head,
'Mid her dishevell'd locks, thy fingers spread,
And lift at length the sluggard from the dust;
I, day and night, who her prostration mourn,
For this in thee have fix'd my certain trust,
That, if her sons yet turn,
And their eyes ever to true honor raise,
The glory is reserved for thy illustrious days!

Her ancient walls, which still with fear and love
The world admires, whene'er it calls to mind
The days of Eld, and turns to look behind;
Her hoar and cavern'd monuments above
The dust of men, whose fame, until the world

In dissolution sink, can never fail;
Her all, that in one ruin now lies hurl'd,
Hopes to have heal'd by thee its every ail.
O faithful Brutus! noble Scipios dead!
To you what triumph, where ye now are blest,
If of our worthy choice the fame have spread:
And how his laurell'd crest,
Will old Fabricius rear, with joy elate,
That his own Rome again shall beauteous be and great!

And, if for things of earth its care Heaven show,
The souls who dwell above in joy and peace,
And their mere mortal frames have left below,
Implore thee this long civil strife may cease,
Which kills all confidence, nips every good,
Which bars the way to many a roof, where men
Once holy, hospitable lived, the den
Of fearless rapine now and frequent blood,
Whose doors to virtue only are denied;
While beneath plunder'd Saints, in outraged fanes,
Plots Faction, and Revenge the altar stains;
And, contrast sad and wide,
The very bells which sweetly wont to fling
Summons to prayer and praise now Battle's tocsin ring!

Pale weeping women, and a friendless crowd
Of tender years, infirm and desolate Age,
Which hates itself and its superfluous days,
With each blest order to religion vow'd,
Whom works of love through lives of want engage,
To thee for help their hands and voices raise;
While our poor panic-stricken Land displays
The thousand wounds which now so mar her frame,
That e'en from foes compassion they command;
Or more if Christendom thy care may claim,
Lo! God's own house on fire, while not a hand
Moves to subdue the flame:
Heal thou these wounds, this feverish tumult end,
And on the holy work Heaven's blessing shall descend!

Often against our marble Column high
Wolf, Lion, Bear, proud Eagle, and base Snake

Even to their own injury insult shower;
Lifts against thee and theirs her mournful cry,
The noble Dame who calls thee here to break
Away the evil weeds which will not flower.
A thousand years and more! and gallant men
There fix'd her seat in beauty and in power;
The breed of patriot hearts has fail'd since then!
And, in their stead, upstart and haughty now,
A race, which ne'er to her in reverence bends,
Her husband, father thou!
Like care from thee and counsel she attends,
As o'er his other works the Sire of all extends.

'Tis seldom e'en that with our fairest schemes
Some adverse fortune will not mix, and mar
With instant ill ambition's noblest dreams;
But thou, once ta'en thy path, so walk that I
May pardon her past faults, great as they are,
If now at least she give herself the lie.
For never, in all memory, as to thee,
To mortal man so sure and straight the way
Of everlasting honor open lay,
For thine the power and will, if right I see,
To lift our empire to its old proud state.
Let this thy glory be!
They succor'd her when young, and strong, and great,
He, in her weak old age, warded the stroke of Fate.

Forth on thy way! my Song, and, where the bold
Tarpeian lifts his brow, shouldst thou behold,
Of others' weal more thoughtful than his own,
The chief, by general Italy revered,
Tell him from me, to whom he is but known
As one to Virtue and by Fame endear'd,
Till stamp'd upon his heart the sad truth be,
That, day by day to thee,
With suppliant attitude and streaming eyes,
For justice and relief our seven-hill'd City cries.

SPANISH LITERATURE.

PERIOD II. A.D. 1490–1550.

THE earlier national literature has already been passed in review.* It had come somewhat under the influence of the Provençal school in the twelfth century, and also under a less conscious influence of the Moors. When the latter were restrained within well-defined limits, and war was no longer the constant occupation of knighthood, the Gothic Christians learned much of the arts of peace from their hated Moslem neighbors. Literature reflected these influences. Moorish songs and ballads were translated into Spanish, and Castilian ballads were composed on Moorish themes.

Meantime prose literature was springing up. It was no longer felt necessary to give the chivalric romances a metrical form. The story of King Arthur had been diffused through Europe by Geoffrey of Monmouth's Latin Chronicle. Of the romances derived from this or attached to it, Amadis of Gaul (Wales) was long the most popular. This story is traced to the Portuguese Vasco Lobeyra, who died in 1403; but the earliest version extant is the Spanish translation made about fifty years later. As Cervantes testifies, it was regarded as the earliest and best of the romances of chivalry. The prose chronicles of this period are not inferior to those of Don Jayme and King Alfonso.

When King Juan II. of Castile set up his courtly school of Italian poetry early in the fifteenth century, he established a fashion which, despite his many troubles, profoundly benefited and permanently colored the nation's literature. Spanish speech and literary form took on new graces, the im-

*See Volume I., pp. 350–383.

ported style, as seems inevitable in all experience, prevailed over the native usage, and the growth of international trade aided in broadening the language and general culture. But this was counterbalanced by the decay of much of the old national spirit, especially in its writings. The stirring if crude recitals of heroic deeds in ballad and chronicle began to give place to feebler stuff in artificial phrases. This is illustrated in the famous collection of poetry printed in 1511, the *Cancionero General*, representing the productions of the preceding sixty years. The vigorous note of the early ballads has died out, and in its stead is the weaker versification of the new mode,—fantastic, but colorless. This Italianizing tendency was quickened by the affinity of the two languages, and the fact that the Spanish so readily lends its florid periods to conceal commonplace ideas. The fashion held sway until the end of the century, when Luis de Gongora carried it to the pitch of absurdity in his invention of "the cultivated style," a mere fad, marked by every extravagance of fancy and artificial metaphor, in which a single grain of original thought was overlaid with a bushel of empty verbiage. A similar epidemic raged later through France, among the school of the *Précieuses;* in England its victims were known as the Euphuists, who had their day and left a distinct trace of their influence. Gongoerism, as the Spanish florid style was nick-named, stamped its mark of mysticism so deeply on the national taste that it has never quite disappeared. It was not, however, until between 1520 and 1540 that the Italian modes were systematically introduced, adopted, and fairly naturalized. Two names share what credit may attach to the achievement, Juan Boscan and Garcilaso de la Vega. These were poets of unequal merit, but to them belongs the distinction of having ushered in the Golden Age of their country's literature,—Boscan by illustrating the adaptability of the new vehicle, and Garcilaso, who was a true poet, by his masterly use of it.

But there were influences, other and more radical than that of fashion, which gave character to the literature of the period now under review. A glance at the history of Spain during the sixteenth century will cause surprise that a literature so vast and genuine, and so much of it instinct with true

genius, could grow under conditions apparently so discouraging. While the national outlook was bright at the opening of the century, with promise of prosperity unparalleled, with territorial conquests and national wealth waiting to be gathered in, a rare inspiration for the patriot poet, the adverse influence of the Inquisition darkened the horizon. From its establishment in 1481 its secret work of repression of free thought and speech had not been seriously objected to by the Spanish people. Its victims had been the Moors, who were the natural enemies of the native race, and the Jews, for whom they had no love and scant toleration.

The bolder stand taken by the Protestants under Luther and kindred leaders intensified this intolerance, which found vent in the active part taken by Spain in religious wars in Europe, always antagonistic to the Reformation movement, and at home in the issuance of the *Index Expurgatorius* in 1546. By this not only were books and writings condemned, but also those who wrote, bought, sold, or temporarily held them. There was no respect of persons in the carrying out of its decrees. The highest in Church or State or popular esteem had no immunity, and the tribunals, the testimony, and the sentences were secret. Men of learning, sacred and secular, and writers of the popular books came most severely under its ban. Excess of intolerance always defeats its own end; though some of the most famous authors suffered in person for their utterances, and others saw their writings suppressed or mutilated, there grew notwithstanding a heavy crop of light literature, more questionable in morals than in theology. There was the freedom of license under the restriction of liberty. The guiding principle of the Inquisitors permitted them to sanction some of the grosser examples of wanton writing, while harmless productions of the ablest authors were frequently condemned. The people were by no means prone to resist this intellectual tyranny. They had for generations grown into the conviction that whatsoever made for the Church made against evil, so that the pious fervor which had repelled Mohammedanism from the domain of Christianity held itself entitled and impelled to stamp out Judaism, heresy, and the taint of Protestantism, as phases of

the same spirit of enmity to the only truth. Obviously, the writers of poems, plays, and books found their pens, if not their brains, crippled under this rule. Bigotry, hypocrisy, flippancy, mark much of the output of this period, while a defiant note of licentiousness pervaded most of the lighter productions of that century. It was succeeded by the Golden Age of Spanish literature, to which the names of Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Quevedo, Calderon, with those of many minor luminaries, gave a lustre which the contemporary genius of neighboring nations has not dimmed. This period will be reserved for future consideration.

Reference has been made to the two pioneers of this new departure. Juan Boscan created nothing original, nor were his poems specially characteristic, but he was the first to introduce the contemporary Italian style, and he successfully transplanted the Petrarchian sonnet and song, the *terza rima* of Dante, and the *ottava rima* of Ariosto, besides exemplifying the powers of blank verse.

Garcilaso de la Vega was a distinguished figure in his day, 1503–1536. A handsome and dashing soldier of noble family, the associate of Boscan and other scholarly men, the inmate of a prison for a time through a quarrel, he met his too early death in the siege of the castle of Frejus. Most of his works are translations or paraphrases from the Italian and Latin, but they are pronounced by his countrymen worthy in all respects of the originals and splendid examples of the Castilian speech.

But though this was an age of foreign imitation and over-refinement in poetical style, and even of rhapsodies and pedantry, there were still proofs of original genius. The noble "Coplas de Manrique," made familiar to English readers by Longfellow's excellent translation, is a splendid elegy on the author's father. At the close of the fifteenth century came the tragi-comedy of "Celestina," which may be regarded as the beginning of both the drama and the novel of modern Spain.

MOORISH BALLADS.

MANY Moorish ballads were included in the Spanish collections. They preserve a distinct flavor, yet they show the mutual influence of the two races on Spanish literature. It is impossible to assign exact dates to such of these poems as have been preserved, but they evidently belong to an age in which the old hostile feeling to the Moors had in great measure passed away. They are relics of a lost cause, collected and cherished by descendants of the conquerors.

THE LAMENTATION FOR CELIN.

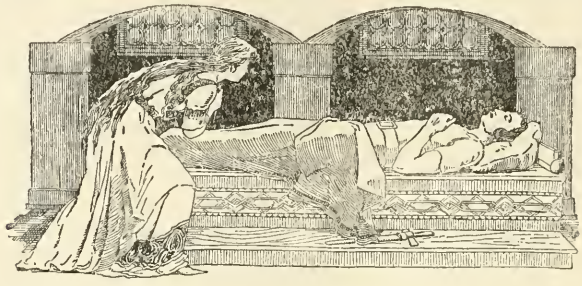
AT the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are barred,
At twilight, at the Vega-gate, there is a trampling heard;
There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of woe!—
"What tower is fallen? what star is set? what chief come these bewailing?"
'A tower is fallen! a star is set!—Alas! alas for Celin!"

Three times they knock, three times they cry,—and wide the doors they throw;
Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go;
In gloomy lines they mustering stand beneath the hollow porch,
Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and flaming torch;
Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing,—
For all have heard the misery,—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

Him yesterday a Moor did slay, of Bencerrage's blood,—
'Twas at the solemn jousting, around the nobles stood;
The nobles of the land were by, and ladies bright and fair
Looked from their latticed windows, the haughty sight to share:
But now the nobles all lament,—the ladies are bewailing,—
For he was Granada's darling knight,—"Alas! alas, for Celin!"

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to view;
Behind him his four sisters, each wrapped in sable veil,
Between the tambour's dismal strokes take up their doleful tale;
When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brotherless bewailing,
And all the people, far and near, cry,—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

Oh, lovely lies he on the bier, above the purple pall,
The flower of Granada's youth, the loveliest of them all!
His dark, dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip is pale,
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his burnished mail;



And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in upon their wailing,—
Its sound is like no earthly sound,—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

The Mooress at the lattice stands,—the Moor stands at his door;
One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weeping sore;
Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes black they strew
Upon their broidered garments, of crimson, green, and blue;
Before each gate the bier stands still,—then bursts the loud bewailing,
From door and lattice, high and low,—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

An old, old woman cometh forth, when she hears the people cry,—
Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazéd eye;
'Twas she that nursed him at her breast,—that nursed him long ago;
She knows not whom they all lament, but soon she well shall know!
With one deep shriek, she through doth break, when her ears receive their wailing,—
"Let me kiss my Celin ere I die!—Alas! alas for Celin!"

Woe is Me, Alhama!

This Moorish ballad existed both in Spanish and Arabic. Such was its effect on the Moors that it was forbidden to be sung within Granada, on pain of death. The following translation is by Lord Byron:

The Moorish king rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town;
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell;
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course;
Through the street of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in.
Woe is me, Alhama!

When the Alhambra walls he gained,
On the moment he ordained
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And when the hollow drums of war
Beat the loud alarum afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain,—
Woe is me, Alhama!

Then the Moors, by this aware
That bloody Mars recalled them there,
One by one, and two by two,
To a mighty squadron grew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake, an aged Moor
In these words the king before:
"Wherefore call on us, O King?
What may mean this gathering?"
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Friends! ye have, alas! to know
Of a most disastrous blow,—
That the Christians, stern and bold,
Have obtained Alhama's hold."
Woe is me, Alhama!

Out then spake old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see:

"Good King, thou art justly served,—
Good King, this thou hast deserved.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;
And strangers were received by thee,
Of Cordova the chivalry.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"And for this, O King, is sent
On thee a double chastisement:
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone."
Woe is me, Alhama!

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's eyes;
The monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answered, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings:"—
Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish king, and doomed him dead.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Moor Alfaqui! Moor Alfaqui!
Though thy beard so hoary be,
The king hath sent to have thee seized,
For Alhama's loss displeased;—
Woe is me, Alhama!

And to fix thy head upon
High Alhambra's loftiest stone:
That this for thee should be the law,
And others tremble when they saw.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Cavalier! and man of worth!
Let these words of mine go forth;
Let the Moorish monarch know,
That to him I nothing owe.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"But on my soul Alhama weighs,
And on my inmost spirit preys;
And if the king his land hath lost,
Yet others may have lost the most.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"Sires have lost their children,—wives,
Their lords,—and valiant men, their lives;
One what best his love might claim
Hath lost,—another, wealth or fame.
Woe is me, Alhama!

"I lost a damsel in that hour,
Of all the land the loveliest flower;
Doubloons a hundred I would pay,
And think her ransom cheap that day."
Woe is me, Alhama!

And as these things the old Moor said,
They severed from the trunk his head;
And to the Alhambra's wall with speed
'T was carried, as the king decreed.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears.
Woe is me, Alhama!

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls;
The king weeps as a woman o'er
His loss,—for it is much and sore.
Woe is me, Alhama!

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

Poets and painters of the Middle Ages found a favorite subject in the Dance of Death. There was no more striking or picturesque form of it than the Spanish version by Rabbi Santo de Carrion. This Jewish poet is thought to have received the name Santo on account of his moral virtues, but little is really known of him except that he flourished about 1360.

The first seven stanzas of the poem form a prologue in which the King of Terrors issues his summons. Afterwards he is represented as leading persons of all ranks, from popes, cardinals, kings, lords, down to peasants and day-laborers, and compelling them to join his mortal dance.

Lo! I am Death! With aim as sure as steady,
All beings that are and shall be I draw near me.
I call thee,—I require thee, man, be ready!
Why build upon this fragile life?—Now hear me!
Where is the power that does not own me, fear me!
Who can escape me, when I bend my bow?
I pull the string,—thou liest in dust below,
Smitten by the barb my ministering angels bear me.

Come to the dance of Death! Come hither, even
The last, the lowliest,—of all rank and station!
Who will not come shall be by scourges driven:
I hold no parley with disinclination.
List to yon friar who preaches of salvation,
And hie ye to your penitential post!
For who delays,—who lingers,—he is lost,
And handed o'er to hopeless reprobation.

I to my dance—my mortal dance—have brought
Two nymphs, all bright in beauty and in bloom.
They listened, fear-struck, to my songs, methought;
And, truly, songs like mine are tinged with gloom.
But neither roseate hues nor flowers' perfume
Will now avail them,—nor the thousand charms
Of worldly vanity;—they fill my arms,—
They are my brides,—their bridal bed the tomb.

And since 't is certain, then, that we must die,—
No hope, no chance, no prospect of redress,—

Be it our constant aim unswervingly
To tread God's narrow path of holiness:
For he is first, last, midst. Oh, let us press
Onwards! and when Death's monitory glance
Shall summon us to join his mortal dance,
Even then shall hope and joy our footsteps bless.

COUNT ALARCOS.

THIS ballad is from the Cancionero General, and is translated by J. G. Lockhart.

ALONE, as was her wont, she sat,—within her bower alone;
Alone, and very desolate, Solisa made her moan,
Lamenting for her flower of life that it should pass away,
And she be never wooed to wife, nor see a bridal day.

Thus said the sad Infanta—"I will not hide my grief,
I'll tell my father of my wrong, and he will yield relief."
The king, when he beheld her near, "Alas! my child," said he,
"What means this melancholy cheer?—reveal thy grief to me."

"Good king," she said, "my mother was buried long ago,
She left me to thy keeping, none else my griefs shall know.
I fain would have a husband, 'tis time that I should wed,
Forgive the words I utter, with mickle shame they're said."

'Twas thus the king made answer,—"This fault is none of mine,
You to the Prince of Hungary your ear would not incline;
Yet round us here where lives your peer?—nay, name him if you can,
Except the Count Alarcos, and he's a married man."

"Ask Count Alarcos, if of yore his word he did not plight
To be my husband evermore, and love me day and night?
If he has bound him in new vows, old oaths he cannot break.
Alas! I've lost a loyal spouse, for a false lover's sake."

The good king sat confounded in silence for some space,
At length he made this answer with very troubled face,—
"It was not thus your mother gave counsel you should do;
You've done much wrong, my daughter; we're shamed, both I and you.

"If it be true as you have said, our honor's lost and gone;
And while the countess is in life, remeed for us is none.
Though justice were upon our side, ill-talkers would not spare—
Speak, daughter, for your mother's dead, whose counsel eased
my care."

"How can I give you counsel?—but little wit have I;
But certes Count Alarcos may make this countess die;
Let it be noised that sickness cut short her tender life,
And then let Count Alarcos come and ask me for his wife.
What passed between us long ago, of that be nothing said;
Thus none shall our dishonor know, in honor I shall wed."

The count was standing with his friends, thus in the midst he
spake—
"What fools we be! what pains men dree for a fair woman's sake!
I loved a fair one long ago;—though I'm a married man,
Sad memory I can ne'er forego, how life and love began."

While yet the count was speaking, the good king came full near
He made his salutation with very courteous cheer.
"Come hither, Count Alarcos, and dine with me this day,
For I have something secret I in your ear must say."

The king came from the chapel when he had heard the mass;
With him the Count Alarcos did to his chamber pass;
Full nobly were they servèd there by pages many a one;
When all were gone, and they alone, 'twas thus the king begun:

"What news be these, Alarcos, that you your word did plight,
To be a husband to my child, and love her day and night?
If more between you there did pass, yourself may know the truth,
But shamed is my gray head—alas!—and scorned Solisa's youth:

"I have a heavy word to speak,—a lady fair doth lie
Within my daughter's rightful place, and certes! she must die.
Let it be noised that sickness cut short her tender life,
Then come and woo my daughter, and she shall be your wife:
What passed between you long ago, of that be nothing said,
Thus none shall my dishonor know—in honor you shall wed."

Thus spake the Count Alarcos—"The truth I'll not deny,
I to the Infanta gave my troth, and broke it shamefully;
I feared my king would ne'er consent to give me his fair daughter;
But oh! spare her that's innocent— avoid that sinful slaughter."

"She dies, she dies," the king replies; "from thine own sin it springs,
If guiltless blood must wash the blot which stains the blood of kings:
Ere morning dawn her life must end, and thine must be the deed,
Else thou on shameful block must bend: thereof is no remeed."

"Good king, my hand thou may'st command, else treason blots my name!
I'll take the life of my dear wife—(God! be not mine the blame!)
Alas! that young and sinless heart for others' sin should bleed!
Good king, in sorrow I depart."—"May God your errand speed!"

In sorrow he departed, dejectedly he rode
The weary journey from that place unto his own abode;
He grieved for his fair countess, dear as his life was she;
Sore grieved he for that lady, and for his children three.

The one was yet an infant upon its mother's breast,
For though it had three nurses, it liked her milk the best;
The others were young children, that had but little wit,
Hanging about their mother's knee, while nursing she did sit.

"Alas!" he said, when he had come within a little space,
How shall I brook the cheerful look of my kind lady's face?
To see her coming forth in glee to meet me in my hall,
When she so soon a corpse must be, and I the cause of all!"

Just then he saw her at the door with all her babes appear—
(The little page had run before to tell his lord was near)
"Now welcome home, my lord, my life!—Alas! you droop your head.
Tell, Count Alarcos, tell your wife, what makes your eyes so red?"

"I'll tell you all—I'll tell you all: it is not yet the hour;
We'll sup together in the hall—I'll tell you in your bower."
The lady brought forth what she had, and down beside him sate;
He sat beside her pale and sad, but neither drank not ate.

The children to his side were led (he loved to have them so),
Then on the board he laid his head, and out his tears did flow:
"I fain would sleep—I fain would sleep," the Count Alarcos said.
Alas! be sure, that sleep was none that night within their bed.

They came together to the bower where they were used to rest,
None with them but the little babe that was upon the breast:
The count had barred the chamber doors, they ne'er were barred
till then;
"Unhappy lady," he began, "and I most lost of men!"

"Now, speak not so, most noble lord, my husband and my life,
Unhappy never can she be that is Alarco's wife."
"Alas! unhappy lady, 'tis but little that you know,
For in that very word you've said is gathered all your woe.

"Long since I loved a lady,—long since I oaths did plight,
To be that lady's husband, to love her day and night;
Her father is our lord the king; to him the thing is known;
And now that I the news should bring! she claims me for her own.

"Alas! my love—alas! my life, the right is on their side;
Ere I had seen your face, sweet wife, she was betrothed my bride;
But, oh! that I should speak the word—since in her place you lie,
It is the bidding of our lord, that you this night must die."

"Are these the wages of my love, so lowly and so leal?
Oh, kill me not, thou noble count, when at thy foot I kneel!
But send me to my father's house, where once I dwelt in glee,
There will I live a lone chaste life, and rear my children three."

"It may not be—mine oath is strong—ere dawn of day you die!"
"Oh! well 'tis seen how all alone upon the earth am I;
My father is an old frail man,—my mother's in her grave,—
And dead is stout Don Garcia,—alas! my brother brave!

"'Twas at this coward king's command they slew my brother dear,
And now I'm helpless in the land. It is not death I fear,
But loth, loth am I to depart, and leave my children so—
Now let me lay them to my heart, and kiss them ere I go."

"Kiss him that lies upon thy breast—the rest thou may'st not
see."
"I fain would say an Ave." "Then say it speedily."
She knelt down upon her knee: O Lord! behold my case—
Judge not my deeds, but look on me in pity and great grace."

When she had made her orison, up from her knees she rose—
"Be kind, Alarcos, to our babes, and pray for my repose;

And now, give me my boy once more upon my breast to hold,
That he may drink one farewell drink before my breast be cold."

"Why should you waken the poor child? you see he is asleep;
Prepare, dear wife, there is no time, the dawn begins to peep."
"Now hear me, Count Alarcos! I give thee pardon free—
I pardon thee for the love's sake wherewith I've lovèd thee.

"But *they* have not my pardon, the king and his proud daughter,
The curse of God be on them for this unchristian slaughter!
I charge them with my dying breath, ere thirty days be gone,
To meet me in the realms of death, and at God's awful throne!"

He drew a kerchief round her neck, he drew it tight and strong,
Until she lay quite stiff and cold her chamber floor along;
He laid her then within the sheets, and, kneeling by her side,
To God and Mary Mother in misery he cried.

Then called he for his esquires: oh! deep was their dismay,
When they into the chamber came, and saw her how she lay.
Thus died she in her innocence, a lady void of wrong,
But God took heed of their offence—His vengeance stayed not long.

Within twelve days, in pain and dole, the infanta passed away,
The cruel king gave up his soul upon the twentieth day;
Alarcos followed ere the moon had made her round complete,—
Three guilty spirits stood right soon before God's judgment-seat.

AMADIS DI GAULA.

AUTHORITIES differ upon the origin of this most popular of the early romances of chivalry. In its present form it is a translation into Spanish by Ordonez de Montalvo, about the close of the fifteenth century, of the original story supposed to have have been written by Vasco de Lobeyra a century earlier. It found its way into France and England and became the favorite romance above the many which followed as imitations. Cervantes admits that it was the best of all the works of chivalry down to his day, when he forever put an end to the type. Amadis is an ideal knight who wanders through England and Wales (here called Gaul), and other lands, on adventure intent. His period is that of King Arthur and the Round Table. The plot is well constructed, and the characters those of real life, despite the marvelous

things they see and do before the hero and heroine, Amadis and Oriana, crown their manifold adventures with a happy marriage.

This romance may be read to-day with genuine interest in the plot and the people, due allowance being made for the conditions in which it was produced, when belief in every-day miracles was unshaken by doubt. This story had a remarkable influence upon authorship, and not in Spain only, which entitles it to respectful notice in any conspectus of the literature of fiction. Southey translated it into English.

The Rescue of Oriana.

The day was now come whereon King Lisuarte had promised to deliver his daughter Oriana to the Romans to be taken away for marriage to their emperor. Having in vain again attempted to win her consent, he left her in great anger, and went to the Queen whom he bade go and soothe her daughter's distress. Brisena had often attempted in vain to change the King's resolution; she now made no reply, but obeyed him; but Oriana, seeing her mother and sister approach, went to her mother, sobbing aloud, and kissed her hand and said, This parting will be forever! for my death is at hand, and with that she swooned away. The king then had her, senseless as she was, carried on board, and he made Olinda go with her; though that princess on her knees besought him to send her home to her father, he in his rage would not listen, but had her forced on board, and Mabilia and the damsel of Denmark he made embark also. All having thus embarked, he mounted and rode to the port, and then he consoled his child with a father's pity, yet gave he her no hope that his intention was changed. But he himself was moved nevertheless, and wept after he had left her, and besought Salustanquidio and Brondajel and the Archbishop of Talancia to protect her and serve her well; then he returned to his palace, leaving in the ship the greatest grief and lamentation that heart can think.

Salustanquidio, thus having the princesses in his power, put Oriana and Mabilia into a cabin which had been richly fitted up for her, and fastened them in with strong bars and bolts; and he left Queen Sardamira and her company, and many of Oriana's damsels in the ship. But Olinda, of whom he was so passionately enamored, he resolved to carry to his own ship, though she struggled and besought him not to separate her from Oriana, and clung to the door of Oriana's cabin, making such piteous moan that Oriana, at hearing it, swooned away in Mabilia's arms. Thus having disposed of the damsels, they spread their sails and de-

parted, being full joyful that they had accomplished their master's desire. They hoisted the great flag of the emperor upon the mast of the vessel wherein Oriana was, and all the other ships kept round about that to protect it. Thus merrily were they sailing on, when looking to the right they beheld the fleet of Amadis, coming on full speed, to cut them off from the land toward which they went. Agrayes and Don Quadragante, and Dragonis and Listoran of the White Tower had agreed to attack the Romans and attempt the rescue of Oriana before Amadis could come up, and for this purpose they and their ship got between the Romans and the shore. But Florestan and Gavarte of the Perilous Valley, and Orlandin and Ymosil of Burgundy had the same wish, and they sailed up between Agrayes and the enemy. And Amadis came on full sail straight after them, that he might be the first in Oriana's relief.

Now I tell you that when first the Romans beheld this fleet, they thought they were crossing the sea in peace; but seeing how they divided into three squadrons, that two cut off their landing, and that the third made right toward them in pursuit, they cried out, To arms!—to arms! for strangers are coming against us! Presently they ran to arms: the cross-bowmen were placed in their station; the others, with Brondajel of the Rock, were in the vessel with Oriana, which carried the Emperor's flag. At this season the fleets encountered. Agrayes and Don Quadragante hailed the ship of Salustanquidio, who had with him the fair Olinda, and then began a brave battle; and Florestan and Gavarte, sailing through the middle of the fleet, attacked the ships of the Duke of Ancona, and of the Archbishop of Talancia who had a great force on board, so that the battle between them was obstinate. But Amadis steered right for the ship that bore the imperial standard; and he laid his hand on Angriote's shoulder, and said, Sir Angriote, my good friend, remember now the loyalty you have ever manifested toward your friends, and help me manfully in this enterprise. If it please God that I succeed, well now shall I here fulfill my honor, and my good fortune! Angriote replied, Sir, I am ready to die for you! your honor shall be maintained, and God will be with you. The ships were now near each other, and such a discharge was there of arrows and stones and lances, that they fell as fast as though they were rained down. Amadis aimed at nothing but to grapple with the other vessel; but they who were therein, though far more in number, durst not adventure that, seeing how fiercely they were attacked, and defended

themselves with iron hooks and sundry other weapons. When Tantiles of Sobradisa, who was the Queen of Sobradisa's high steward, and was now in the ship's castle, saw that Amadis could not bring this to effect, he ordered a great anchor to be brought, fastened to a long chain, and from the castle they threw it into the enemy's ship, and then pulling at the chain with all their might, they brought the ships together, and held them so that they could by no means separate, unless the chain should break.

Then Amadis made way through his own people, who were somewhat dismayed, and setting foot on the edge of his own ship, leaped into the other; it was a great leap, so that he fell upon his knee, and they laid on him many blows before he could rise. Howbeit maugre their efforts, he rose and laid hand to his good sword. Angriote and Don Bruneo had followed him, and they all laid on manfully and shouted, Gaul, Gaul, for Amadis is here! Mabilia heard that cry, and exclaimed to Oriana, Comfort! comfort! you are succored by the blessed Knight, your true servant and constant friend! But Oriana, more dead than alive, recovered only enough to ask what she said, for she had heard nothing, and her sight was almost gone. When Amadis beheld the wonders which his two comrades were performing, and how his men were now fighting beside him, he made at Brondajel, whom by his rich arms he knew to be the chief, and with one blow felled him; then seeing that the rest, terrified at that, had ceased to resist, he tore off Brondajel's helmet, and striking at his face with the pummel of his sword, demanded where Oriana was; the Roman pointed to the chamber that was fastened. Amadis called upon Angriote and Don Bruneo; they joined all their strength, and burst the door, and saw Oriana and Mabilia within. He fell on his knees before his lady to kiss her hand, but she embraced him, and then caught him by the sleeve of his mail which was all bloody,—Ah Amadis! light of the oppressed! you have saved me! Mabilia was on her knees before him, holding by his skirts, for he had not seen her, but then he raised her and embraced her, and called her his dear cousin. Then would he have left the cabin, but Oriana took his hand: For God's sake do not leave me! Fear not, he replied; for Angriote, and Don Bruneo, and Gandales are in the ship, with thirty of our Knights, and I must go elsewhere, for we are engaged in a great battle.

Then Amadis went out of the cabin, and seeing that Ladadin of Fajarque had made them in the castle cry for mercy, he commanded them to cease from farther slaughter. He then got into

the galley where Enil and Gandalin were with forty knights, and bade them steer towards where they heard the cry of Agrayes. When they came up, they found that he and Quadragante had boarded Salustanquidio's ship, and when Amadis got on board, the Romans began to leap over, some perishing in the water, others escaping to the other vessels. He went on, seeking his cousin, whom he found with Salustanquidio at his feet, wounded and begging for mercy. Agrayes knew his love for Olinda, and would show him none. Do not slay him, said Quadragante, he is a good prize. Sir Quadragante, said Amadis with a smile, let Agrayes do his will, for else this Roman will not leave one of us alive. While they thus spake, the head of Salustanquidio was smitten off. Now the ship was their own, and the banner of Agrayes and Don Quadragante hoisted on her castle. Agrayes forthwith went into the chamber where Olinda was confined; but Amadis, and Don Quadragante, and Ladadin, and Listoran of the White Tower, went in Enil's galley, to see how Florestan fared. On the way they met Ysanes, a kinsman of Florestan by the mother's side, who told them how he had won all the ships, and taken the Duke of Ancona and the Archbishop; they then looked round, and saw that the Romans were everywhere put to the worst, so that not one ship or boat escaped to carry tidings of their defeat.

With that they went on board the vessel of Oriana, and there disarmed their heads and hands, and washed off the blood. Amadis asked where Florestan was, and was told, that Sardamira had cried out to him to save her, and that she lay fallen at the feet of Oriana, beseeching her to save her from death or dishonor. Amadis went into the cabin, and saw that the Queen was embracing Oriana, and that Florestan held her by the hand; he went before her courteously, and would have kissed her hand, but she withdrew it. Fear nothing, lady, said he, Don Florestan is at your service, and we shall all obey him, even though it were not our will to honor all womankind. Good sir, said Sardamira to Florestan, who is this knight so courteous, and so much your friend? Lady, said he, it is my lord and brother Amadis, with whom we are all come to succor Oriana. She then rose and said, Good Sir Amadis, blame me not, if I have not received you as I ought, for I knew you not. God be praised, that in such a calamity, I am placed under your courtesy, and the protection of Don Florestan. So Amadis seated her beside Oriana; now all this while, Queen Sardamira knew not the death of Salustanquidio, whom she

greatly loved. Queen, said Oriana, if I have hitherto heard your words with pain and dislike, now shall I ever honor and love you as you deserve, for what you did to my injury was not your own will, but in whatever was your own will, you were ever courteous and gentle. While they were thus communing, Agrayes and Olinda came in, and affectionately did Oriana embrace them, and thank the other knights as she knew them. Ah, friend Gavarte, said she to him of the Perilous Valley, well have you fulfilled your promise. God knows how truly I thank you, and how I wish to reward you! Lady, he replied, I have done my duty, for you are my natural lady. Whenever time shall be, remember me as one who will be ever at your service.

At this time were all the chief knights assembled on board this vessel, to take counsel how they should proceed. Then Oriana took Amadis aside and said, Dear friend, I beseech and command you now more than ever to conceal our love! Order it so now that they may resolve to carry me to the Firm Island, that being safe there, God may dispose of me as he knows best and as ought to be. Amadis replied, Do you then send Mabilia to propose this, that it may appear to proceed from your will, and not from mine. Accordingly he went among the knights, and they were of divers opinions, for some proposed to take Oriana to the Firm Island; others that she should go to Gaul; others that she should go to Scotland, the country of Agrayes. But presently Mabilia came to them with four other damsels, and said, Sirs, Oriana beseeches you to carry her to the Firm Island, till she be reconciled to her parents, and she implores you as ye have begun so well, that ye would bring this enterprise with the same good courage to good end, and do for her what ye have ever done for other damsels. Quadragante answered, Good Lady, the good and brave Amadis and we who are with him in her rescue, are of one will to serve her till death, and we will protect her against her father and against the Emperor of Rome, if they will not be brought to reason and justice. That answer all the knights approved, and declared that they should not hold themselves acquitted of that promise till Oriana was restored to her own free will, and made sure of her inheritance.

With this accord they departed each to his ship, to give order respecting the prisoners. Don Bruneo, and Ladadin, and the brother of Angriote and Sarquiles, and Orlandin were left in the vessel with Oriana and Queen Sardamira and Enil, the good knight who had received three wounds, but had concealed them

like a brave man, and one who could endure all difficulty. These knights were left to guard Oriana till they should arrive at the Firm Island.

THE MARQUÉS DE SANTILLANA.

TOWARD the close of the fourteenth century the courtier-poets of Castile took a fancy to imitate the foreign schools, particularly the Italian, and their verses have the light lyric ring which, till then, had not been a characteristic of the native muse. One of the earliest and ablest of the new school was the Marqués de Santillana, who was born in 1398. He was descended from the Cid, and in the course of his soldier-statesman life figured as one of the enemies of Alvaro de Luna. His writings are various, the most noteworthy being his collection of proverbs, and his lyrics, of which the best, which is also held to be the best of its kind in the language, is the following quaint little song .

THE MILK-MAID OF FINOJOSA.

I ne'er on the border
  Saw girl fair as Rosa,
The charming milk-maiden
  Of sweet Finojosa.

Once making a journey
  To Santa Maria
Of Calataveño,
  From weary desire
Of sleep, down a valley
  I strayed, where young Rosa
I saw, the milk-maiden
  Of la Finojosa.

In a pleasant green meadow,
  'Midst roses and grasses,
Her herd she was tending,
  With other fair lasses;
So lovely her aspect,
  I could not suppose her
A simple milk-maiden
  Of la Finojosa.

I think not primroses
  Have half her smile's sweetness,
Or modest, mild beauty;—
  I speak with discreetness.
Oh, had I beforehand
  But known of this Rosa,
The handsome milk-maiden
  Of la Finojosa,—

Her very great beauty
  Had not me subdued,
For it would have left me
  To do as I would!
But I said, "O thou fair one"—
  To learn that 'twas Rosa,
The charming milk-maiden
  Of sweet Finojosa.

JUAN II.

JUAN II. was king of Castile from 1407 to 1454. He was a patron of literature, and poets flocked to his court. Song-writing was a fashionable pastime, in which both king and courtiers indulged.

LOVE.

I NE'ER imagined, Love, that thou
  Wert such a mighty one; at will,
Thou canst both faith and conscience bow,
  And thy despotic law fulfill:
I never knew it, Love, till now.
I thought I knew thee well,—I thought
  That I thy mazes had explored;
But I within thy nets am caught,
  And now I own thee sovereign lord.
I ne'er imagined, Love, that thou
  Wert such a mighty one; at will,
Thou bidd'st both faith and conscience bow,
  And thy despotic law fulfill:
I never knew it, Love, till now.

THE CHRONICLE OF JUAN II.

AMONG the older Chronicles are some relating to particular individuals, being, in fact, biographies colored by poetical imagination. The Chronicle of Juan II., from which the following passage is taken, was probably written by the poet Juan de Mena. The part relating to the Constable Don Alvaro de Luna is conspicuous equally for the noble character of its unfortunate hero, and for its stately form of narration. It ranks as the finest example of prose of the period. Don Alvaro was the chief statesman in the reign of Juan II., and his fall, ending in his death on the scaffold, in 1453, is laid to the intrigues of his rivals.

THE EXECUTION OF DON ALVARO DE LUNA.

On the next day, so soon as it was dawn, he heard Mass very devoutly, and received the Body of our Lord, and bid them give him something to drink, and they brought him a dish of plums, of which he ate but few, and drank a cup of unmixed wine. And

after this was done, he mounted on a mule, as also did Diego Destuniga and many gentlemen that bore him company, and the criers went proclaiming loudly: "This is the justice that the king, our lord, commands to be done upon this cruel tyrant and usurper of the kingly crown; in punishment of his wickedness he commands that his throat be cut." And thus they led him through the street of the Franks, and up the hillside till they came to the market-place, where they raised a lofty scaffold of wood; and the Friars walked by his side exhorting him to die reconciled to God. So when he reached the scaffold they made him dismount,

and when he was come up upon it, he beheld a carpet spread and a cross before his eyes and certain torches alight, and an iron hook fixed in a beam, and straightway he knelt him down and made obeisance to the cross and rose again to his feet and paced twice across the scaffold. And there the Master gave to one of his pages a signet-ring that he wore on his hand, and a hat, and said, "Take the last favor thou canst receive of me," and he received it with much weeping. And in the market-place and in the windows were much people that had come from all the hamlets of that district to see the deed done; and these, when they saw the Mas-

ter pace up and down began to wail aloud, and even the Friars were at his side, bidding him not to remember his great estate and lordship, but to die as a good Christian. And he answered them that even thus he was doing, assuring them that his faith was like to that of the holy martyrs. And speaking still of these matters he raised his eyes and beheld Barrasa, the equerry of the prince, and he called to him and said, "Come hither, Barrasa; thou art here looking on at my death; I beg thee that thou bid the prince, my lord, that he give unto his servants a better reward than the king, my lord, hath commanded to be given to me." And already the headsman was drawing forth a cord to bind his hands, and the Master asked him, "What wouldst thou do?" And the headsman said, "Sir, I would bind your hands with this cord." The Master said to him, "Do not thus," and as he said this he took off a ribbon from his breast and gave it to him, and said, "Bind me with this, and I beg thee to see that thou bearest a dagger well sharpened, so that thou rid me sooner." Moreover, he said to him, "Tell me, the hook that is in that beam, wherefore is it there placed?" The headsman told him that it was in order that his head might be placed thereon after that his throat was cut. The Master said, "When my throat is cut, let them do with the body and the head as they will." And when he had said this he began to unfasten the collar of his doublet and to make ready the robes that he wore; and these were long, of blue camlet, lined with russet fox skins. And when the Master had laid him down on the scaffold the headsman straightway drew near and begged his forgiveness, and kissed him, and thrust the dagger through his neck and cut off his head and placed it on the hook. And the head remained nine days and the body three days, and he placed a silver basin at the place where lay the head of the Master when his throat was cut, that into it such as would give an alms for his burial might cast it; and into that basin was cast much money.

JUAN DE MENA.

JUAN DE MENA was the most distinguished ornament of the court of Juan II. Born at Cordova about 1400, he was educated at the University of Salamanca and went to Rome. On his return he was received with high favor by the king and the Marqués de Santillana. His principal poem, "El Laberinto," is a free imitation of Dante's Inferno.

Macias the Lover.

We in this radiant circle looked so long,
That we found our Macias; in a bower
Of cypress was he weeping still the hour
That ended his dark life and love in wrong.
Nearer I drew, for sympathy was strong
In me, when I perceived he was from Spain;
And there I heard him sing the saddest strain
That e'er was tuned in elegiac song.

"Love crowned me with his myrtle crown; my name
Will be pronounced by many; but, alas!
When his pangs caused me bliss, not slighter was
The mournful suffering that consumed my frame.
His sweet snares conquer the lorn mind they tame,
But do not always then continue sweet;
And since they caused me ruin so complete,
Turn, lovers, turn, and disesteem his flame.

"Danger so passionate be glad to miss;
Learn to be gay; flee, flee from sorrow's touch;
Learn to disserve him you have served so much;
Your devoirs pay at any shrine but his:
If the short joy that in his service is
Were but proportioned to the long, long pain,
Neither would he that once has loved complain,
Nor he that ne'er has loved despair of bliss.

"But even as some assassin or night-rover,
Seeing his fellow wound upon the wheel,
Awed by the agony, resolves with zeal
His life to amend and character recover;
But when the fearful spectacle is over,
Reacts his crimes with easy unconcern:
So my amours on my despair return,
That I should die, as I have lived, a lover!"

JORGE DE MANRIQUE.

THE noble family of the Manriques conferred lustre on the fifteenth century, in which the males of three generations figured prominently in the spheres of military, political, and literary activity. Most eminent of them all was the gentle scholar whose elegy on the death of his father, in 1476, stands in the forefront of its class the world over. In a day when the pedantic and affected fashion in poetry was the rule, the magnificently simple strophes of this noble lament tell of a mind far above the need of artifice to deck in stilted phrases the emotions of sorrow too sincere for that. The Coplas of Manrique (as the stanzas are called) took their rightful place at once, and hold it still, as a supremely fitting expression of the heart's half-despairing wail over the futility of hoping against hope for unbroken bliss in this life. Like the father he mourned, the poet-son died a warrior's death on the battle-field in 1479. Of the five hundred lines of the poem, we cite the following, from the unsurpassable translation by Longfellow:

ELEGY ON HIS FATHER.

O WORLD! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of all real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;

Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,
To whom all hearts their homage paid,
As Virtue's son,
Roderic Manrique, he whose name
Is written on the scroll of Fame,
Spain's champion;

His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy;
Ye saw his deeds!
Why should their praise in verse be sung?
The name that dwells on every tongue
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend; how kind to all
The vassals of this ancient hall
And feudal fief!
To foes how stern a foe was he!
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief!

What prudence with the old and wise:
What grace in youthful gayeties;
In all how sage!
Benignant to the serf and slave,
He showed the base and falsely brave
A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car
At battle's call;
His, Scipio's virtue; his, the skill
And the indomitable will
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness, his
A Titus' noble charities
And righteous laws;
The arm of Hector, and the might
Of Tully, to maintain the right
In truth's just cause;

The clemency of Antonine,
Aurelius' countenance divine,
Firm, gentle, still;
The eloquence of Adrian,
And Theodosius' love to man,
And generous will;

In tented field and bloody fray,
An Alexander's vigorous sway
And stern command;
The faith of Constantine; aye more,
The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,
He heaped no pile of riches high,
Nor massive plate;
He fought the Moors, and, in their fall,
City and tower and castled wall
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-ground,
Brave steeds and gallant riders found
A common grave;
And there the warrior's hand did gain
The rents, and the long vassal train,
That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed
The honored and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
So, in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his power
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,
In the stern warfare, which of old
'Twas his to share,
Such noble leagues he made, that more
And fairer regions than before
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half-effaced,
Which with the hand of youth he traced
On history's page;
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew
In his old age.

By his unrivaled skill, by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,
He stood, in his high dignity,
The proudest knight of chivalry,
Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains
And cruel power;
But, by fierce battle and blockade,
Soon his own banner was displayed
From every tower.

By the tried valor of his hand,
His monarch and his native land
Were nobly served;
Let Portugal repeat the story,
And proud Castile, who shared the glory
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throw
Had been cast down;
When he had served, with patriotic zeal,
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown;

And done such deeds of valor strong,
That neither history nor song
Can count them all;
Then, on Ocana's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call:

Saying, "Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care,
With joyful mien;
Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armor for the fray,
The closing scene.

"Since thou has been, in battle strife
So prodigal of health and life,
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again;
Loud on the last stern battle-plain
They call thy name.

"Think not the struggle that draws near
Too terrible for man, nor fear
To meet the foe;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.

"A life of honor and of worth
Has no eternity on earth,
'Tis but a name;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.

"The eternal life, beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate;
The soul in dalliance laid, the spirit
Corrupt with sin, shall not inherit
A joy so great.

"But the good monk, in cloistered cell,
Shall gain it by his book and bell,
His prayers and tears;
And the brave knight, whose arm endures
Fierce battle, and against the Moors
His standard rears.

"And thou, brave knight, whose hand has poured
The life-blood of the Pagan horde
O'er all the land.
In heaven shalt thou receive at length,
The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand.

"Cheered onward by this promise sure,
Strong in the faith entire and pure
Thou dost profess,
Depart, thy hope is certainty,
The third, the better life on high,
Shalt thou possess."

"O Death, no more, no more delay;
My spirit longs to flee away,
And be at rest;
The will of Heaven my will shall be,
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.

"My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 'tis God's sovereign will
That we shall die.

"O Thou that for our sins didst take
A human form and humbly make
Thy home on earth;
Thou, that to Thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,

"And in that form didst suffer here
Torment, and agony, and fear
So patiently;
By Thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
Oh, pardon me!"

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye,
So soft and kind;

His soul to Him, who gave it, rose;
God led it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.

THE CELESTINA.

UNDER the title, *Tragicomedia de Calisto y Melibœa*, there appeared in the last years of the fifteenth century this extraordinary compound of racy novel and play, the first of its kind, so prolific ever since. The pastoral dialogue had gained a popularity which greatly increased when Fernando de Rojas turned the plan to account in the construction of its twenty-one long but lively acts. It is dialogue throughout, with a clear plot, which justifies the author's claim that it presents both tragedy and comedy, though it is improbable that it was ever produced on the stage.

The story opens with the rejection of Calisto by Melibœa, the heroine, who is above her lover in station. Celestina, from whom the book takes its popular name, is an old duenna, skilled in the art of effecting alliances and patching up quarrels. She demands a heavy reward for her services, which are by no means without risk. How Celestina manages to get into the house of Melibœa's mother, and how the latter kicks her out, forms a highly diverting portion of the story. Despite her failure, and with the object of concealing it, the old woman pretends that she is the bearer of a love-token from Melibœa to Calisto. Later on she actually succeeds in bringing them together, with consequences disastrous to the heroine. In the course of a dispute over her reward, old Celestina is killed by her associates, and shortly afterwards the lover loses his life by falling from the ladder on which he was trying to escape too hurriedly from Melibœa's window. As the bereaved bride flung herself from the top of a tower, in her father's presence, to instant death, the author is justified in calling his story tragic, though in the main it is comedy of the grossest kind.

In the first chapter Calisto enters a garden in pursuit of a falcon, and there finds the lady Melibœa.

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Calisto. I recognize clearly in this, O Melibœa, the greatness of God!

Melibœa. In what, Calisto?

Cal. In what? That He has given nature the power of arraying thee in such perfect beauty, and in according me, so little worthy, so high a favor as to behold thee; in a place, too, so convenient for my acquainting you with my secret grief. Doubtless such a favor is incomparably greater than all services, sacrifices, devotion offered to God, in order that He might permit me to come here. What man was ever so glorified in this life, as I am to-day? I am quite sure the glorious saints, who take such delight in the divine vision, cannot possess more bliss than I do now in contemplating thee. But, alas! see what a difference? Whilst they are being glorified, they are in no fear of falling from so high a state; but my joy is alloyed with the torment which thy absence must soon cause me.

Mel. Do you, then, value this meeting at so high a price?

Cal. Truly, it is so great, that if God were to offer me the most precious earthly blessings I should esteem them of far less worth.

Mel. However, if you persevere, I will give you a yet greater reward.

Cal. O my lucky ears, which, vile as they are, have heard a word so sweet!

Mel. Unlucky, rather, as they will soon hear; for the punishment will be as severe as thy insensate boldness and the tone of thy speech well merit. How dare a fellow like you think that a woman like me would so trifle with her virtue? Begone, begone, wretch! It is not in patience to bear the idea of seeing a man so far inflated, as to express to me the delirium of an illicit amour.

Melibœa withdraws and Calisto remains on the stage with Sempronio, his valet, to whom he communicates his despair, gets into a passion with him, chases him off, calls him back again; then he describes his beloved, pouring out a torrent of theological and fabulous lore, and Sempronio endeavors to enliven the scene by his pleasantries. After a time, wearied with theology, he accuses his master of being a heretic.

Sempronio. For my part I protest that what you have just said is downright heresy!

Cal. Why?

Semp. Because it is against the Christian religion.

Cal. And what care I?

Semp. Are you not a Christian then?

Cal. I? I am a Melibœan; it is Melibœa whom I adore. I believe in Melibœa, and I love Melibœa.

Sempronio at last tries to console his master by representing that his adored is still but a woman, that all women are frail, that all have capitulated, and that Melibœa will yield in her turn. He even pledges himself to bring the matter about.

Cal. And how do you think of contriving this notable exploit.

Semp. I am going to tell you. Some time past, I have known an old hag with a beard, called Celestina, who lives near here. She is crafty and subtle, is an adept in sorcery and all kinds of wickedness. I am assured that in this town only there are five thousand young women whose reputations she has either destroyed or restored; nay, if she liked she could make the very rocks themselves go mad with love!

Calisto orders Sempronio to go in search of her. Sempronio visits Celestina, and meets his own mistress, Elise, who had deceived him, in the company of another man. Though his jealousy was excited, Celestina contrived to soothe him, and, to prevent his declaring himself by his looks, persuaded him to set out with her to join Calisto. The latter was attended by Parmeno, another of his valets. They see the hag approaching, and Parmeno gives free vent to the horror and contempt her sight inspires. Calisto asks him the reason.

Parmeno. That fine lady possesses, at the far end of the town, close to a stream, a solitary house, half in ruins, of ugly aspect, and vilely furnished. She there follows six different trades—those of a laundress, perfumeress, dealer in love-philters and charms, a botcheress of lost reputations, a go-between, and, finally, a bit of a witch. The first trade was a blind for all the others; under that pretence you saw going to her house numbers of *femmes-de-chambres* with linen. She had means of communicating with the most scrupulous women to gain her ends; she chose the most favorable hours—at early mass, at night processions, at confessionals, and all other devotional appointments. I have frequently seen women in veils go into her house, followed by barefooted fellows, penitents, men in hoods, who doubtless went thither to bewail their sins.

Celestina meanwhile is introduced to Calisto, who hastens to bring her the golden bribe. She remains with Parmeno, and tries to

corrupt him. She talks of her attachment to his mother, declares that she had entrusted her with money for him which she kept quite safe. She makes him laugh with her licentious ribaldry; advises him to attach himself to Sempronio rather than his master, because the great have never any affection for the poor. Lastly, she promises her good offices with Arethusa, a cousin of Elise, whose love he shall possess. Calisto returns, gives her the money, and the act closes. The original author is said to have stopped there, his production being already the length of an ordinary comedy. But the story proved so popular that another writer added twenty similar acts.

JUAN BOSCAN.

JUAN BOSCAN belongs to the beginning of the sixteenth century. He was held in high esteem at the court of Charles the Fifth, but passed most of his time in literary pursuits at Barcelona. The following description of his simple life is from his Epistle to Mendoza.

'Tis peace that makes a happy life;
And that is mine through my sweet wife;
Beginning of my soul, and end,
I've gained new being from this friend,—
She fills each thought and each desire,
Up to the height I would aspire.
This bliss is never found by ranging;
Regret still springs from saddest changing;
Such loves, and their beguiling pleasures,
Are falser still than magic treasures,
Which gleam at eve with golden color,
And change to ashes ere the morrow.
But now each good that I possess,
Rooted in truth and faithfulness,
Imparts delight to every sense;
For erst they were a mere pretense,
And, long before enjoyed they were,
They changed their smiles to grisly care.
Now pleasures please,—love being single;
Evils with its delights ne'er mingle.
Before, to eat I scarce was able;
Some harpy hovered o'er my table,
Spoiling each dish when I would dine,
And mingling gall with gladsome wine.
Now, the content that foolish I
Still missed in my philosophy,

My wife with tender smiles bestows,
And makes me triumph o'er my woes;
While with her fingers she effaces
Of my past folly all the traces,
And, graving pleasant thoughts instead,
Bids me rejoice that I am wed.
. . . . . .

And thus by moderation bounded,
I live by my own goods surrounded,
Among my friends, my table spread
With viands we may eat nor dread;
And at my side my sweetest wife,
Whose gentleness admits no strife,—
Except of jealousy the fear,
Whose soft reproaches more endear;
Our darling children round us gather,—
Children who'll make me grandfather.
And thus we pass in town our days
Till the confinement something weighs;
Then to our village haunt we fly,
Taking some pleasant company;—
While those we love not never come
Anear our rustic, leafy home:
For better 'tis to philosophize,
And learn a lesson truly wise
From lowing herd and bleating flock,
Than from some men of vulgar stock;
And rustics, as they hold the plough,
May often good advice bestow.
Of love, too, we may have the joy;
For Phœbus as a shepherd boy
Wandered once among the clover,
Of some fair shepherdess the lover;
And Venus wept, in rustic bower,
Adonis turned to purple flower;
And Dryads fair among the trees
Fain the sprightly Fauns would please.
So in their footsteps follow we—
My wife and I—so fond and free.
Contend we there in combat kind,
Which best can love with constant mind.

GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.

BORN of a noble family at Toledo in 1500, Garcilaso de la Vega was early distinguished as a scholar, a poet and a warrior in the service of the Emperor Charles V. He died in 1535 at Nice, of a wound received a few days before. Having spent much time in Italy, he was thoroughly imbued with the Italian culture, and introduced it into Spanish literature. His epistles, odes, sonnets, and especially his eclogues, won for him the title of Prince of the Castilian poets.

FIRST ECLOGUE.

SMOOTH-SLIDING waters, pure and crystalline!
  Trees, that reflect your image in their breast!
Green pastures, full of fountains and fresh shades!
Birds, that here scatter your sweet serenades!
  Mosses, and reverend ivies serpentine,
That wreath your verdurous arms round beech and pine,
  And, climbing, crown their crest!
Can I forget, ere grief my spirit changed,
  With what delicious ease and pure content
Your peace I wooed, your solitudes I ranged,
  Enchanted and refreshed where'er I went?
  How many blissful noons I here have spent
In luxury of slumber, couched on flowers,
And with my own fond fancies, from a boy,
  Discoursed away the hours,—
Discovering naught in your delightful bowers
But golden dreams and memories fraught with joy!

  And in this very valley, where I now
Grow sad and droop and languish, have I lain
  At ease, with happy heart and placid brow:
O pleasure fragile, fugitive, and vain!
Here, I remember, walking once at noon,
  I saw Eliza standing at my side:
  O cruel fate! O fine-spun web, too soon
By Death's sharp scissors clipped! sweet, suffering bride,
In womanhood's most interesting prime,
  Cut off before thy time!

How much more suited had his surly stroke
Been to the strong thread of my weary life!
Stronger than steel!—since, in the parting strife
From thee, it has not broke.

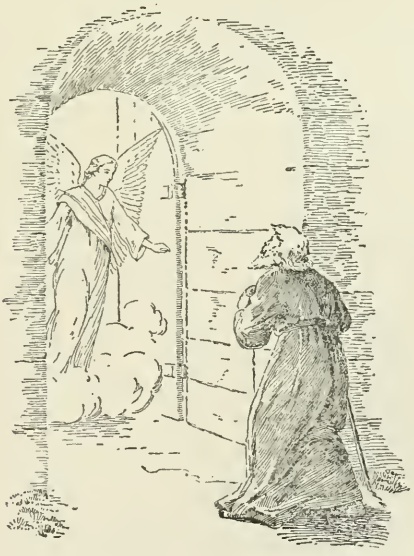
Where are the eloquent, mild eyes that drew
My heart where'er they wandered? where the hand,
White, delicate, and pure as melting dew,—
Filled with the spoils, that, proud of thy command,
My feelings paid in tribute? the bright hair
That paled the shining gold, that did contemn
The glorious opal as a meaner gem?
The bosom's ivory apples,—where, ah, where?
Where now the neck, to whiteness overwrought,
That like a column with genteelest scorn
Sustained the golden dome of virtuous thought?
Gone! ah, forever gone,
To the chill, desolate, and dreary pall!
And mine the grief,—the wormwood and the gall!

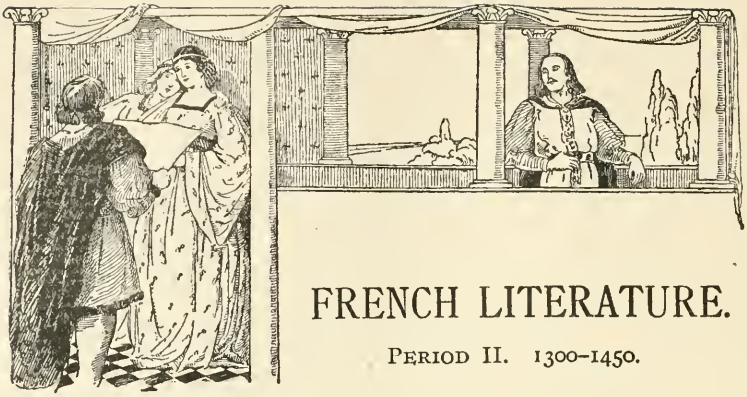
Who would have said, my love, when late, through this
Romantic valley, we from bower to bower
Went gathering violets and primroses,
That I should see the melancholy hour
So soon arrive that was to end my bliss,
And of my love destroy both fruit and flower?
Heaven on my head has laid a heavy hand;
Sentencing, without hope, without appeal,
To loneliness and ever-during tears
The joyless remnant of my future years:
But that which most I feel
Is, to behold myself obliged to bear
This condemnation to a life of care;
Lone, blind, forsaken, under sorrow's spell,
A gloomy captive in a gloomy cell.

Since thou hast left us, fulness, rest, and peace
Have failed the starveling flocks; the field supplies
To the toiled hind but pitiful increase;
All blessings change to ills; the clinging weed
Chokes the thin corn, and in its stead arise
Pernicious darnel and the fruitless reed.

The enameled earth, that from her verdant breast
  Lavished spontaneously ambrosial flowers,
The very sight of which can soothe to rest
  A thousand cares, and charm our sweetest hours,
  That late indulgence of her bounty scorns,
And in exchange shoots forth but tangled bowers,
  But brambles rough with thorns;
Whilst, with the tears that falling steep their root,
  My swollen eyes increase the bitter fruit.

As at the set of sun the shades extend,
  And, when its circle sinks, that dark obscure
Rises to shroud the world, on which attend
  The images that set our hair on end,
  Silence, and shapes mysterious as the grave;
Till the broad sun sheds once more from the wave
  His lively lustre, beautiful and pure:
Such shapes were in the night, and such ill gloom,
  At thy departure; still tormenting fear
Haunts, and must haunt me, until Death shall doom
The so much wished-for sun to reappear
  Of thine angelic face, my soul to cheer,
  Resurgent from the tomb.





FRENCH LITERATURE.

PERIOD II. 1300–1450.

THE beginning and early development of French Literature have already been presented,* and Provençal Literature, which is commonly but incorrectly regarded as a branch of French, has been treated separately.† The history was thus brought down to 1300 A.D. The flourishing of allegory and the rise of romance were noted. The beginning of the *fabliaux* or tales of common life was also shown. The fourteenth century was marked by the same general features, and part of what is now given belongs in spirit to the period already discussed. Yet it has been necessary from considerations of space to reserve these examples for the present volume.

The distinctive character of the fourteenth century was the rise and free use of French prose. This had already been employed by Villehardouin in his interesting "Chronicle of the Capture of Constantinople," written about 1205, but it waited for full development by Froissart and his successors more than a century later. At this time the boundaries of the modern nations of Western Europe had been definitely settled as they have practically remained in spite of wars and conquests for most of the succeeding centuries. The centralization and consolidation of France had begun and was to be carried on in spite of the resistance of the feudal lords. The same movement is seen in literature. Paris began to

* See Volume I., pp. 194–225. † See Volume I., pp. 337–349.

dominate the kingdom and to dictate laws and fashions. The quick wit, brisk movement, and light touch, which characterize the French genius, began to regulate prose as well as verse. The romantic stories which arose in France or were accepted by its people from other sources were quickly diffused over Western Europe. Thus the Arthurian legend, whatever its origin, was propagated. Thus, too, the new versions of the stories of Troy and Alexander, which have already been noticed, were circulated in prose and verse.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE.

THERE have been times in the history of literature when allegory has been the dominant form of imaginative work. Perhaps the most remarkable example is *The Romance of the Rose*, which was held in the highest esteem in France for more than two centuries. Its popularity crossed to England, and led to a generally close translation, which is usually attributed to Chaucer, though some excellent critics have rejected his authorship. The original work was written by Guillaume de Lorris, perhaps as early as 1240; forty years after his death a second part, four times as long, was added by Jean de Meung, who himself died in 1320. The English translator used all of the first part and as much of the second as he found convenient.

The monotonous regularity of the first part may indicate the want of experience of a young author, who yet laid the foundation of a great work. The continuator was less concerned about preserving the outlines of the allegory, and wanders widely from his professed subject. The poem then ceased to be a Trouvère's mystical disquisition on love, and becomes a satirist's bold onslaught on the follies and hypocrisy of his time. Old characters are dropped, and new ones introduced with a strange medley of legends, quotations and mediæval science. The book became a kind of cyclopædia, full of opinions on all manner of subjects. It even uttered protests against the prevailing order in both Church and State. Further, the later writer vented his spleen on women, calling them foul names out of season. This may have been his ill-natured protest against the extravagant respect paid to them by knights and courtly poets, but it is utterly incompatible with the reverential spirit of Guillaume de Lorris.

The Romance, like many other mediæval poems, opens with a

dream. In the month of May, when Nature renews her freshness and beauty, a youth of twenty summers sets out for the Garden of Delight. On its outer wall he sees painted figures of the vices Envy, Hatred, Avarice, Hypocrisy and other evils. Admitted at a wicket by the Lady Leisure, he wanders admiring the strange trees, plants, flowers, birds. He finds Pleasure, the lord of the garden, attended by his courtiers, Joy and Gladness. The God of Love appears with Sweet-Regard, bearing two bows, one crooked and ugly, and the other smooth and beautiful. Of his ten arrows, five belong to Love, and have appropriate names, five to Dislike. Beauty was also there, attended by Riches, Largess, Frankness, Courtesy. A rose-bush arouses the interest of the youth, who attempts to pluck a flower. Love shoots him with his five arrows and compels the wounded man to surrender his heart. Yet in return he receives a code of rules, and as companions Sweet-Thought, Sweet-Speech, Sweet-Looks and Hope. But soon the youth ventures again to gather a rose-bud, whereupon his companions desert him, and Danger (or Authority), with others, drives him off. Then Reason finds him disconsolate and vainly attempts to show him the folly of love. A Friend helps him better and advises him to beg pardon of Danger. Fair-Accost accompanies him; Danger relents; and Venus obtains for the youth the favor of a kiss. Anon a hubbub is aroused; Fair-Accost is made prisoner in the tower of Jealousy, while Danger and Evil-Mouth keep guard. Outside the garden lies the lover, bewailing his misfortunes. Here endeth the work of Guillaume de Lorris.

Plain as is the meaning of this allegory, both as a whole and in detail, it was easy and perhaps necessary in those days, when all learning sought refuge in the cloister, to spiritualize the poem. Each character and each incident was interpreted in a religious manner. The Rose might mean the bliss of heaven, or the state of grace, or the Virgin Mary, or, as Marot explained it, Wisdom.

Forty years later, when the learned Jean de Meung took up the unfinished tale, he introduced Reason to preach at great length, and with abundant quotations, on the troubles of love and the vicissitudes of fortune. Then comes again the Friend, who attempts to console the youth by displaying the evil ways of women. The lover persists, and appeals to Riches, but in vain. The God of Love comes to the rescue, aided by Faux Semblant (False Seeming) and Abstinence. The former wins his way into the tower, slays one of the keepers and reaches the old woman

who has charge of Fair-Accost. The woman takes a message and holds a long and loose conversation with her prisoner. The lover regains Fair-Accost, but has not yet possession of the tower. Danger and his company stoutly resist Love's host. That god appeals to his mother Venus, but meantime Nature, distressed at the loss of her children, comes on the scene. Addressing Genius, she explains the current mediæval philosophy and science. Then Venus arrives and drives out Danger and his crew. Finally the lover is permitted to gather the long-desired rose. In this second part the allegory is of little account, but the biting satire on monks, women and the hypocrisy of the time, as well as the occasional spirited descriptions of nature, show a vigorous genius at work in strange trammels. It exhibits the stirring of new elements in mediæval society, the conflict of ascetic religion with innate love of pleasures of sense, of thirst for knowledge with credulity, and of social distinctions, with a desire for universal equality. There is a sourness and coarseness in Jean de Meung's writing which may be partly accounted for when we learn that his contemporaries nicknamed him *Clopinel*, the limping. Popular as was his work, it excited bitter opposition, and in his old age the author retracted many of his opinions which had scandalized the Church.

The Old Woman's Story.

My days of gladness are no more;
Your joyous time is all before;
Hardly can I, through age and pain,
With staff and crutch my knees sustain.
Almost a child, you hardly know
What things you have to bear and do,
Yet, well I wot, the torch that all
Burns soon or late, on you will fall;
And in that font where Venus brings
Her maidens, will you drench Love's wings.
But ere you headlong enter, pause,
Listen to one who knows Love's laws.
Perilous are its waters clear:
He risks his life who plunges here
Without a guide. Who follows me
Safe and successful shall he be.

She tells of her vanished youth and all the pleasant follies of her young days; how she threw away her affections on a scoundrel, who only robbed and ill-treated her; how she wasted her money and neglected her chances; how she grew old, and her old friends ceased to knock at her door.

But ah! my child, no one can know,
Save him who feels the bitter woe,
What grief and dolor me befell
At losing what I loved so well.
The honeyed words, the soft caress,
The sweet delight, the sweet embrace;
The kisses sweet so quickly sped,
The joyous time so quickly fled—
Fled! and I left alone to mourn;
Fled! never, never to return.

AMIS AND AMILE.

THE story of Amis and Amile (Amicus and Æmilius) is the mediæval romance of friendship, corresponding to the Biblical story of David and Jonathan, and the classical tale of Damon and Pythias. The original French *chanson* contains thirty-five hundred lines, and belongs to the twelfth century, though the story is placed in the time of Charlemagne. Our extract is from a later prose version. William Morris has rendered this in antiquated English, which we have modified. Amis was the son of a knight, born in the castle of Bericain (Berri); Amile was the son of a Count of Alverne (Auvergne), born at the same time. The children were taken by their parents to Rome when two years old, and were baptized by the Pope, who gave each a handsomely-carved wooden cup. A marvelous likeness was found to exist between the children, and a close friendship was formed. Yet, after returning home, they did not meet again for many a year. After their adventures related below they are said to have marched with Charlemagne into Lombardy, where they fell in a fight at Mortara. Though buried in different churches, their bodies were found on the next day in the same church.

AFTER the death of his father evil folk bore envy against Amis, and did him much harm, and grieved him sorely; but he loved them all and endured whatever they did to him. They cast him and his folk out of the heritage of his fathers, and chased him forth out of his castle. So when he bethought him of the commandment of his father, he said to them who went in

his company: "The wicked have wrongfully cast me forth out of mine heritage: yet have I good hope in our Lord that he will help me; let us go to the Court of the Count Amile, who was my friend and my fellow. Perhaps he will make us rich with his goods. But if it be not so, then shall we go to Hildegard the Queen, wife of King Charles of France, who is wont to comfort the disinherited." And they answered that they were ready to follow him and do his bidding.

Therewith they went to the Court of the Count and found him not there, because he was gone to Bericain to visit Amis, and comfort him for the death of his father. And when he found him not, he departed sore troubled, and said that he would not betake him to his own land till he had found Amis, his fellow; and he sought him in France and in Almaine, wherever he heard that his kindred were, but could find no certainty of him.

Therewithal Amis, together with his folk, ceased not to seek his fellow Amile, until they came to the house of a noble man where they were guested. There they told all their adventure; and the noble man said to them: "Abide with me, Sir Knights, and I will give my daughter to your lord, because of the wisdom that I have heard of him, and I will make you all rich." That word pleased them, and they held the bridal with great joy. But when they had abided there for a year and a half, then said Amis to his ten fellows: "We have done amiss in that we have left seeking Amile." And he left there two of his servants and his cup, and went his way toward Paris.

Now by this time had Amile been seeking for Amis two years past without ceasing. And when Amile drew nigh to Paris he found a pilgrim and asked if he had seen Amis whom men had chased out of his land; and that one said nay, he had not. But Amile took off his coat and gave it to the pilgrim, and said: "Pray thou to our Lord and His saints that they give me to find Amis my fellow." The pilgrim went his way forthwith, and about vespers happened on Amis, and they greeted each other. And Amis asked the pilgrim, had he seen or heard tidings in any land of Amile, son of the Count of Alverne. And the pilgrim answered him all marvelling: "Who art thou, Knight, who thus mockest a pilgrim? Thou seemest to me that Amile who this day asked me if I had seen Amis, his fellow. I know not why thou hast changed thy garments, thy folks, thine horses, and thine arms. Thou askest me now what thou didst ask me before; and thou gavest me this coat."

"Trouble not thine heart," said Amis, "I am not he whom thou deemest; but I am Amis who seeketh Amile." And he gave him money, and bade him pray our Lord to give him to find Amile. And the pilgrim said: "Go thy way forthright to Paris, and thou shalt find him whom thou seekest so sore longing." And therewith Amis went his way full eagerly.

Now on the morrow Amile was already departed from Paris, and was sitting with his knights hard by the water of Seine in a flowery meadow. And when they saw Amis coming with his fellows all armed, they rose up and put on their armor, and so went forth before them. Then Amis said to his fellows: "I see French knights who come against us in arms. Now fight hardily and defend your lives. If we may escape this peril, then shall we go with great joy to Paris, and thereto shall we be received with high favor at the Court of the King."

Then were the reins let loose and the spears shaken aloft, and the swords drawn on either side, in such wise that it seemed not likely that any should escape alive. But Almighty God who seeth all, and who setteth an end to the toil of the righteous, restrained them when they were close on each other, for then said Amis: "Who are ye, knights, who wish to slay Amis the exile and his fellows?" At that voice Amile knew Amis, his fellow, and said: "O thou Amis, most well beloved, rest from my travail. I am Amile, son of the Count of Alverne, who have not ceased to seek thee for two whole years." And therewith they lighted down from their horses, and embraced and kissed each other, and gave thanks to God that they were found. And they swore fealty and friendship and fellowship perpetual, the one to the other, on the sword of Amile, wherein were relics. Thence went they all together to the Court of Charles, King of France; there might men behold them young, well tempered, wise, fair, and of like fashion and visage, loved of all and honored. And the King received them joyously, and made Amis his treasurer, and Amile his server.

But when they had abided thus three years, Amis said unto

Amile: "Fair fellow, I desire sore to go to see my wife whom I have left behind; and I will return as soon as I may; and do thou abide at the Court. But keep thee well from touching the daughter of the King; and above all things beware of Arderi, the felon." Amile answered him: "I will take heed of thy commandment; but hasten back hither so soon as thou mayest."

Thus departed Amis. But Amile cast his eyes upon the King's daughter, and right soon forgot the commandment and the teaching of Amis, his fellow. Yet is not this adventure strange, since he was no holier than David, nor wiser than Solomon.

Amidst these things Arderi the traitor, who bore him envy, came to him and said: "Knowest thou not that Amis hath robbed the treasure of the King, and therefore is fled away? Wherefore I require of thee that thou swear me fealty and friendship and fellowship, and I will swear the same to thee on the holy Gospel." And so when that was done, Amile doubted not to lay bare his secret to Arderi.

But when Amile was giving water to the King to wash his hands withal, the false Arderi said to the King: "Take thou no water from this evil man, Sir King: for he is more worthy of death than of life, since he hath taken from the Queen's daughter the flower of her virginity." But when Amile heard this, he fell adown all astonished, and might say never a word; but the benign King lifted him up again, and said to him: "Rise up, Amile, and have no fear, and defend thee of this charge." So he lifted himself up and said: "Sire, believe not the lies of Arderi the traitor, for I know that thou art a righteous judge, and that thou turnest not from the right way, neither for love nor for hatred. Wherefore I pray thee that thou give me time to seek counsel; and that I may purge me of this guilt before thee, and do battle against Arderi, the traitor, and convict him of his lies before all the Court."

So the King gave to both time to make ready, and that when they should come before him for to do their devoir; and they came before the King at the term which he had given them. Arderi brought with him the Count Herbert for his part; but Amile found none who would be for him saving Hildegarde the Queen, who took up the cause for him, and got respite for Amile, on condition that if he came not back by the term established, she should be put away from the bed of the King.

But when Amile went to seek counsel, he happened on Amis, his fellow, who was going to the King's Court; and Amile lighted

down from his horse, and cast himself at the feet of his fellow, and said: "O thou, the only hope of my salvation, evilly have I kept thy commandment; for I have incurred blame with the King's daughter, and I have taken up battle against the false Arderi."

Then said Amis, sighing: "Let us leave here our folks, and enter into this wood to lay bare our secret." And Amis fell to blaming Amile, and said: "Let us change our garments and our horses, and get thee to my house, and I will do battle for thee against the traitor." And Amile answered: "How may I go into thine house, who have no knowledge of thy wife and thy folk, and have never seen them face to face?" But Amis said to him: "Go in all safety, and seek wisely to know them: but take good heed that thou touch not my wife."

And thus they departed each from his fellow weeping; and Amis went his ways to the Court of the King in the semblance of Amile, and Amile to the house of his fellow in the semblance of Amis. But the wife of Amis, when she saw him betake him thither, ran to embrace him, whom she deemed was her husband, and would have kissed him. But he said: "Flee thou from before me, for I have greater need to lament than to play; whereas, since I departed from thee, I have suffered adversity full sore, and yet have to suffer."

And at night, when they lay in one bed, then Amile laid his sword betwixt them, and said to the woman: "Take heed that thou touch me not, else diest thou straightway by this sword." And in like wise did he the other nights, until Amis came in disguise to his house to learn if Amile kept faith with him.

Now was the term of the battle come, and the Queen waited for Amile full of fear, for the traitor Arderi said openly that the Queen should nevermore draw nigh the bed of the King, since she had suffered and consented that Amile should shame her daughter. Amidst these words Amis, clad in the raiment of his fellow, Amile, entered into the Court of the King at the hour of midday, and said to the King: "Right debonair and loyal judge, here am I appareled to do battle against the false Arderi, in defence of me, the Queen, and her daughter, of the charge which they lay upon us." And the King answered benignly and said: "Be not troubled, Count, for if thou vanquishest battle, I will give thee to wife Belisant, my daughter."

On the next morning Arderi and Amis entered armed into the field in the presence of the King and his folk. And the Queen,

with much company of virgins and widows and wedded wives, went from church to church making prayers for the champion of her daughter, and they gave gifts, oblations and candles. But Amis fell to pondering in his heart, that if he should slay Arderi he would be guilty of his death before God, and if he were vanquished, it should be for a reproach to him all his days. Wherefore he spake thus to Arderi: "O Count, thou hast done wrong in that thou desirest my death so sorely, and hast foolishly cast thy life into peril of death. If thou wouldest but take back the charge which thou layest on me, and leave this mortal battle, thou mayest have my friendship and my service." But Arderi, as one out of his wits, answered him: "I will nought of thy friendship nor thy service; but I shall swear the truth as it verily is, and I shall smite the head from off thee." So Arderi swore that he had shamed the King's daughter, and Amis swore that he lied; and straightway they dealt together in strokes, and fought together from the hour of tierce (9 A.M.) right on till nones (3 P.M.). And Arderi was vanquished, and Amis smote off his head.

The King was troubled that he had lost Arderi; yet was he joyous that his daughter was purged of her guilt. And to Amis he gave his daughter and a great sum of gold and silver, and a city hard by the sea wherein to dwell. And Amis received the same with great joy. Then he returned quickly to his inn, wherein he had left Amile his fellow. But when Amile saw him coming with much company of horse, he deemed that Amis was vanquished and took to flight; but Amis bade him return in all safety, for that he had vanquished Arderi, and thereby was wedded for him to the King's daughter. Thence then did Amile betake him, and abode in the aforesaid city with his wife.

But while Amis abode with his wife he became leprous, in such wise that he might not move from his bed; for God chastiseth him that He loveth. And his wife, Obias, had him in sore hate, and many a time strove to strangle him; and when Amis found that, he called to him two of his servants and said to them: "Take me out of the hands of this evil woman, and take my cup privily and bear me to the Castle of Bericain."

So when they drew nigh to the castle, folk came to meet them, and asked of them who was the feeble sick man whom they bore; and they said it was Amis, their master, who was become leprous, and prayed them that they would do him some mercy. But nevertheless they beat the servants of Amis, and cast him down

from the cart whereon they were bearing him, and said: "Flee hence speedily, if ye would not lose your lives." Then Amis fell a-weeping, and said: "O God, merciful and full of pity, give me death, or give me aid from mine infirmity!" And therewith he said to his servants: "Bring me to the Church of the Father of Rome, where God may peradventure of His great mercy provide for me."

When they came to Rome, Constantin the Apostle, full of pity and holiness, and many a knight of Rome of those who had held Amis at the font, came to meet him, and gave him sustenance enough for him and his servants.

But three years thereafter was so great famine in the city that the father would thrust the son away from his house. Then spake his servants to Amis, and said: "Fair sir, thou knowest how faithfully we have served thee since the death of thy father until this day, and that we have never trespassed against thy commandment. But now we may no longer abide with thee, as we wish not to perish of hunger; wherefore we pray thee give us leave to escape this mortal pestilence."

Then Amis answered them weeping: "O ye fair sons, and not servants, my only comfort, I pray you for God's sake that ye leave me not here, but bear me to the city of the Count Amile, my fellow."

And they who would well obey his commandments bore him thither where Amile was; and there they began sounding on their clappers before the Court of Amile, even as lepers are wont to do. And when Amile heard the sound thereof he bade a servant bear to the sick man bread and flesh, and also the cup, which was given to him at Rome, full of good wine; and when the servant had done his commandment he said to him when he came again: "By the faith which I owe thee, sir, if I held not thy cup in my hand, I had deemed that it was even that which the sick man had; for they are one and the same in size and fashion." Then said Amile: "Go speedily and lead him hither to me."

But when Amis was before his fellow, Amile asked of him who he was, and how he had gotten that cup. Said he: "I am of Bericain the Castle, and the cup was given me by the Apostle of Rome, when he baptized me."

And when Amile heard that, he knew that it was Amis his fellow who had delivered him from death, and given him to wife the King's daughter. Straightway he cast himself upon him and

fell to crying out strongly, and to weeping and lamenting, and to kissing and embracing him. And when his wife heard the same, she ran thither all disheveled, and making great dole, since she had in memory how he had slain Arderi. And straightway they laid him in a very fair bed, and said to him: "Abide with us, fair sir, until God shall do his will of thee, for whatsoever we have is for thee to deal with." And he abode with them, and his servants with him.

Now it befell on a night when Amis and Amile lay in one chamber without other company, that God sent to Amis Raphael his angel, who said to him: "Sleepest thou, Amis?" And he, thinking that Amile had called to him, answered: "I sleep not, fair sweet fellow." Then the angel said to him: "Thou hast answered well. Thou art the fellow of the citizens of Heaven, and thou hast followed after Job and Tobit in patience. Now I am Raphael, an angel of our Lord, and am come to tell thee of a medicine for thine healing, since He hath heard thy prayers. Thou shalt tell Amile thy fellow, that he slay his two children and wash thee in their blood, and thence thou shalt get healing of thy body." Then said Amis: "Never shall it be that my fellow be a man-slayer for the healing of me." But the Angel said: "Yet even so it behooveth to do."

And when he had so said, the Angel departed; and therewith Amile heard those words, and awoke, and said: "What is it, fellow? Who hath spoken unto thee?" And Amis answered that none had spoken: "But I have prayed to our Lord according to my wont." Then Amile said: "Nay, it is not so; some one hath spoken to thee." Therewith he arose and went to the door of the chamber, and found it shut, and said: "Tell me, fair brother, who hath spoken to thee these words of the night?"

Then Amis wept sore, and said to him that Raphael, the Angel of our Lord, had said to him: "Amis, our Lord biddeth that thou tell Amile that he slay his two children, and wash thee with their blood, and then thou wilt be whole of thy leprosy."

But Amile was sore moved with these words, and said to him: "Amis, I have given over to thee man-servant and maid-servant and all my goods, and now thou feignest in fraud that the Angel hath spoken to thee that I slay my two children!" But forthwith Amis wept and said: "I know that I have spoken to thee things grievous, as one constrained, and now I pray thee that thou cast me not out of thine house." And Amile said that he had promised that he would hold him until the hour of his death: "But I con-

jure thee by the faith which is betwixt thee and me, and by our fellowship, and by the baptism which we took between me and thee at Rome, that thou tell me if it be man or Angel who hath said this to thee." Then Amis answered: "As true as it was an Angel who spake to me this night, so may God deliver me from mine infirmity."

Then Amile fell to weeping privily, and thinking in his heart: "This man forsooth was armed before the King to die for me, and why should I not slay my children for him; if he hath kept faith with me to the death, why keep I not faith? Abraham was saved by faith, and by faith have the saints vanquished kingdoms; and God saith in the Gospel: 'That which ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.'"

And Amile, without more tarrying, went to the chamber of his wife, and bade her go to hear the service of our Lord; and the Countess went to the church even as she was wont. Then the Count took his sword and went to the bed where lay his children, and found them sleeping, and he threw himself upon them, and fell to weeping bitterly and said: "Who hath ever heard of a father who of his own will hath slain his child? Alas, my children! I shall be no more your father, but your cruel murderer!" And therewith the children awoke because of the tears which fell on them; and the children, who looked on the face of their father, began laughing. But their father said to them: "Your laughter shall be turned into weeping, for now shall your innocent blood be shed."

When he had so said he cut off their heads and then laid them out behind the bed, and laid the heads to the bodies, and covered them over even as they slept. And with their blood, which he received, he washed his fellow, and said: "Lord God, Jesus Christ, who commandest men to keep faith upon the earth, and who cleansest the leper by thy word, deign thou to cleanse my fellow, for the love of whom I have shed the blood of my children." Then was Amis cleansed of his leprosy, and they gave thanks to our Lord with great joy and said: "Blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who healeth them that have hope in him." And Amile clad his fellow in his own right goodly raiment; and therewith they went to the church to give thanks there, and the bells, by the grace of God, rang of themselves. And when the people of the city heard that, they ran all together toward that marvel.

Now the wife of the Count, when she saw them both going

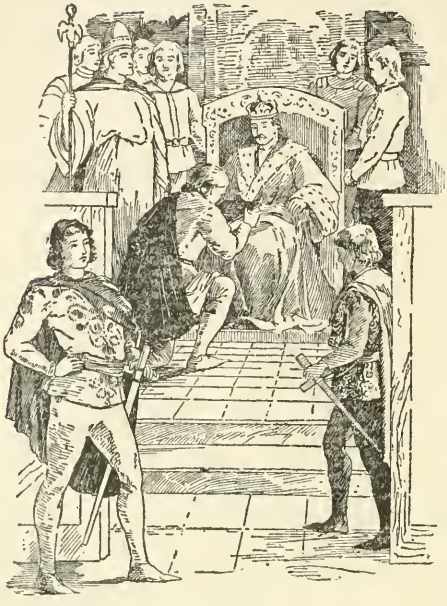
together, began to ask which of the two was her husband, and said: "I know well the raiment of these twain, but I wot not which is Amile." And the Count said: "I am Amile, and this my fellow is Amis." Then the Countess wondered, and said: "I see him all whole; but much I desire to know whereby he is healed." "Let us render thanks to our Lord," said the Count "nor disquiet us as to how it may be."

Now was come the hour of tierce, and neither the father nor the mother was yet entered in to their children; but the father sighed grievously for the death of his babes. Then the Countess asked for her children to make her joy, and the Count said: "Dame, let be; let the children sleep!" Therewith he entered all alone to the children to weep over them, and he found them playing in the bed; but the scars of their wounds showed about the necks of each of them, even as a red fillet. Then he took them in his arms, and bore them to their mother, and said: "Make great joy, dame, for thy sons whom I had slain by the commandment of the Angel are alive again, and by their blood is Amis cured and healed."

And when the Countess heard it she said: "O thou Count, why didst thou not lead me with thee to receive the blood of my children, and I would have washed therewith Amis, thy fellow and my lord?" Then said the Count: "Dame, let be these words; and let us be at the service of our Lord, who hath done such great wonders in our house." And they made great joy through that same city for ten days. But on the self-same day that Amis was made whole, the devils bore off his wife; they brake her neck and bore away her soul.

After these things Amis betook him to the Castle of Bericain and laid siege before it; and abode there so long that they of the castle rendered themselves to him. He received them benignly, and pardoned them their evil will; and from thenceforth he dwelt with them peaceably; and he kept with him the elder son of Amile, and served our Lord with all his heart.

JEAN FROISSART.



FROISSART PRESENTS HIS BOOK.

Though the Chronicles of Froissart have long been esteemed as the most faithful and picturesque records of the fourteenth century, he had little celebrity in his own time. The dates of his birth and death are uncertain, but the former is assigned to 1337, and the latter to 1410. He was a Fleming, born at Valenciennes, then a gay city, and early devoted himself to learning and verse-making. At eighteen he visited Queen Philippa in England and secured her favor by his poetic talent. After a year's stay he left to see a lady to whom he had paid addresses, but who now rejected him. He traveled in France and wrote rhymed chronicles which he took to England in 1361. He became secretary to Queen Philippa, and afterwards to King John of France. At the expense of the Queen, he traveled through England and Scotland, constantly seeking to learn from all he encountered the events of their lives. In 1366 he returned to the Continent and wandered to and fro in company of the great, whom he pleased by his courtly manners and entertained with his poems and increasing stock of stories. After reaching Rome, Froissart returned to Brabant, where he became a parish priest, and found a patron in Gui de Blois, Sire de Beaumont, whose family had some chronicles. These Froissart edited and then continued for many years. In 1386, in the flurry of a proposed invasion of England, the veteran story-writer left his parish and went to Ghent, where he was kept

busy gathering his accounts of Flemish affairs. Then he resumed his travels, journeying to the south of France, where he enjoyed the hospitality of Gaston Phœbus, Count of Foix. Many another lord was sought out to give the chronicler information about important events. A third visit to England brought him into contact with Richard II., the account of whose death closes his Chronicle. Froissart died obscurely at Chimay some years later. Though he wrote abundance of poetry, of which he was proud, posterity remembers only his graphic prose pictures of the men and events of his time.

The Reward of Valor.

Calais, from its situation, was a town of great importance, and on this account Edward resolved to repair its fortifications and re-people it with English subjects. Sir Aymery de Pavie, a native of Lombardy, was appointed governor; and the king gave very handsome houses in Calais to Sir Walter Manny, Lord Stafford, Lord Warwick, Sir Bartholomew Burghersh, and many other knights. Sir Aymery proved himself unworthy of the trust reposed in him, for he attempted to sell the town to Sir Geoffry de Chargny, and Edward found himself compelled again to cross the water, and take other means to secure possession of this important place. He embarked at Dover, and came so secretly to Calais that no one knew of his being there; his men he placed in ambuscade in the rooms and towers of the castle, and then, addressing Sir Walter Manny, said: "Sir Walter, I will that you be chief in this enterprise, and I and my son will fight under your banner." Sir Geoffry was to take pessession of the castle on a certain day, and when he arrived he drew up his forces near to Calais, and sent forward Sir Odoart de Renty, with twenty thousand crowns, which were to be given to Sir Aymery as the price of the surrender.

At his approach Sir Aymery let down the drawbridge of the castle, and opened one of the gates, through which Sir Odoart and a small party of men who attended him passed unmolested. He delivered the crowns in a bag to Sir Aymery, who, on receiving them, said, he supposed they were all there, as there was no time now to count them, and flinging the bag into a room, he locked the door, and bade Sir Odoart follow him to the great tower that he might at once become master of the castle. On saying this he went forward, and pushing back the bolt, the door

flew open. Now in this tower was the King of England with two hundred men, who immediately sallied forth, with swords and battle-axes in their hands, at the same time crying out, "Manny, Manny, to the rescue! What! do these Frenchmen think to conquer the castle of Calais with such a handful of men?" Sir Odoart and his party saw that no defence could save them, so they surrendered without resistance, and some English troops, well mounted, then quitted the castle, and made towards Sir Geoffry de Chargny, keeping up the cry of "Manny, to the rescue!" When Sir Geoffry heard this, he suspected they had been betrayed, and addressing those around him, said, "Gentlemen, if we fly we shall lose all: it will be more advantageous for us to fight valiantly that the day may be ours." "By St. George," said some of the English, who were near enough to hear him, "you speak the truth: evil befall him who thinks of flying;" and, so saying, they rushed to the combat. Fierce and bloody was the battle, but it did not last long; the result of it was that the French were quite discomfited and driven to retire. The King of England, who was then incognito under the banner of Sir Walter, fought most nobly: he singled out Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, a strong and valiant knight, who twice struck the king down on his knees, but who was at last himself overpowered, and gave up his sword to King Edward, saying, "Sir Knight, I surrender myself your prisoner, for the honor of the day must fall to the English." This business was finished under the walls of Calais, the last day of December, towards morning, in the year of grace 1348.

When the engagement was over, the king returned to the castle, and had his prisoners brought before him. It being the eve of the new year, he agreed to entertain them all to supper.

This he did most sumptuously, and when supper was ended, he still remained in the hall among the French and English knights, bareheaded, except that he had on a chaplet of fine pearls. He conversed freely with all present, and after reproving Sir Geoffry de Chargny for his attempt to steal from him a castle which had given him so much trouble, and cost him such sums of money to acquire, he came to Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, and said with a smile, "Sir Eustace, you are the most valiant knight in Christendom; I never yet found any one in battle who, body to body, has given me so much to do as you have this day; I adjudge to you the prize of valor." He then took off the chaplet from his own head, and placing it on the head of Sir Eustace, said, "I present you with this chaplet, as being the best combatant this day, and I beg of you to wear it all this year for love of me. I know that you are lively, and love the society of ladies and damsels; therefore tell it wherever you go, that King Edward gave this to you. You also have your liberty free of ransom, and may set out to-morrow, if you please, to go whither you like."

Count Gaston Phœbus de Foix.

Count Gaston Phœbus de Foix was about fifty-nine years old; and although I have seen very many knights, squires, kings, princes, and others, I never saw any one so handsome. He was so perfectly formed that no one could praise him too much. He loved earnestly the things he ought to love, and hated those which it became him to hate. He was a prudent knight, full of enterprise and wisdom. He never allowed any men of abandoned character to be about him, reigned prudently, and was constant at his devotions. There were regular nocturnals from the Psalter, prayers from the rituals to the Virgin, to the Holy Ghost, and from the Burial Service. He had, every day, distributed, as alms at his gate, five florins, in small coin, to all comers. He was liberal and courteous in his gifts, and well knew how to take and how to give back. He loved dogs above all other animals; and during summer and winter amused himself much with hunting. He never indulged in any foolish works or ridiculous extravagances, and took account every month of the amount of his expenditure. He chose twelve of the most able of his subjects to receive and administer his finances, two serving two months each, and one of them acting as comptroller. He had certain coffers in his apartment whence he took money to give to

different knights, squires, or gentlemen, when they came to wait on him, for none ever left him without a gift. He was easy of access to all, and entered very freely into discourse, though laconic in his advice and in his answers. He employed four secretaries to write and copy letters, and these were to be in readiness as soon as he left his room. He called them neither John, Walter, nor William, but his good-for-nothings, to whom he gave his letters, after he had read them, to copy or to do anything else which he might command. In such manner lived the Count de Foix. When he quitted his chamber at midnight for supper, twelve servants bore each a lighted torch before him. The hall was full of knights and squires, and there were plenty of tables laid out for any who chose to sup. No one spoke to him at table unless he first began the conversation. He ate heartily of poultry, but only the wings and thighs. He had great pleasure in hearing minstrels, being himself a proficient in the science. He remained at table about two hours, and was pleased whenever fanciful dishes were served up to him—not that he desired to partake of them, but, having seen them, he immediately sent them to the tables of his knights and squires. In short, everything considered, though I had before been in several courts, I never was at one which pleased me more, nor was ever anywhere more delighted with feats of arms. Knights and squires were to be seen in every chamber, hall, and court, conversing on arms and armor. Everything honorable was to be found there. All intelligence from distant countries was there to be learned; for the gallantry of the count brought together visitors from all parts of the world.

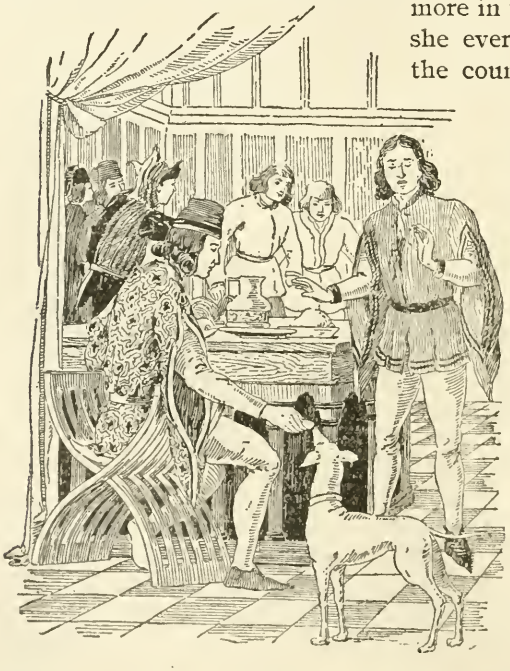
Seeing the hotel of the count so spacious and amply provided, I was very anxious to know what was become of his son Gaston, and by what accident he died, for Espaign du Lyon would never satisfy my curiosity. Indeed, I made so many inquiries on the subject, that an old and intelligent squire at last informed me. He began his tale thus: It is well known that the Count and Countess of Foix are not on good terms with each other. This disagreement arose from the King of Navarre, who is the lady's brother. The King of Navarre had offered to pledge himself, in the sum of 50,000 francs, for the Lord d'Albret, whom the Count de Foix held in prison. The count, knowing the King of Navarre to be crafty and faithless, would not accept his security, which circumstance piqued the countess, and raised her indignation against her husband. The countess went to the King of Navarre to endeavor to settle this business; and when, after much talking,

she found she could come to no satisfactory arrangement, she was afraid to return home, knowing her husband to be of a cruel disposition towards those with whom he was displeased. Thus things remained for some time.

Gaston, my lord's son, grew up and married the daughter of the Count d'Armagnac, sister to the present count, by which union peace was restored between Foix and Armagnac. He might be at the time about fifteen or sixteen years old, and was a very fine figure, the exact resemblance of his father. Some time after his marriage he took it into his head to make a journey into Navarre to visit his mother and uncle; but it was an unfortunate journey for him and for this country. In Navarre he was splendidly entertained, and stayed there some time with his mother. On taking leave he could not prevail on her to return, for she had found that the count had bid him convey no such request to her. She consequently remained, and the heir of Foix went to Pampeluna to take leave of his uncle, who detained him ten days, and on his departure made him several handsome presents. The last gift he gave to him was the cause of his death, and I will tell you in what way. As the youth was on the point of setting out, the king took him privately into his chamber and gave him a bag full of powder, which was of such pernicious quality that it would cause the death of any one who ate it. "Gaston, my fair nephew," said the king, "will you do what I am about to tell you? You see how unjustly the Count de Foix hates your mother. Now, if you wish to reconcile them, you must take a small pinch of this powder and strew it upon the meat destined for your father's table; but take care no one sees you. The instant he has taken it he will be impatient for your mother's return, and henceforth they will so love each other that they will never again be separated. Do not mention this to any one, for if you do, it will lose its effect."

The youth, who believed all that his uncle told him, cheerfully agreed to do as he said, and then departed from Pampeluna. On his return to Orthes, his father received him gladly, and asked what presents he had received. The youth replied, "Very handsome ones;" and then showed him all, except the bag which contained the powder. It was customary in the Hotel de Foix for Gaston and his bastard brother, Evan, to sleep in the same chamber; they loved each other dearly, and dressed alike, for they were of the same size and age. It happened one night that their clothes got mixed together; and the coat of Gaston

being on the bed, Evan, noticing the powder in the bag, said to him, "What is this, Gaston?" By no means pleased at the inquiry, Gaston replied, "Give me back my coat, Evan; what have you to do with it?" Evan flung him his coat, and Gaston during the day became very pensive. Three days after this, as if God were interposing to save the life of the Count de Foix, Gaston quarreled with Evan at tennis, and gave him a box on the ear. Much vexed at this, Evan ran crying into the count's apartment, who immediately said to him, "What is the matter, Evan?" "My lord," replied he, "Gaston has been beating me, but he deserves beating much more than I do." "For what reason?" said the count. "On my faith," said Evan, "ever since his return from Navarre, he wears a bag of powder in his breast. I know not what he intends to do with it; but he has once or twice told me that his mother would soon return hither, and be more in your good graces than she ever was." "Ho," said the count; "be sure you do not mention to any one what you have just told me." The Count de Foix then became very thoughtful on the subject, and remained alone until dinner-time, when he took his seat as usual at the table. It was Gaston's office to place the dishes before him and taste them. As soon as he had served the first dish the count detected the strings of the bag hanging from his pourpoint, the sight of which made his blood boil, and he called Gaston toward him. The youth advanced to the table, when the count undid his pourpoint, and with his knife cut away the bag. Gaston was thunderstruck, turned very pale, and began to tremble exceedingly. The count took some powder from the bag, which



he strewed over a slice of bread, and calling to him one of his dogs, gave it him to eat. The instant the dog had eaten a morsel, his eyes rolled round in his head, and he died.

The count was much enraged, and not without reason, and it was with great difficulty that the knights and squires who were present prevented him from slaying his son. "Ho, Gaston," he said, "thou traitor; for thee, and to increase thy inheritance, have I made war, and incurred the hatred of the Kings of France and England, Spain, Navarre, and Aragon;" then, leaping over the table, with a knife in his hand, he was about to thrust it into his body, when the knights and squires interfered, and on their knees besought him—"My lord, for Heaven's sake, consider you have no other child. Let him be confined, and inquiry made into the matter. Perhaps he was ignorant of what the bag contained, and therefore may be blameless." "Well then, confine him in the tower," said the count; "only be careful that he is forthcoming." As soon as Gaston was placed in confinement, many of those who served him escaped, but fifteen were arrested and afterwards put to death.

This business made a great impression upon the count, and, in presence of all the nobles and prelates of Foix and Béarn, he declared his intention of putting Gaston to death. They, however, would not sanction such severity, and it was at last determined that Gaston should be confined in prison for two or three months, and then sent on his travels for a few years, until his ill conduct should be forgotten, and himself feel grateful for the lenity of his punishment. News of this difficulty spread far and near, and came to the ears of Pope Gregory XI., at Avignon, who immediately sent off the Cardinal of Amiens as his legate to Béarn, in order to accommodate the affair; but the cardinal had scarcely traveled as far as Beziers when he heard that it was useless for him to continue his journey, for that the son of the Count de Foix was dead.

I must tell you how he died. At the count's orders he was confined in a room of the dungeon where there was little light; there he remained ten days, scarcely eating or drinking anything. It is even reported, that after his death all the food that had been brought to him was found untouched; so that it is marvelous how he could have lived so long. From the time he entered the dungeon he never put off his clothes, and the count would permit no one to remain in the room to advise or comfort him. On the day of his death, the person who waited upon him, seeing the

state he was in, went to the count and said, "My lord, for God's sake, do look to your son; he is certainly starving himself." On hearing which the count became very angry, and went himself to the prison. It was an evil hour: the count had in his hand a knife, with which he had been paring his nails, and which he held tight between his fingers, with scarcely the point protruding, when, pushing aside the tapestry that covered the entrance of the prison, through ill luck, he hit his son on a vein of the throat with the point of the knife, as he rushed forward, addressing him, "Ha! traitor! why dost thou not eat?" Then, without saying or doing more, he instantly left the place. The youth was much frightened at his father's arrival, and withal exceedingly weak from fasting. The point of the knife, small as it was, had cut a vein, and as soon as he felt it, he turned himself on one side, and died. Scarcely had the count reached his apartment when his son's attendants came to him in haste to inform him that Gaston was dead. "Dead?" cried the count. "Yes; God help me, he is indeed dead, my lord." The count would not believe the report, and sent one of his knights to ascertain the truth. The knight soon returned to confirm the account, when the count wept bitterly, crying out, "Ha, ha, Gaston, how sad a business is this for thee and me! In an evil hour didst thou visit thy mother in Navarre. Never shall I be happy again." He then ordered his barber to be sent for, and was shaven quite bare; he also clothed himself, as well as his whole household, in black. The body of the youth was borne with tears and lamentation to the church of the Augustine friars, at Orthes, where it was buried.

My heart was much moved at this sad recital of the squire of Béarn. I was truly sorry for the count, whom I found a magnificent, generous and courteous lord; I thanked the squire for the narrative, and then bade him adieu.

VIRELAY.

JEAN FROISSART is better known as a historian than as a poet; yet he composed numerous songs, poems and romances. One of his romances is called, "Méliador, ou le Chevalier au Soleil d'Or." This work he presented to Count Gaston Phœbus de Foix, who admired it so greatly that he had passages of it read to him constantly after supper. The following virelay was translated by Miss L. S. Costello.

Too long it seems ere I shall view
The maid so gentle, fair, and true,
Whom loyally I love:

Ah! for her sake, where'er I rove,
All scenes my care renew!
I have not seen her—ah, how long!
Nor heard the music of her tongue;
Though in her sweet and lovely mien
Such grace, such witchery is seen,
Such precious virtues shine;
My joy, my hope is in her smile,
And I must suffer pain the while,
Where once all bliss was mine.
Too long it seems!
Oh, tell her, Love!—the truth reveal:
Say that no lover yet could feel
Such sad consuming pain;
While banished from her sight I pine,
And still this wretched life is mine,
Till I return again.
She must believe me, for I find
So much her image haunts my mind,
So dear her memory,
That wheresoe'er my steps I bend,
The form my fondest thoughts attend,
Is present to my eye.
Too long it seems!
Now tears my weary hours employ,
Regrets and thoughts of sad annoy,
When waking or in sleep;
For hope my former care repaid,
In promises at parting made,
Which happy love might keep.
Oh for one hour my truth to tell,
To speak of feelings known too well,
Of hopes too vainly dear!
But useless are my anxious sighs,
Since fortune my return denies,
And keeps me ling'ring here:
Too long it seems!

CHRISTINE DE PISAN

THE honor of being the first woman to employ both verse and prose in French literature belongs to Christine de Pisan. She was of Italian stock, being born in 1363 at Bologna, then a flourishing seat of learning. Her father, Thomas de Pisan, was a councillor of Venice, but was summoned by Charles V. (the Wise), to be his astrologer. The magnificent Lombard costume of his wife and child, when they were received at the Louvre, astonished the French. Christine was well educated, and at the age of fifteen was married to Stephen Castel, a royal secretary. A few years later death snatched away first the king, then her father, then her husband, leaving the widow with three children to struggle with vexatious law-suits. Yet her beauty and talents did not go unrecognized. John, Earl of Salisbury, coming to the French court on a special embassy, paid Christine many handsome compliments, which she acknowledged in polite verse. Though she declined his offer of marriage, she permitted him to take her eldest son, then thirteen years of age, to be trained for knighthood. Salisbury was a firm adherent of the luckless King Richard II., and when Bolingbroke seized the crown of England in 1399, the earl was beheaded. Among the earl's effects the usurper found Christine's "Lays," and struck with their beauty, invited her to visit his court. She declined the invitation, but she recovered her son. The dukes of Milan and Burgundy also sought to attach her to their courts, but though her son found protection with the latter, she remained in France. The most noted of her prose works is a panegyric on her early patron, Charles the Wise. Her poetical works were of various kinds, moral, didactic, and amatory. She died about 1430.

TOKENS FOR SALE.

Lover.—I sell to thee the autumn rose,—
Let it say how dear thou art!
All my lips dare not disclose,
Let it whisper to thy heart:
How love draws my soul to thee,
Without language thou may'st see.

Lady.—I sell to thee the aspen-leaf,—
'T is to show I tremble still,
When I muse on all the grief
Love can cause, if false or ill:
How too many have believed,
Trusted long, and been deceived!

Lover.—I sell to thee a rosary,
Proving I am only thine;
By its sacred mystery
I to thee each thought resign.
Fairest, turn thee not away,
Let thy love my faith repay!

Lady.—I sell to thee a parrot bright,—
With each color of the sky;
Thou art formed to charm the sight,
Learned in softest minstrelsy;
But to love I am unknown,
Nor can understand its tone.

Lover.—I sell to thee a faded wreath,
Teaching thee, alas! too well,
How I spent my latest breath,
Seeking all my truth to tell;
But thy coldness bade me die,
Victim of thy cruelty!

Lady.—I sell to thee the honey flower,—
Courteous, best and bravest knight,
Fragrant in the summer shower,
Shrinking from the sunny light:
May it not an emblem prove
Of untold but tender love?

On the Death of Her Father.

A mourning dove, whose mate is dead,
A lamb, whose shepherd is no more,
Even such am I, since he is fled
Whose loss I cease not to deplore,
Alas! since to the grave they bore
My sire, for whom these tears are shed,
What is there left for me to love?
A mourning dove!

Oh that his grave for me had room!
Where I at length might calmly rest,
For all to me is saddest gloom,
All scenes to me appear unblest!

And all my hope is in his tomb,
To lay my head on his cold breast,
Who left his child nought else to love.
A mourning dove!

CHARLES OF ORLEANS.

CHARLES, Duke of Orleans, grandson of Charles V. of France, fought and was captured in the battle of Agincourt in 1415, being then twenty-four years of age. He was taken to England and kept prisoner in the Tower of London for twenty-five years. At last he was released through the kindness of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. Returning to France, he was married again and lived to the age of seventy-four. He was noted for his piety as well as his poetic talent.

THE ART OF WRITING.

THRICE blest is he by whom the art
Of letters first was taught!
Sweet solace to the lover's heart,
With painful memory fraught!
When lonely, sad, and far away,
His woes he may not tell,
A letter can at once convey
His secret thoughts—how well!
The truth, the fond affection prove
Of him, the faithful slave of love!

By doubt and anxious dread oppress,
Though hope may be denied,
Still to his watchful, trembling breast
Some comfort is supplied;
And if she read with eye benign
The tale he dares to trace,
Perchance each pleading mournful line
May yet obtain her grace,
And pity in her bosom move
For him, the faithful slave of love!

For me, full well I know the joy
This blissful art can give,
And when new griefs my soul annoy,
Its magic bids me live.

To her I write, for whom alone
My weary life I bear,
To her make all my sorrows known,
And claim her tender care.
My chains, my bars it can remove,
Though I be still the slave of love!

Oh that I could behold once more
Those charms so vainly dear!
That happy moment could restore
The shade of many a year,
And all my future life would prove
How true a slave I am to love!

Song of the Mouse.

They tell me that in France 't is said
"The captive Charles at length is dead."
Small grief have they who wish me ill;
And tears bedim their eyes who still
Have studied vainly to forget,
And, spite of Fate, are loyal yet.
My friends—my foes—I greet you all,—
The mouse still lives, although in thrall.

No sickness and no pain have I;
My time rolls onward cheerfully;
Hope in my heart for ever springs,
And to my waking vision brings
Dear, absent Peace, whose long repose
Has given the triumph to our foes:
She comes to glad the world again,
She comes with blessings in her train:
Disgrace her enemies befall!—
The mouse is living, though in thrall.

Youth yet may yield me many a day,
In vain would age assert his sway,
For from his gates my steps are far;
Still brightly shines my beacon star;
My eyes are yet undimmed by tears,
Success and joy may come with years.

Let Heaven above be thanked for all,—
The mouse is living, though in thrall!

No mourning songs for me prepare,
No mourning weeds shall any wear;
Come forth in purple and in pall,—
The mouse still lives, although in thrall.

Wilt Thou Be Mine?

Wilt thou be mine? dear love, reply—
Sweetly consent, or else deny;
Whisper softly, none shall know;
Wilt thou be mine, love?—ay or no?

Spite of Fortune we may be
Happy by one word from thee;
Life flies swiftly,—ere it go,
Wilt thou be mine, love?—ay or no?

FRANCIS VILLON.

R. L. Stevenson has given a sufficient sketch of this remarkable poet and rascal, who closes the mediæval period of French literature. He declares that "this gallows-bird was the one great writer of his age and country, and initiated modern literature for France. . . . Out of him flows much of Rabelais; and through Rabelais, directly and indirectly, a deep, permanent and growing inspiration." Villon's real name is much disputed, being probably Montcorbier or Corbueil, though other forms are given. Born of very poor parents at Paris, in 1431, he became a thief and vagabond. In 1455, being in bad company, he got into a fight with one of his companions and killed him. He fled and was sentenced to banishment, but as he was shown to have acted in self-defence, the sentence was revoked some months later. Yet he was soon in other trouble, and being beaten in a scuffle fled from Paris. Then an accomplice charged him with being the ring-leader of a band of robbers; Villon was arrested, put to torture and condemned to be hanged. But on appeal his sentence was commuted to banishment. For a while he received some favor from Charles of Orleans, but was soon again in a bishop's prison. On the accession of Louis XI. in 1461, he was released, and then published a collection of his poems under the title, "Grand Testament." He had previously published his "Petit Testament." Such titles were common in the Middle Ages, but in this case they may have referred to the author's

expectation of speedy death. Death was indeed a favorite subject with this rascal poet, but he treats it with the utmost cynicism. He reveals the grossness of vice in the midst of which he lived, and covers all life with profound melancholy. Some other works than those mentioned have been ascribed to Villon, but on doubtful grounds. For a long time French critics condemned his writings, but in recent years there has been a marked revolution in their favor. English translations have been made by Swinburne, Andrew Lang and John Payne.

Ballad of Old-Time Ladies.

Tell me where, in what land of shade,
  Bides fair Flora of Rome, and where
Are Thais and Archipiade,
  Cousins-german of beauty rare,
  And Echo, more than mortal fair,
That, when one calls by river-flow
  Or marish, answers out of the air?
But what is become of last year's snow?

Where did the learn'd Helosa vade,
  For whose sake Abelard might not spare
(Such dole for love on him was laid)
  Manhood to lose and a cowl to wear?
  And where is the queen who willed whilere
That Buridan, tied in a sack, should go
  Floating down Seine from the turret-stair?
But what is become of last year's snow?

Blanche, too, the lily-white queen, that made
  Sweet music as if she a siren were;
Broad-foot Bertha; and Joan the maid,
  The good Lorrainer, the English bare
  Captive to Rouen and burned her there,
Beatrix, Eremburge, Alys,—lo!
  Where are they, Virgin debonair?
But what is become of last year's snow?

envoi.

Prince, you may question how they fare
  This week, or liefer this year, I trow:
Still shall the answer this burden bear,
  But what is become of last year's snow?

Ballad of Old-Time Lords.

Where is Calixtus, third of the name,
That died in the purple whiles ago,
Four years since he to the tiar came?
And the King of Aragon, Alfonso?
The Duke of Bourbon, sweet of show,
And the Duke Arthur of Brittaine?
And Charles the Seventh, the Good? Heigho!
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

Likewise the King of Scots, whose shame
Was the half of his face (or folks say so),
Vermeil as amethyst held to the flame,
From chin to forehead all of a glow?
The King of Cyprus, of friend and foe
Renowned; and the gentle King of Spain,
Whose name, God 'ield me, I do not know?
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

Of many more might I ask the same,
Who are but dust that the breezes blow;
But I desist, for none may claim
To stand against Death, that lays all low,
Yet one more question before I go:
Where is Lancelot, King of Behaine?
And where are his valiant ancestors, trow?
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

ENVOI.

Where is Du Guesclin, the Breton prow?
Where Auvergne's Dauphin, and where again
The late good duke of Alençon? Lo!
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

Villon's Epitaph.

The following is the epitaph, in ballad form, that Villon made for himself and his companions, expecting no better than to be hanged in their company.

Brothers, that after us on life remain,
Harden your hearts against us not as stone;

For, if to pity us poor wights you're fain,
God shall the rather grant you benison.
You see us six, the gibbet here upon:
As for the flesh that we too well have fed,
'Tis all devoured and rotted, shred by shred.
Let none make merry of our piteous case,
Whose crumbling bones the life long since hath fled:
The rather pray, God grant us of His grace!

Yea, we conjure you, look not with disdain,
Brothers, on us, though we to death were done
By justice. Well, you know the saving grain
Of sense springs not in every mother's son:
Commend us, therefore, now we're dead and gone,
To Christ, the Son of Mary's maidenhead,
That He leave not His grace on us to shed
And save us from the nether torture-place.
Let no one harry us: forsooth we're sped:
The rather pray, God grant us of His grace!

We are whiles scoured and sodden of the rain
And whiles burnt up and blackened of the sun;
Corbies and pyets have our eyes outa'en
And plucked our beard and hair out, one by one.
Whether by night or day, rest have we none:
Now here, now there, as the wind shifts its stead,
We swing and creak and rattle overhead,
No thimble dinted like our bird-pecked face.
Brothers, have heed and shun the life we led:
The rather pray, God grant us of his grace!

ENVOI.

Prince Jesus, over all empowered,
Let us not fall into the Place of Dread,
But all our reckoning with the Fiend efface.
Folk, mock us not that are forspent and dead:
The rather pray, God grant us of His grace!

SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE.

AT an unknown period, in an unknown spot in Central Asia, dwelt the original Aryans, who were destined to spread over the whole known world west of China, and to lay the foundation of all European tongues. Of the history of some of their branches we have a comparatively consecutive account. These colonized Persia, Greece and Italy, as well as India. We roughly date these colonizations as somewhat more or less than two thousand years before the Christian Era. But we have thus accounted for only a part of the primitive stock. What became of the rest? The Goths, or Gotones, the Teutones, the Vandals, the Celts, or Gauls, all of whom combined with the Mongolian Huns or Hiongnu to overthrow the Roman Empire during the fifth century after Christ, were of as undoubted Aryan stock as the Greeks and Romans whom they overthrew.

The situation, then, appears to be, that two great divisions of the Aryans, after a separation of none can say how many centuries, at last met again in Europe and fought to the death; and from the amalgamation of the survivors of this mighty conflict arose the modern nations and languages of which the English is the chief. The stupendous drama has its last scene here in America, from whose western coasts we look across to the primal home of our race among the valleys and mountains of Asia.

We have seen how the Dark Ages following upon the fall

of Rome were illuminated by the rise of the Arabian power, which led European culture during more than six hundred years. But meanwhile, unknown to the southern regions of Europe, the Scandinavians, a Teutonic tribe of finer and firmer fibre than the Germans, were developing a culture and literature of their own, full of poetic power and heroic imagination. They held their northern retreat undisturbed; none cared to venture thither to meddle with them. They, on the other hand, were far from betraying any hesitation about meddling with others. They were a sea-faring folk, tall, strong and yellow-haired like Homer's Achaians, to whom they were distantly related; the lust of exploration and conquest was strong upon them. Russia, Constantinople, Italy, Syria, Switzerland, France, Spain and England saw their forays and felt their power. In the latter part of the ninth century they discovered and occupied Iceland, and, pushing still further westward, set foot on Greenland, and at last on the coast of New England itself. Able in body and mind, fierce, indomitable, endowed with a wild and gloomy imagination, they have given to the English people part of what is best and strongest in its character.

In the first part of the tenth century, a king of Norway, Harold Harfagr (Fair-hair), conquered the other petty kings, and repressed freebooting. But this move in the direction of civilization and conservatism was highly distasteful to the people, many of whom forthwith migrated to the newly discovered refuge of Iceland. There they established a republic which flourished four hundred years, and, being undisturbed in its savage fastnesses, kept alive and pure the religion and language of ancient Scandinavia, which, on the mainland, suffered change and corruption. The Icelanders remained pagans long after the Scandinavians had yielded to Christianity; and the old Norse tongue, now modified into the Norwegian, Danish and Swedish dialects, still retains in Iceland almost its original purity.

The ancient literature of the Scandinavian peninsulas (now comprising the countries of Sweden, Norway and Denmark) began with the songs of the scalds, who, after the fashion of the Homeric bards, went from court to court

chanting their lays and ballads. The word *scald* originally meant poet, but was afterwards restricted to libellers or satirists, who marked their verses on trees or posts. Besides the ballads, there were prose sagas—stories or histories, true or imaginative. Many, and probably the most important, of these poetical and prose relics have come down to us in writing; but many more were lost before that art became common. An old form of graving peculiar to this people consisted of runes. These are neither more nor less than modifications of Greek letters of the alphabet, and were incised on monuments, weapons, or bits of wood or stone used as charms or amulets. They constituted a species of magic, and the lore concerning them was attended with great mystery. Odin, the chief god of the Scandinavian mythology, is said to have been a maker of runes, and to have taught the art to others. Runic spells and incantations are often referred to in the Norse literature, and runic inscriptions are found all over northern Europe. They are often joined with hieroglyphics. They were never used in books. The conversion of Scandinavia to Christianity caused the neglect and almost the complete loss of the early Pagan literature and its monuments.

DOLMEN WITH RUNES.

The systematic study of Scandinavian literature was begun —and indeed the fact of its existence was for the first time recalled—only about the middle of the seventeenth century. In 1643 the Icelandic Bishop Brynjulf Sveinsson found a quantity of old mythological poems, which were at first erroneously ascribed to one Sæmund Sigfusson, who had died five hundred years before, and whose learning had obtained for him the fame of a Solomon. At about the same period came to light the Edda of Snorri Sturluson (1179–

1241), the most remarkable single work of known authorship in the literature of the country. This Edda was a hand-book of instruction and information for poets, and will be discussed separately.

But this was not Snorri Sturluson's only achievement in literature. He is also the author of the *Heimskringla* (The Circle of the World), a remarkable prose history, partly mythologic, partly veracious, of the Norse kings, beginning with the earliest, and brought down to a period two years before the writer's death. This is an original work, and gives us our only connected view of the events described.

The fact that Snorri had applied the title Edda to his work, was the occasion of the same name being given to the assemblage of the older literature discovered in 1643; it was distinguished as the *Elder Edda*, and this name will answer as well as another, though there is no other warrant for it. This collection may be considered in two parts; the first relating to mythological matters, such as the creation of the world and of man, moral principles and tales of the divinities; while the second division consists of versified heroic legends, and shows the material out of which the German Nibelungenlied was made. Indeed, the imagination and passion of the earlier bard are even more impressive and powerful than in the later version. The strophes are of six or eight lines each, and are written in metre, with occasional alliteration. One of the finest and oldest of the "Songs" is that of the Sibyl (Voluspa), which foretells events to come; and Vafthrudnir's Song, in the form of a dialogue between the giant of that name and Odin, discusses the same subjects. The homes of the twelve deities are described in Grimner's Song; and the Rig Song relates to the three social castes that constitute the Scandinavian state—the thrall, the churl and the noble. Finally, the Havamal, or High Song of Odin, is the Norse Proverbs of Solomon; it is the epitome of worldly wisdom, a code of ethics, but lacking in the lofty religious spirit of the Hebrew.

The Eddas existed in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, but the date of the poems of the Elder Edda is doubtless indefinitely prior to the period of its discovery. The sagas

are voluminous, filling some two hundred volumes. No chronological arrangement can be made of these. The dates of some later works are definitely marked. A work on medicine, by Henrik Harpestrings, is assigned to the year 1244; and the Danish Ballads range from about 1300 to 1500. The stimulus given to Scandinavian scholars by the discovery of the Eddas has not yet been exhausted, and every year adds to the accuracy of our knowledge of the ancient literature.

The Scaldic lays are far from equalling the beauty and interest of the Eddas; among the most famous of them was the Death-Song of Ragnar Lodbrok, a Viking of the eighth century, whom the English caused to be stung to death by serpents in a dungeon. As sung to the harp, amidst warlike and princely assemblies, these alliterative chants, doubtless, had a force and splendor which are lost in the reading.

Critics discern two distinct orders of Old Icelandic poetry: that which was produced by natives who never left their home-land, and the other body of verse produced by Icelanders who ventured the seas and settled on the coasts of the British isles. These latter embodied Icelandic and Scandinavian legends in their songs, which gained local color as the Celtic element came in with the blending of the races. They brought the bracing sea wind, the roar of the waves, the delight of perilous adventure, and the lust of conquest to the singers whose themes were simple love and fairy fancy. This accounts for the fine simplicity of expression, the innate sympathy with nature in her grander aspects, the true pathos, and intense passion that characterize the poetry of these roving adventurers, whose individuality faded out before the close of the twelfth century.

The poetry of the commonwealth of Iceland contrasts with that of the Western Islands. It has less fire and force, but more polish. Greater importance was attached to artistic beauty of form, the phraseology was elaborated, and rhyme was brought to a high degree of perfection. These are the natural characteristics to be looked for in a stay-at-home school of writers, as the preference of spirit to form is inevitable in the makers of the poetry of Nature in sublime unrest.

Ari the Wise was Iceland's first historian; though his chief work has been lost, his abridgment of it, called the "Icelander Book," survives. Snorri's "Heimskringla," a hundred years later, relates the establishment of the Scandinavian kingdoms, the discovery of America, the conquests of England and Normandy, the adventures of Harold Haardrada in the East, and his death on the field of battle in Britain. Many of the stories are alive with all the elements of the most vivid romance. The Sagamen were itinerant historians who made it their business to travel about collecting materials for their narratives. All the great Icelandic families had their sagas. The sagas of Erik the Wanderer, of Frithiof, and of Dietrich of Bern are among the more celebrated. In the end of the Middle Ages, the Scalds were transformed into singers of chivalric romance, and thus followed the successive changes of the social state. After Christianity had been accepted in Scandinavia, the mythologic traditions assumed the form of folk-lore, and many of our fairy-tales are derived from them. The Scandinavians are our true forefathers, and it is incumbent on us to pay more heed than we have yet done to the magnificent remains of their ancient literature.

Between the thirteenth and the seventeenth centuries the original creative power of Scandinavian writers was practically quenched; the introduction of Christianity, and the use of monkish Latin deprived them of their native material and instrument, while they had not as yet accustomed themselves to the new. But after the Reformation came the extensive Danish and Swedish literatures, and in our own day a new and valuable Norwegian literature has sprung up.

BIARKE'S BATTLE-SONG.

THIS is a fragment of a song composed in the sixth century, by Bodvar Biarke, one of Hrolf Krake's warriors. The original may be found in Sturluson's "Heimskringla."

The bird of morn has risen,
The rosy dawn 'gins break;

'Tis time from sleepy prison
Vil's sons to toil should wake.
Wake from inglorious slumber!
The warrior's rest is short,—
Wake! whom our chiefs we number,—
The lords of Adil's court.

Har, strong of arm, come forth!
Rolf, matchless for the bow!
Both Northmen of good birth,
Who ne'er turned face from foe!
Wake not for foaming cup,
Wake not for maiden's smile,
Men of the North! wake up,
For iron Hilda's toil!

THE DEATH-SONG OF LODBROK.

RAGNAR LODBROK was King of Denmark at the close of the eighth century. Being taken in battle by Ella, King of Northumberland, he was thrown into a dungeon to be stung to death by serpents. He is said to have composed this song while dying; though it is more probable that a great part of it was the work of some other Scald. It is translated by W. Herbert.

We smote with swords; nor long, before
In arms I reached the Gothic shore,
To work the loathly serpent's death.
I slew the reptile of the heath;
My prize was Thora; from that fight,
'Mongst warriors am I Lodbrok hight.
I pierced the monster's scaly side
With steel, the soldier's wealth and pride.

We smote with swords; in early youth
I fought by Eyra's billowy mouth.
Where high the echoing *basnets* rung [*helmets*
To the hard javelin's iron tongue,
The wolf and golden-footed bird
Gleaned plenteous harvest of the sword.
Dark grew the ocean's swollen water;
The raven waded deep in slaughter.

We smote with swords; ere twenty years
Were numbered, in the din of spears
I reared my armèd hand, and spread
The tide of battle fierce and red.
Eight earls my weighty arm subdued,
Eastward by Dwina's icy flood;
There the gaunt falcon lacked not food.
The sweat of death distained the wave;
The army *tined* its warriors brave. [*lost*

We smote with swords; fierce Hedin's queen
'Mid the hot storm of war was seen,
When Helsing's youths to Odin's hall
We bade, and *garred* her prowess fall. [*made*
Our vessels ploughed through Ifa's flood;
The arrows stung; the stream was blood.
Brands grated on the mail, and through [*swords*
Cleft shields the death-fraught lances flew.

We smote with swords; none fled, I trow,
Ere on the masted galley's prow
Bold Herraud fell: no fairer earl
Did e'er his bellying sail unfurl
On wingèd steeds, that spurn the main,
Cleaving the sea-fowl's lonely reign;
No lord in *stour* more widely feared [*conflict*
To distant port his vessel steered.
That glorious chieftain's glowing heart
In fight aye sought the foremost part.

We smote with swords; in fierce affray
The warriors cast their shields away:
By rifling steel with fury driven
Many a fearless breast was riven;
And, 'midst the din, from Skarpa's rock
Echoed the falchion's sounding shock.
The iron orbs with blood were dyed,
Ere sunk King Rafen's youthful pride.
Hot streaming from each valiant head,
Sweat on coats of mail was shed.

We smote with swords; near Inder's shore
A sumptuous meal the ravens tore;

Nor carnage lacked to glut those steeds
On which the sorceress Vala speeds.
'Twas hard to 'scape unharmed that day:
When peered the sun's first dawning ray,
Shafts saw I starting from the string;
The bent bow made the metal ring.

We smote with swords; loud clanged the plain,
Ere Ulla's field saw Eysteinn slain.
With gold adorned, our conquering band
Strode o'er the desolated land;
And swift to meet each helméd head
The pointed flames of arrows sped:
Down many a neck the purple gore
Trickled from the burning sore.

We smote with swords; near Hadning's bay
(Hilda's sport and Hilda's fray)
Every noble warrior held
High in air his charméd shield.
Bucklers *brast*, and men were slain; [*crashed*
Stoutest skulls were cleft in twain.
'Twas not, I trow, like wooing rest
On gentle maiden's snowy breast.

We smote with swords; the iron sleet
Against the shields with fury beat.
On Northumbria's hostile shore
Heroes weltered in their gore:
Our foes at early dawn of light
Fled not from the sport of fight,
Hilda's sport, where falchions keen
Bit the helmet's surface sheen.
'Twas not like kissing widow sweet
Reclining in the highest seat.

We smote with swords; at dawn of day
Hundred spearmen gasping lay,
Bent beneath the arrowy strife.
Egill reft my son of life;
Too soon my Agnar's youth was spent,
The scabbard-thorn his bosom rent:

The whiles each warrior's clashing steel
Contentious rung a dreadful peal
On the gray hauberks, Hamder's pride;
And our bright standards glittered wide.

We smote with swords; at morn I viewed
The fair-haired prince by fate subdued;
Gay Aurn (whose voice the widows loved,
Whose charms the blooming virgins moved),
Fainting, waning to his end:
In Ila's sound that day he kenned
Other sport; 'twas not, I ween,
Like quaffing from the goblet sheen
Fuming wine by maidens poured:
Yet, ere he fell, the battle roared,
The fulgent orbs in twain were cleft,
And lifeless many a *kemp* was left. [*warrior*

We smote with swords; the sounding blades,
Ruddy with gold, assailed our heads.
In after-times on Anglesey
Shall mortals trace the bloody fray,
Where Hilda's iron vesture rung,
Where kings marched forth, and spears were flung.
Like winged dragons, red with gore,
Our lances hissed along the shore.

We smote with swords; what fairer fate
Can e'er the sons of men await,
Than long amid the battle's blast
To front the storm, and fall at last?
Who basely shuns the gallant strife
Nathless must lose his dastard life.
When waves of war conflicting roll,
'Tis hard to whet the coward soul
To deeds of worth; the timid heart
Will never act a warrior's part.

We smote with swords; this deem I right,
Youth to youth in sturdy fight
Each his meeting falchion wield;
Thane to thane should never yield.

Such was aye the soldier's boast,
Firm to face the adverse host.
Boldest, who prize fair maidens' love,
Must in the din of battle move.

We smote with swords; I hold, that all
By destiny or live or fall:
Each his certain hour awaits;
Few can 'scape the ruling Fates.
When I scattered slaughter wide,
And launched my vessels to the tide,
I deemed not, I, that Ella's blade
Was doomed at last to bow my head;
But hewed in every Scottish bay
Fresh banquets for the beasts of prey.

We smote with swords; my parting breath
Rejoices in the pang of death.
Where dwells fair Balder's father dread,
The board is decked, the seats are spread!
In Fiolner's court, with costly cheer,
Soon shall I quaff the foaming beer,
From hollow skulls of warriors slain!
Heroes ne'er in death complain;
To Vider's hall I will not bear
The dastard words of weak despair.

We smote with swords; their falchions bright
(If well they kenned their father's plight,
How, venom-filled, a viperous brood
Have gnawed his flesh and lapped his blood)
Thy sons would grasp, Aslauga dear,
And vengeful wake the battle here.
A mother to my bairns I gave
Of sterling worth, to make them brave.

We smote with swords; cold death is near,
My rights are passing to my heir.
Grim stings the adder's forked dart;
The vipers nestle in my heart.
But soon, I wot, shall Vider's wand
Fixed in Ella's bosom stand.

My youthful sons with rage will swell,
Listening how their father fell:
Those gallant boys in peace unbroken
Will never rest, till I be *wroken*. [*avenged*

We smote with swords; where javelins fly,
Where lances meet, and warriors die,
Fifty times and one I stood
Foremost on the field of blood.
Full young I 'gan distain my sword,
Nor feared I force of adverse lord;
Nor deemed I then that any arm
By might or guile could work me harm.
Me to their feast the gods must call;
The brave man wails not o'er his fall.

Cease, my strain! I hear a voice
From realms where martial souls rejoice:
I hear the maids of slaughter call,
Who bid me hence to Odin's hall:
High-seated in their blest abodes
I soon shall quaff the drink of gods.
The hours of life have glided by;
I fall; but smiling shall I die.

THE ELDER EDDA.

THE general name "Edda" was given to the miscellaneous collection of writings, laboriously gathered and skillfully classified by Sturluson, which are now designated the Prose, or Younger Edda, to distinguish them from the older mythological poems discovered in 1643 by Bishop Sveinsson, and called the Elder Edda. The original meaning of the word "Edda" was "great-grandmother," and Sturluson's choice of this as title for his collection of ancient traditions no doubt sprang from the same simple motive which led to the naming of Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather."

The mythological hero-songs bore no internal clew either to their authorship or collector. As the legends evidently belonged to the ninth century, or earlier, it seemed reasonable to Sveinsson to credit one Sæmund Sigfusson, a learned noble of Norway, who lived in Iceland between 1055 and 1132, with their preservation. They were thus made known as the "Edda Sæmundi Multiscii." Later investigation has rejected Sæmund entirely, while retaining the descriptive title of Edda for convenience, and for no other reason. The poems are now assigned to the thirteenth century, having been gathered from various quarters by various hands during the preceding centuries.

The Eddas exhibit the various aspects of the Scandinavian religious system. This is in the highest degree sombre, picturesque and impressive. The earth is a vast circular plane, round which lies coiled the serpent of Midgard. In its centre stands the ash tree Yggdrasil, whose branches pierce heaven, while its roots penetrate Asgard, the abode of the gods, Jotunheim, where dwell the giants, and Nifihel, the realm of death. Under each root springs a fountain ; amidst the boughs, whose dew is honey, sit an eagle, a squirrel and four stags. The squirrel runs up and down, sowing enmity between the eagle and the snake Nithhoggr, which gnaws below.

Midgard, the earth, was formed from the eyebrow of the

giant of the sea, Ymir, generated first of creatures from the intercourse of heat and cold in the abyss Ginnungagap. Odin and his brothers slew and cast him into the gulf; his flesh, bones, hair and blood became respectively the land, mountains, forests and rivers. Jotunheim, or Utgard (the outer earth), was situated at the extreme north. In Nifihel reigned over the dead the goddess Hel; it was beneath the earth, and was environed by the river Slid, rushing over a bed of swords. In the south was Muspel, from which at the end of all things Surt its king would come with sword of fire to destroy the world. Asgard, above, had several divisions, one of which, Valhalla in Gladsheim, was the meeting place of the gods. At the foot of Yggdrasil dwelt the three virgin goddesses, the Norns or Fates, whose decrees were irrevocable.

Loki, handsome and evil, the god of destruction, was father of the Midgard serpent, of Hel, and of the wolf Fenris, a water-demon, who was destined to slay Odin, and to be slain himself by Odin's son Vidar. Loki was bound by the gods till the end, when he should be loosed and slain by Heimdal, the warder of Heaven, whom he also should slay. This final cataclysm, in which the powers of good and evil meet, was called Ragnarok (Twilight of the Gods); then perish gods, demons, and the universe itself; but from its ruins springs a new and more lovely world, with a new race of men, forever freed from evil.

The twelve gods—Odin, Thor, Balder and the rest; the twelve goddesses, and all the other mythologic personages, good and evil, are thus seen to be but mortal, though in a category different from that of earth's inhabitants. There is an unknown, unnamed Power above all, whose will for good must finally prevail. This conception is unlike both the Hindu and the Greek, though there are in it traces of both; it is more human and sympathetic than either. The history of its development deserves the deepest study; and we are as yet only upon the threshold of its hidden meanings.

Allied to the mythology is the great romance of the Nibelungenlied. This poem was written by an unknown scribe in Southern Germany about the middle of the thirteenth century; but the materials were the product of an earlier time,

and are of Gothic origin. The Old Norse version is found in the Volsunga Saga and the Edda. The Norse Sigurd, the hero of the tale, becomes the German Siegfried; his wife, Gudrun, is the Kriemhild of the later version; the Norse Brunhild is a Valkyrie, won by Sigurd for Gunnar. The Valkyries are the nine handmaidens of Odin, who serve at the banquets of Valhalla, and in battles, flying through the air, touch with their spears the heroes who are to fall, and conduct their souls to the abodes of the blessed. Volsung is the great-grandson of Odin, and the father of Sigmund, from whom Sigurd descended. The story is free from the Christian elements which are introduced into the German poem; it is heathen throughout, and the gods take active part in the drama. In spirit it is sublime and heroic, yet profoundly human; the passion and tragedy are titanic, yet strictly in accord with the truth of the heart. The men and women portrayed are endowed with godlike beauty and frank, impetuous natures. Nothing in ancient classic poetry surpasses these mighty conceptions; and it is evident that a story conceived with such power and insight must assume many incarnations in successive ages; the very soul of the Norse is in it. It is upon these ancient ballads, and not upon the German, that Wagner's cycle of operas is based.

The "Voluspa" (Prophecy of the Sibyl) is the most ancient and striking poem in the Elder Edda. There is a fascination in its mysticism and gloomy tone, heightened by the beauty of a style that is all its own. We have not penetrated the meaning of the shrouded allusions as the sibyl chants to great Odin and the listening lesser gods of the beginning of things, of the making of mortals and the tremendous doom that shall fall with Ragnarok, the battle and chaotic end of the world and life. "The melodies of this earliest Icelandic verse, elaborate in their extreme and severe simplicity, are wholly rhythmical and alliterative, and return upon themselves like a solemn incantation."

About ten poems contain the mythological portion of the Elder Edda. The favorite and most poetical of these is the "Thrymskvitha," Song of Thrym, the giant who stole the hammer of Thor. The story progresses in the most natural

way, never losing force for the sake of display. It tells how the hammer was taken, and on his trying to regain it Thor was told that Thrym would not give it up until the goddess Freyia should be given him in marriage. Thereupon Thor himself undertook the trick of impersonating Freyia, and thus deceived and slew the thief.

The rest of the Edda recounts the deeds of the legendary heroes. The "Volundarkvitha" Song of Volundr, and the songs of Helgi, the son of Hiovarth, and of Helga, the Hunding's Bane, are romances of love and war. In the score of poems which connectedly follow the main lines of these two, we have the story of the family feuds between the Volsungs and the Nibelungs which forms the basis of the old German Nibelungenlied, inferior in poetic force to the original Icelandic.

The Voluspa.

The Prophetess Vola, having imposed silence on all intellectual beings, declares that she is going to reveal the decrees of the All-father. She begins with a description of the chaos; and proceeds to the formation of the world, and of its various inhabitants, giants, men, and dwarfs. She explains the employments of the Norns or fates, and of the gods; their most remarkable adventures; their quarrels with Loki, and the vengeance that ensued. She concludes with a description of the end of the world; the battle of the inferior deities and the evil beings; the renovation of the universe; the blessedness of the good, and the punishment of the wicked.

Give silence, all
Ye sacred race,
Both great and small,
Of Heimdal sprung:
Val-father's deeds
I will relate,
The ancient tales
Which first I learned.

I know giants early born, my ancestors of former times; nine worlds I know, with their nine poles of tender wood, beneath the earth.

In early times, when Ymer lived, there was no sand, nor sea, nor cooling wave; no earth was found, nor heaven above; one chaos all, and nowhere grass.

Until Bor's sons upraised the expanse, by whom Midgard the great was made. From the south the sun shone on the walls; then did the earth green herbs produce.

The sun turned south; the moon shone; her right hand held the horse of heaven. The sun knew not his proper sphere; the stars knew not their proper place; the moon knew not her proper power.

Then all the powers went to the throne, the holy gods, and held council: they gave night and cock-crowing their names, morning also, and noon-day tide, and afternoon, the years to tell.

The Asas met on Ida's plains; they raised altars and built temples; anvils they laid, and money coined; their strength they tried in various ways, when making songs, and forming tools.

On the green they played in joyful mood, nor knew at all the want of gold, until there came three Thursa maids, exceeding strong, from Jotunheim:

Until there came out of the ranks, powerful and fair, three Asas home, and found on shore, in helpless plight, Ask and Embla without their fate.

They had not yet spirit or mind, blood or beauty, or lovely hue. Odin gave spirit, Heinir gave mind, Lothur gave blood and lovely hue.

I know an ash, named Yggdrasil, a stately tree, with white dust strewed. Thence come the dews that wet the dales; it stands aye green over Urda's well.

Thence come the maids who know all things; three from the hall beneath the tree; one they named Was, and the next Being, the third, Shall Be, on the shield they cut.

. . . . . .

She sat without when the Ancient came, the awful god, and viewed his eye.

What ask ye me? Why tempt ye me? Full well I know, great Odin, where thine eye thou lost; in Mimir's well, the fountain pure; mead Mimir drinks each morning new, with Odin's pledge. Conceive ye this?

To her the god of battles gave both costly rings and shining gold, the art of wealth, and witchcraft wise, by which she saw through every world.

She saw Valkyries come from afar, ready to ride to the tribes of gods; Skuld held the shield, Skaugul came next, Gunnr, Hildr, Gaundul, and Geir-skaugul. Thus now are told the Warrior's Norns, ready to ride the Valkyries.

Heith she was named wherever she came, the prophetess of cunning arts. She knew right well bad luck to seethe, and mischief was her only sport.

Murder she saw, the first that ever was in the world, when Gullveig was placed on the spear, when in Harr's hall they burnt her: thrice she was burnt, thrice she was born, oft, not seldom, and yet she lives.

Then all the powers went to the throne, the holy gods, and held council: what punishment they should inflict on the Asas now for bad advice; or whether all the gods should hold convivial feasts:

Now the castle-walls of Asaborg were broken, by murderous Vanes who took the field: forth Odin flew and shot around: this murder was the first that ever was in the world.

When all the powers went to the throne, the holy gods, and held council: who had involved the air in flames, or given Odder's maid to giants:

There Thor alone was in ill mood; he seldom sits when told the like; broken were oaths and promises and all contracts that had been made.

She knows where Heimdal's horn lies hid, full deep beneath the sacred tree: she sees a flood rush down the fall from Odin's pledge. Conceive ye yet?

. . . . . .

The sun turns pale; the spacious earth the sea ingulfs; from heaven fall the lucid stars: at the end of time, the vapors rage, and playful flames involve the skies.

She sees arise, the second time, from the sea, the earth completely green: the cascades fall; the eagle soars, that on the hills pursues his prey.

The gods convene on Ida's plains, and talk of man, the worm of dust: they call to mind their former might, and the ancient runes of Fimbultyr.

The fields unsown shall yield their growth; all ills shall cease; Balder shall come, and dwell with Hauthr in Hropt's abodes. Say, warrior gods, conceive ye yet?

She sees a hall outshine the sun, of gold its roof, it stands in heaven: the virtuous there shall always dwell, and evermore enjoy delights.

How Thor Recovered his Hammer.

Wroth waxed Thor, when his sleep was flown,
And he found his trusty hammer gone;
He smote his brow, his beard he shook,
The son of earth 'gan round him look;
And this the first word that he spoke:
"Now listen what I tell thee, Loke,
Which neither on earth below is known,
Nor in Heaven above: my hammer's gone."
Their way to Freyia's bower they took,
And this the first word that he spoke:
"Thou, Freyia, must lend a wingéd robe,
To seek my hammer round the globe."

Freyia. That shouldst thou have, though 'twere of gold,
And that, though 'twere of silver, hold.

Away flew Loke; the wingéd robe sounds,
Ere he has left the Asgard grounds,
And ere he has reached the Jotunheim bounds.
High on a mound, in haughty state,
Thrym, the King of the Thursi, sat;
For his dogs he was twisting collars of gold,
And trimming the manes of his coursers bold.

Thrym. How fare the Asi?—the Alfi how?
Why com'st thou alone to Jotunheim now?

Loke. Ill fare the Asi; the Alfi mourn;
Thor's hammer from him thou hast torn.

Thrym. I have the Thunderer's hammer bound
Fathoms eight beneath the ground;
With it shall no one homeward tread,
Till he bring me Freyia to share my bed.

Away flew Loke; the wingéd robe sounds,
Ere he has left the Jotunheim bounds,
And ere he has reached the Asgard grounds.
At Midgard Thor met crafty Loke,

And this the first word that he spoke:
"Have you your errand and labor done?
Tell from aloft the course you run:
For, sitting, oft the story fails;
And, lying, oft the lie prevails."

Loke. My labor is past, mine errand I bring;
Thrym has thine hammer, the giant king;
With it shall no one homeward tread,
Till he bear him Freyia to share his bed.

Their way to lovely Freyia they took,
And this the first word that he spoke:
"Now, Freyia, busk as a blooming bride;
Together we must to Jotunheim ride."
Wroth waxed Freyia with ireful look;
All Asgard's hall with wonder shook;
Her great bright necklace started wide:
"Well may ye call me a wanton bride,
If I with you to Jotunheim ride."

The Asi did all to council crowd,
The Asiniæ all talked fast and loud;
This they debated, and this they sought,
How the hammer of Thor should home be brought.
Up then and spoke Heimdaller free,
Like the Vani, wise was he:
"Now busk we Thor as a bride so fair;
Let him that great bright necklace wear;
Round him let ring the spousal keys,
And a maiden kirtle hang to his knees,
And on his bosom jewels rare,
And high and quaintly braid his hair."
Wroth waxed Thor with godlike pride:
"Well may the Asi me deride,
If I let me be dight as a blooming bride."
Then up spoke Loke, Laufeyia's son:
"Now hush thee, Thor—this must be done:
The giants will straight in Asgard reign
If thou thy hammer dost not regain."

Then busk'd they Thor as a bride so fair,
And the great bright necklace gave him to wear;

Round him let ring the spousal keys,
And a maiden kirtle hang to his knees,
And on his bosom jewels rare,
And high and quaintly braided his hair.
Up then rose the crafty Loke,
Laufeyia's son, and thus he spoke:
"A servant I thy steps will tend,
Together we must to Jotunheim wend."
Now home the goats together hie,
Yoked to the axle they swiftly fly.
The mountains shook, the earth burned red,
As Odin's son to Jotunheim sped.

Then Thrym, the King of the Thursi, said:
"Giants, stand up—let the seats be spread:
Bring Freyia, Niorda's daughter, down,
To share my bed, from Noatun.
With horns all gilt each coal-black beast
Is led to deck the giants' feast;
Large wealth and jewels have I stored,
I lack but Freyia to grace my board."
Betimes at evening they approached,
And the mantling ale the giants broached.
The spouse of Sifia ate alone
Eight salmons and an ox full grown
And all the cates on which women feed,
And drank three firkins of sparkling mead."

Then Thrym, the King of the Thursi, said:
"Where have ye beheld such a hungry maid?
Ne'er saw I bride so keenly feed,
Nor drink so deep of the sparkling mead.
Then forward leaned the crafty Loke,
And thus the giant he bespoke:
"Naught has she eaten for eight long nights,
So did she long for the nuptial rites."

He stooped beneath her veil to kiss,
But he started the length of the hall, I wis:
"Why are the looks of Freyia so dire?
It seems as her eyeballs glistened with fire."
Then forward leaned the crafty Loke,
And thus the giant he bespoke:

"Naught has she slept for eight long nights,
So did she long for the nuptial rites."
Then in the giant's sister came,
Who dared a bridal gift to claim:
"Those rings of gold from thee I crave,
If thou wilt all my fondness have—
All my love and fondness have."
Then Thrym, the King of Thursi, said:
"Bear in the hammer to plight the maid;
Upon her lap the bruiser lay,
And firmly plight our hands and fay."

The Thunderer's soul smiled in his breast,
When the hammer hard on his lap was placed.
Thrym first, the King of the Thursi, he slew,
And slaughtered all the giant crew.
He slew that giant's sister old,
Who prayed for bridal gifts so bold;
Instead of money and rings, I wot,
The hammer's bruises were her lot.—
Thus Odin's son his hammer got.

THE YOUNGER EDDA.

THE "Edda Snorra Sturlusonar" is so called from having been collected, arranged, and enriched by the very remarkable man whose life marks an epoch in the history of Iceland and its literature. He stands out from the canvas, a unique figure in the gallery of national portraits. Snorri, son of Sturla, was born in 1179, the youngest son of a western chief, and was trained to literary tastes by another powerful noble, Jon Loptsson. His early marriage brought wealth, which enabled him in 1206 to build an imposing pile at Reykjaholt, including a costly bath of hewn stones, into which water was conducted from a hot spring in the neighborhood. The bath and ruins of the castle are still to be inspected. Snorri studied law for a few years and became chief magistrate of Iceland in 1215. He visited the young King Hakon in Norway, remaining there a long time, when disputes arose between Norwegian and Icelandic traders and made serious trouble. Earl Skuli, tutor to the King, proposed to despatch a military expedition to Iceland, but was dissuaded by Snorri on his pledge to procure the submission of the Icelanders. Thereupon Snorri became the vassal of the King of Norway, and by virtue of his position was able for some fifteen years to enrich himself rather than his master. Then Hakon turned against Snorri, who fled from his Reykjaholt castle in 1236 in fear of his own people, and returned to Norway the next year. Earl Skuli was planning a revolt. Snorri at once elected to join the traitor, though not openly. Three years later he returned to Iceland on hearing of murderous feuds in his family, though Hakon had refused permission for the visit. While Snorri was away, Hakon learned of the treachery, and put an end to Skuli's revolt. Gissur, son-in-law of Snorri, had killed a cousin of the latter, which was what led Snorri to return and settle family matters as best he could. Hakon sent orders to Gissur to seize Snorri and send him captive to Norway for punishment. This loyal vassal attacked his father-in-law in his Reykjaholt stronghold and there slew him on the 22d of September, 1241.

Loki and Sigyn.

If Snorri is not to be revered as a model of civic virtue and knightly courage, he cannot be denied his title to honor as the rescuer, the preserver, and the adorner of as noble a national literature as the world of his day could show. He was at once a maker of history, a historian, and a born man of letters. The traditions of his people he carefully gathered, assorted, and beautified by the strong and simple language in which he gave them immortality. His sturdy sense shines out in many a quaint utterance, such as this bit from one of his prefaces, which well shows his blunt style. "When Harold Hairfair was King in Norway, Iceland was settled, and with the king were scalds whose songs folk yet know by heart, yea and all songs on the kings who have since held sway in Norway; and most store we set by that which is said in such songs as were sung before the chiefs themselves or the sons of them; and we hold all that for true, which is found in these songs concerning their way-farings and their battles. Now it is the manner of scalds to praise those most whom they stand before while giving forth their song, but no one would dare to tell the king himself deeds, which all who hearkened, yea and himself withal, knew well were but windy talk and lying; for no praise would that be, but mocking rather."

The Prose Edda consists of the *Formuli*, Preface; the *Gylfaginning*, or Delusion of Gylfi; the *Bragaræthur* or *Skaldskaparmal*, dialogue of Bragi and Œgir on the art of poetry; the *Hattatal*, a discourse on metres used in Snorri's three poems in praise of Hakon and Skuli. The *Gylfaginning* presents the completest and best epitome of the early mythology of Scandinavia accessible. This and the Yngling-saga give the doings of the gods and the creation of the Northern lands with wonderful graphic power and detail, the prose of Snorri surpassing the poem in the purity and force of its flow.

Thor and the Giant.

One day the god Thor set out with Loki, in his own chariot, drawn by two he-goats; but, night coming on, they were obliged to put up at a peasant's cottage. The god Thor immediately slew his two he-goats, and, having skinned them, ordered them

to be dressed for supper. When this was done, he sat down to table, and invited the peasant and his children to partake with him. The son of his host was named Thialfe, the daughter Raska. Thor bade them throw all the bones into the skins of the goats, which he held extended near the table; but young Thialfe, to come at the marrow, broke, with his knife, one of the shank-bones of the goats. Having passed the night in this place, Thor arose early in the morning, and, dressing himself, reared the handle of his hammer; which he had no sooner done, than the two goats reassumed their wonted form, only that one of them now halted upon one of his hind legs. The god, seeing this, immediately judged that the peasant, or one of his family, had handled the bones of this goat too roughly. Enraged at their folly, he knit his eyebrows, rolled his eyes, and, seizing his hammer, grasped it with such force, that the very joints of his fingers were white again. The peasant, trembling, was afraid of being struck down by one of his looks; he therefore, with his children, made joint suit for pardon, offering whatever they possessed in recompense of any damage that had been done. Thor at last suffered himself to be appeased, and was content to carry away with him Thialfe and Raska.

Leaving his he-goats in that place Thor set out on his road for the country of the Giants; and, coming to the margin of the sea, swam across it, accompanied by Thialfe, Raska and Loki. The first of these was an excellent runner, and carried Thor's wallet or bag. When they had made some advance, they found themselves in a vast plain, through which they marched all day, till they were reduced to great want of provisions. When night approached, they searched on all sides for a place to sleep in, and at last, in the dark, found the house of a certain giant; the gate of which was so large, that it took up one whole side of the mansion. Here they passed the night; but about the middle of it were alarmed by an earthquake, which violently shook the whole fabric. Thor, rising up, called upon his companions to seek along with him some place of safety. On the right they met with an adjoining chamber, into which they entered; but Thor remained at the entry, and whilst the others, terrified with fear, crept to the farthest corner of their retreat, he armed himself with his hammer, to be in readiness to defend himself at all events. Meanwhile they heard a terrible noise, and when the morning was come, Thor went out, and observed near him a man of enormous bulk, who snored pretty loud. Thor found that this was the noise which

had so disturbed him. Thor girded on his belt of prowess, which had the virtue of increasing strength; but the giant awaking, Thor was affrighted, and durst not launch his hammer, but contented himself with asking his name. "My name is Skrymner," replied the other; "as for you, I need not inquire whether you are the god Thor. Pray, tell me, have not you picked up my glove?" Then presently stretching forth his hand to take it up, Thor perceived that the house wherein they had passed the night was that very glove, and the chamber was only one of its fingers.

Hereupon Skrymner asked whether they might not join company, and Thor consenting, the giant opened his wallet, and took out something to eat. Thor and his companions having done the same, Skrymner put both their wallets together, and, laying them on his shoulder, began to march at a great rate. At night, when the others were come up, the giant went to repose under an oak, showing Thor where he intended to lie, and bidding him help himself to victuals out of the wallet. Meanwhile he fell to snore strongly. But, what is very incredible, when Thor came to open the wallet, he could not untie one single knot. Vexed at this, he seized his hammer, and launched it at the giant's head. He, awaking, asked, what leaf had fallen upon his head, or what it could be. Thor pretended to go to sleep under another oak; but observing about midnight that Skrymner snored again, he took his hammer and drove it into the hinder part of his head. The giant, awaking, demands of Thor, whether some small grain of dust had not fallen upon his head, and why he did not go to sleep. Thor answered, he was going; but, presently after, resolving to have a third blow at his enemy, he collects all his force, and launches his hammer with so much violence against the giant's cheek, that it forced its way into it up to the handle. Skrymner, awaking, slightly raises his hand to his cheek, saying, "Are there any birds perched upon this tree? I thought one of their feathers had fallen upon me." Then he added, "What keeps you awake, Thor? I fancy it is now time for us to get up, and dress ourselves. You are now not very far from the city of Utgard. I have heard you whisper to one another, that I was of very tall stature; but you will see many there much larger than myself. Wherefore I advise you, when you come thither, not to take upon you too much; for in that place they will not bear with it from such little men as you. Nay, I even believe that your best way is to turn back again; but if you still persist in your resolution, take the road that leads eastward; for, as for me, mine

lies to the north." Hereupon Skrymner threw his wallet over his shoulder, and entered a forest.

I never could hear that the god Thor wished him a good journey; but proceeding on his way, along with his companions, he perceived, about noon, a city situated in the middle of a vast plain. This city was so lofty, that one could not look up to the top of it, without throwing his head quite back upon the shoulders. The gate-way was closed with a grate, which Thor never could have opened; but he and his companions crept through the bars. Entering in, they saw a large palace and men of a prodigious stature. Then addressing the king, who was named Utgarda-Loke, they saluted him with great respect. The king, having at last discerned them, broke out into such a burst of laughter as discomposed every feature of his face. "It would take up too much time," says he, "to ask you concerning the long journey you have performed; yet, if I do not mistake, that little man whom I see there should be Thor: perhaps, indeed, he is larger than he appears to me to be; but in order to judge of this," added he, addressing his discourse to Thor, "let me see a specimen of those arts by which you are distinguished, you and your companions; for nobody is permitted to remain here, unless he understand some art, and excel in it all other men." Loki then said, that his art consisted in eating more than any other man in the world, and that he would challenge any one at that kind of combat. "It must, indeed, be owned," replied the king, "that you are not wanting in dexterity, if you are able to perform what you promise. Come, then, let us put it to the proof." At the same time he ordered one of his courtiers, who was sitting on a side-bench, and whose name was Loge (*i. e.* Flame), to come forward, and try his skill with Loki in the art they were speaking of. Then he caused a great trough, full of provisions, to be placed upon the bar, and the two champions at each end of it; who immediately fell to devour the victuals with so much eagerness, that they presently met in the middle of the trough, and were obliged to desist. But Loki had eat only the flesh of his portion; whereas the other had devoured both flesh and bones. All the company therefore adjudged that Loki was vanquished.

Then the king asked what that young man could do who accompanied Thor. Thialfe answered, that, in running upon skates he would dispute the prize with any of the courtiers. The king owned that the talent he spoke of was a very fine one; but that he must exert himself, if he would come off conqueror He

then arose and conducted Thialfe to a "snowy" plain, giving him a young man named Hugo (Thought) to dispute the prize of swiftness with him. But this Hugo so much outstripped Thialfe that, in returning to the barrier whence they set out, they met face to face. Then said the king, "Another trial, and you may perhaps exert yourself better." They therefore ran a second course, and Thialfe was a full bow-shot from the boundary when Hugo arrived at it. They ran a third time, but Hugo had already reached the goal before Thialfe had got half way. Hereupon all who were present cried out, that there had been a sufficient trial of skill in this kind of exercise.

Then the king asked Thor in what art he would choose to give proof of that dexterity for which he was so famous. Thor replied, that he would contest the prize of drinking with any person belonging to his court. The king consented, and immediately went into his palace to look for a large horn, out of which his courtiers were obliged to drink when they had committed any trespass against the customs of the court. This the cup-bearer filled to the brim and presented to Thor, whilst the king spake thus: "Whoever is a good drinker will empty that horn at a single draught; some persons make two of it, but the most puny drinker of all can do it at three." Thor looked at the horn, and was astonished at its length; however he was very thirsty, he set it to his mouth, and without drawing breath, pulled as long and as deeply as he could, that he might not be obliged to make a second draught of it; but when he withdrew the cup from his mouth, in order to look in, he could scarcely perceive any of the liquor gone. To it he went again with all his might, but succeeded no better than before. At last, full of indignation, he again set the horn to his lips, and exerted himself to the utmost to empty it entirely—then looking in, he found that the liquor was a little lowered; upon this, he resolved to attempt it no more, but gave back the horn.

"I now see plainly," said the king, "that thou art not quite so stout as we thought thee: but art thou willing to make any more trials?" "I am sure," said Thor, "such draughts as I have been drinking would not have been reckoned small among the gods; but what new trial have you to propose?" "We have a trifling game here," replied the king, "in which we exercise none but children. It consists in lifting my cat from the ground. Nor should I have mentioned it, if I had not already observed that you are by no means what we took you for." Immediately a

large iron-colored cat leaped into the middle of the hall. Thor, advancing, put his hand under the cat's belly, and did his utmost to raise him from the ground—but the cat, bending his back, had only one of his feet lifted up. "The event," says the king, "is just what I foresaw; the cat is large, but Thor is little in comparison of the men here." "Little as I am," says Thor, "let me see who will wrestle with me." The king, looking round him, says, "I see nobody here who would not think it beneath him to enter the lists with you; let somebody, however, call hither my nurse Hela (Death) to wrestle with this god Thor; she hath thrown to the ground many a better man than he." Immediately a toothless old woman entered the hall. "This is she," says the king, "with whom you must wrestle."

Thor and the woman struggled long, but the more vigorously Thor assailed her, the more immovable she stood. At length the old woman had recourse to stratagems, and Thor could not keep his feet so steadily, but that she, by a violent struggle, brought him upon one knee. Then the king came to them and ordered them to desist—adding, there now remained nobody in his court whom he could ask with honor to condescend to fight with Thor.

Thor passed the night in that place with his companions, and was preparing so depart thence early the next morning, when the king ordered him to be sent for, and gave him a magnificent entertainment. After this he accompanied him out of the city. When they were just going to bid adieu to each other, the king asked Thor what he thought of the success of his expedition. Thor told him he could not but own that he went away very much ashamed and disappointed. "It behooves me then," says the king, "to discover the truth to you, since you are out of my city, which you shall never re-enter whilst I live and reign. And I assure you, that had I known beforehand you had been so strong and mighty, I would not have suffered you to enter now. But I enchanted you by my illusions: first of all in the forest, where I arrived before you. And there you were not able to untie your wallet, because I had fastened it with a magic chain. You afterwards aimed three blows at me with your hammer: the first stroke, though slight, would have brought me to the ground, had I received it; but when you are gone hence you will meet with an immense rock, in which are three narrow valleys of a square form, one of them in particular remarkably deep. These are the breaches made by your hammer, for I at that time lay concealed behind the rock, which you did not perceive.

"I have used the same illusions in the contests you have had with the people of my court. In the first, Loki, like hunger itself, devoured all that was set before him: but his opponent, Loge, was nothing else but a wandering Fire, which instantly consumed not only the meat, but the bones, and the very trough itself. Hugo, with whom Thiafe disputed the prize of swiftness, was no other than Thought, and it was impossible for Thialfe to keep pace with that. When you attempted to empty the horn, you performed, upon my word, a deed so marvelous that I should never have believed it, if I had not seen it myself; for one end of the horn reached to the sea, a circumstance you did not observe; but the first time you go to the seaside, you will see how much it is diminished. You performed no less a miracle in lifting the cat; and, to tell you the truth, when we saw that one of her paws had quitted the earth, we were all extremely surprised and terrified; for what you took for a cat was in reality the great Serpent of Midgard, which encompasses the earth, and he was then scarce long enough to touch the earth with his head and tail; so high had your hand raised him up towards heaven. As to your wrestling with an old woman, it is very astonishing that she could only bring you down upon one of your knees; for it was Death you wrestled with, who, first or last, will bring every one low.

"But now, as we are going to part, let me tell you, that it will be equally for your advantage and mine, that you never come near me again; for, should you do so, I shall again defend myself by other illusions and enchantments, so that you will never prevail against me."—As he uttered these words, Thor, in a rage, laid hold of his hammer, and would have launched it at the king, but he suddenly disappeared, and when the god would have returned to the city to destroy it, he found nothing all around him but vast plains covered with verdure. Continuing, therefore, his course, he returned, without ever stopping, to his palace.

Death of Balder.

(The Æsir were the gods of the Pagan Norse, and Balder was their Apollo.)

Balder the Good having been tormented with terrible dreams, indicating that his life was in great peril, communicated them to the assembled Æsir, who resolved to conjure all things to avert from him the threatened danger. Then Frigga exacted an oath from fire and water, from iron, and all other metals, as well as from stones, earths, diseases, beasts, birds, poisons, and

creeping things, that none of them would do any harm to Balder. When this was done, it became a favorite pastime of the Æsir, at their meetings, to get Balder to stand up and serve them as a mark, some hurling darts at him, some stones, while others hewed at him with their swords and battle-axes, for do they what they would none of them could harm him, and this was regarded by all as a great honor shown to Balder. But when Loki, the son of Laufey, beheld the scene, he was sorely vexed that Balder was not hurt. Assuming, therefore, the shape of a woman, he went to Fensalir, the mansion of Frigga. That goddess, when she saw the pretended woman, inquired if she knew what the Æsir were doing at their meetings. She replied, that they were throwing darts and stones at Balder without being able to hurt him.

"Aye," said Frigga, "neither metal nor wood can hurt Balder, for I have exacted an oath from all of them."

"What!" exclaimed the woman, "have all things sworn to spare Balder?"

"All things," replied Frigga, "except a little shrub that grows on the eastern side of Valhalla, and is called Mistletoe, and which I thought too young and feeble to crave an oath from."

As soon as Loki heard this he went away, and, resuming his natural shape, cut off the mistletoe, and repaired to the place where the gods were assembled. There he found Hodur standing apart, without partaking of the sports, on account of his blindness, and going up to him, said, "Why dost thou not also throw something at Balder?"

"Because I am blind," answered Hodur, "and see not where Balder is, and have, moreover, nothing to throw with."

"Come then," said Loki, "do like the rest, and show honor to Balder by throwing this twig at him, and I will direct thy arm toward the place where he stands."

Hodur then took the mistletoe, and under the guidance of Loki, darted it at Balder, who, pierced through and through, fell down lifeless. Surely never was there witnessed, either among gods or men, a more atrocious deed than this! When Balder fell, the Æsir were struck speechless with horror, and then they looked at each other, and all were of one mind to lay hands on him who had done the deed, but they were obliged to delay their vengeance out of respect for the sacred place (Peacestead) where they were assembled. They at length gave vent to their grief by loud lamentations, though not one of them could

find words to express the poignancy of his feelings. Odin, especially, was more sensible than the others of the loss they had suffered, for he foresaw what harm Balder's death would be to the Æsir. When the gods came to themselves, Frigga asked who among them wished to gain all her love and good will; "For this," said she, "shall he have who will ride to Hel and try to find Balder, and offer Hela a ransom if she will let him return to Asgard;" whereupon Hermod, surnamed the Nimble, the son of Odin, offered to undertake the journey. Odin's horse Sleipnir was then led forth, on which Hermod mounted, and galloped away on his mission.

The Æsir then took the dead body and bore it to the seashore, where stood Balder's ship Hringhorn, which passed for the largest in the world. But when they wanted to launch it in order to make Balder's funeral pile on it, they were unable to make it stir. In this conjuncture they sent to Jotunheim for a certain giantess named Hyrrokin, who came mounted on a wolf, having twisted serpents for a bridle. As soon as she alighted, Odin ordered four Berserkir to hold her steed fast, who were, however, obliged to throw the animal on the ground ere they could effect their purpose. Hyrrokin then went to the ship, and with a single push set it afloat, but the motion was so violent that fire sparkled from the rollers, and the earth shook all around. Thor, enraged at the sight, grasped his mallet, and but for the interference of the Æsir would have broken the woman's skull. Balder's body was then borne to the funeral pile on board the ship, and this ceremony had such effect on Nanna, the daughter of Nep, that her heart broke with grief, and her body was burnt on the same pile with her husband's. Thor then stood up and hallowed the pile with Mjolnir, and during the ceremony kicked a dwarf named Litur, who was running before his feet, into the fire. There was a vast concourse of various kinds of people at Balder's obsequies. First came Odin, accompanied by Frigga, the Valkyrjor and his ravens; then Frey in his car drawn by a boar; Heimdal rode his horse called Gulltopp, and Freyja drove in her chariot drawn by cats. There were also a great many Frost-giants and giants of the mountains present. Odin laid on the pile the gold ring called Draupnir, which afterwards acquired the property of producing every ninth night eight rings of equal weight. Balder's horse was led to the pile fully caparisoned, and consumed in the same flames on the body of his master.

Meanwhile, Hermod was proceeding on his mission. For the

space of nine days, and as many nights, he rode through deep glens so dark that he could not discern anything until he arrived at the river Gjoll, which he passed over on a bridge covered with glittering gold. Modgudur, the maiden who kept the bridge, asked him his name and lineage, telling him that the day before five bands of dead persons had ridden over the bridge, and did not shake it so much as he alone. "But," she added, "thou hast not death's hue on thee; why then ridest thou here on the way to Hel?"

"I ride to Hel," answered Hermod, "to seek Balder. Hast thou perchance seen him pass this way?"

"Balder," she replied, "hath ridden over Gjoll's bridge, but there below, towards the north, lies the way to the abodes of death."

Hermod then pursued his journey until he came to the barred gates of Hel. Here he alighted, girthed his saddle tighter, and remounting, clapped both spurs to his horse, who cleared the gate by a tremendous leap without touching it. Hermod then rode on to the palace, where he found his brother Balder occupying the most distinguished seat in the hall, and passed the night in his company. The next morning he besought Hela (Death) to let Balder ride home with him, assuring her that nothing but lamentations were to be heard among the gods. Hela answered that it should now be tried whether Balder was so beloved as he was said to be.

"If therefore," she added, "all things in the world, both living and lifeless, weep for him, then shall he return to the Æsir, but if any one thing speak against him or refuse to weep, he shall be kept in Hel."

Hermod then rose, and Balder led him out of the hall and gave him the ring Draupnir, to present as a keepsake to Odin. Nanna also sent Frigga a linen cassock and other gifts, and to Fulla a gold finger-ring. Hermod then rode back to Asgard, and gave an account of all he had heard and witnessed.

The gods upon this despatched messengers throughout the world, to beg everything to weep, in order that Balder might be delivered from Hel. All things very willingly complied with this request, both men and every other living being, as well as earths and stones, and trees and metals, just as thou must have seen these things weep when they are brought from a cold place into a hot one. As the messengers were returning with the conviction that their mission had been quite successful, they found an old

hag named Thaukt sitting in a cavern, and begged her to weep Balder out of Hel. But she answered,

"Thaukt will wail
With arid tears
Balder's bale fire.
Nought, quick or dead,
By man's son gain I.
Let Hela hold what's hers."

It was strongly suspected that this hag was no other than Loki himself, who never ceased to work evil among the Æsir.

The Punishment of Loki.

When Loki perceived how exasperated the gods were for the slaying of Balder, he fled and hid himself in the mountains. There he built him a dwelling with four doors, so that he could see everything that passed around him. Often in the daytime he assumed the likeness of a salmon, and concealed himself under the waters of a cascade called Franangursfors, where he employed himself in divining and circumventing whatever stratagems the Æsir might have recourse to in order to catch him. One day, as he sat in his dwelling he took flax and yarn, and worked them into meshes in the manner that nets have since been made by fishermen. Odin, however, had descried his retreat out of Hlidskjalf, and Loki becoming aware that the gods were approaching, threw his net into the fire, and ran to conceal himself in the river. When the gods entered the house, Kvasir, who was the most distinguished among them all for his quickness and penetration, traced out in the hot embers the vestiges of the net which had been burnt, and told Odin that it must be an invention to catch fish. Whereupon they set to work and wove a net after the model they saw imprinted in the ashes.

This net, when finished, they threw into the river in which Loki had hidden himself. Thor held one end of the net, and all the other gods laid hold of the other end, thus jointly drawing it along the stream. Notwithstanding all their precautions the net passed over Loki, who had crept between two stones, and the gods only perceived that some living thing had touched the meshes. They therefore cast their net a second time, hanging so great a weight to it that it everywhere raked the bed of the river. But Loki, perceiving that he had but a short distance from the sea,

swam onwards and leapt over the net into the waterfall. The Æsir instantly followed him, and divided themselves into two bands. Thor, wading along in mid-stream, followed the net, whilst the others dragged it along towards the sea. Loki then perceived that he had only two chances of escape, either to swim out to sea, or to leap again over the net. He chose the latter, but as he took a tremendous leap, Thor caught him in his hand. Being, however, extremely slippery, he would have escaped, had not Thor held him fast by the tail, and this is the reason why salmons have had their tails ever since so fine and thin.

The gods having thus captured Loki, dragged him without commiseration into a cavern, wherein they placed three sharp-pointed rocks, boring a hole through each of them. Having also seized Loki's children, Vali and Nari, they changed the former into a wolf, and in this likeness he tore his brother to pieces and devoured him. The gods then made cords of his intestines, with which they bound Loki on the points of the rocks, one cord passing under his shoulders, another under his loins, and a third under his hams, and afterwards transformed these cords into chains of iron. Skadi then suspended a serpent over him in such a manner that the venom should fall on his face, drop by drop. But Sigyn, his wife, stands by him and receives the drops as they fall in a cup, which she empties as often as it is filled. But while she is doing this, venom falls upon Loki, which makes him howl with horror, and twist his body about so violently that the whole earth shakes, and this produces what men call earthquakes. There will Loki lie until Ragnarok.

FRITHIOF AND ANGANTYR.

The writing of the Saga of Frithiof (or Fridthiof) is assigned vaguely to the twelfth or thirteenth century. The name of the author is unknown, and the story belongs rather to romantic literature than to history. In the early years of the nineteenth century, the learned Swedish poet, Bishop Esaias Tegner, retold the story in such attractive way, as not only to win national approval, but to attract universal attention. Most of his work has had the good fortune to be rendered into English by Longfellow, as part of "The Tales of the Wayside Inn." Other English versions have appeared, and the following extract from that by R. G. Latham is given as less generally known, yet preserving the spirit of the original.

'Twas when the sun was sinking, so like a swan of gold,
That all his men were drinking, with Angantyr the bold;

Their beards were all in motion, their hails were all of pine,
They looked upon the ocean and watched its foamy brine;

And Halvar, old and hoary, stood by the portals pale;
He shared the heroes' glory, and served the heroes' ale:
A slow and solemn speaker; a swordsman stern and stout;
That only filled his beaker, and only drank it out;

But now did send it sliding along the floor, and cried:
"I spy a vessel riding in trouble on the tide;
Its men be weak and weary, their days are well-nigh o'er;
Though two big giants carry their drooping hulks ashore."

The Earl looked o'er the ocean, so mirrorlike and clear;
Saw brine and bark in motion, her steersman standing near:
He tells him by his bearing, and by his looks so free;
No man of Norway's rearing was herolike as he.

From round the drinking-table, the Berserk Atle broke;
His beard was shagged and sable, he thundered as he spoke:
"Now try we what was vaunted about this doughty foe;
That Frithiof ne'er was daunted, betide him weal or woe."

Upstart at Atle's starting twelve sea-kings big as he;
They scared the winds at parting, they slashed their swords so free:
The ship lay weak and wear[illegible] her crew sat on the strand;
Yet Frithiof kept him cheery, and cheered his drooping band.

"O lightly might I slay thee;" did savage Atle cry;
"Yet thou canst choose, and stay thee to fight, or turn to fly;
But own thy spirit's quelling, and, churlish though I be,
I'll lead thee to our dwelling, to join our revelry."

"Small strength have I for battle;" was Frithiof's weary word,
"Yet ere I blench the battle, I'll try my trusty sword."
Then flashed their shields so brazen, and shone their swords so blue,
And Angurvadel's blazon grew redder to the view.

Now stabs are dealt and driven, and death-blows hailed amain,
Now two stout strokes have riven each buckler into twain:
Each holds him on his fighting, each keeps his footing fast,
But Frithiof's blade was biting, as helpless Atle's brast.

The chief bespoke his foeman, "Now change our form of war;
For hero's steel smites no man who bears unequal gear."
Then tugged the two together. Hark! how their breast-plates sing;
So waves in wintry weather, so helms on anvils ring.

As eagles o'er the ocean, as bears on bergs of snow,
They sprang with measured motion, they rocked them to and fro:
Deep-rooted rocks had quivered to such unearthly blows,
And iron oaks been shivered by lighter strokes than those.

Cold sweat is plashing o'er them, their breasts are beating slow,
The sands and shelves before them flash fire at every blow:
Their fellows stand in fear of the upshot of the fray:
The child unborn shall hear of the wrestling of that day.

And Atle first fell under, fell on the cold earth's breast;
The conqueror spoke in thunder; his knee on Atle's chest.
"It grieves me now that ever I flung the sword away;
Whose blade might serve to sever thy Berserk throat this day."

"Lest such kind wish be blasted," was Atle's proud reply;
"Go, fetch it, whence thou cast it; I'll keep me where I lie.
For, be it joy or sorrow, we go the self-same way;
And thou mayest go to-morrow, where Atle goes to-day."

No need to teach the Viking, to close the dreadful game;
He fetched his sword for striking, yet Atle lay the same.
Such hardihood came staying the hero's angry brand;
He held his arm from slaying, he took his foeman's hand.

Now Halvar, interposing, uphove his staff of white,
And stopped the two from closing in that unfriendly fight.
"Within be tankards, beaming with wine, for warriors bold:
And, though they now be steaming, the cates will soon be cold."

Those foes, like friends agreeing, then passed the chamber-door,
With much for Frithiof's seeing he ne'er had seen before:
No shapeless planks descended to form the naked wall;
But arras-work extended like lining round the hall.

There cheered the cold Decembers a marble hearth around
A stove, in place of embers high heaped upon the ground.

There was nor soot nor cinders, upon the roof nor floor;
And glass was in the windows, and locks upon the door.

No slivered fir-wood burning shone o'er each warrior's head;
But silver branches turning in silver stands instead.
Two stout and sturdy pantlers bore in a larded hart,
With garlands round his antlers, and legs stretched out to start.

A maid, with beauty beaming, the chieftain's side stood by;
So looks a star forth-gleaming, behind a stormy sky.
Her dark brown locks were flowing, her eyes were bright and blue;
Her little lips were glowing like roses steeped in dew.

The chieftain's self, reclining upon a carven chair;
His golden helmet shining as though the sun were there;
His mantle all bespangled with stars of silver sheen,
Its purple border tangled with furs of ermeline.

Bespoke the noble ranger, and stepped three steps to meet;
"Be welcome here, Sir Stranger, and sit thee next my seat;
The world has heard thy fame, as it heard thy sire's of yore;
And thou shall sit the same, as thy father sat before."

He reached a beaker, brightening with wine from Sicily;
It flashed, like flash of lightning, it foamed like stormy sea.
He hailed the old resemblance of Thorsten come again;
And drank to his remembrance, himself and all his men.

A Gaelic bard was singing, from Morven's mountain range;
His voice was sweet and ringing, his words were wild and strange;
In homelier Norman phrases, another Scald begun
To sing the father's praises, for largess from the son.

And Angantyr inquired of his friends beyond the sea,
And Frithiof spoke, desired of, as briefly as might be.
He dealt his praise so duly, no hero could complain,
Nor Saga speak more truly its old heroic strain.

When next he told what followed upon the ocean wave;
How Helge's imps were swallowed beneath that ocean grave;
The warriors heard and wondered, their captain wondered too,
And loud applauses thundered the praise, that was most due.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

IN the introductory notice of German Literature* the history was brought down almost to 1500, but the examples did not cover this period. Although we included what has been called by Scherer the First Golden Age (from about 1150 to 1300 A.D.) in distinction from the later Golden Age of Goethe and Schiller, our specimens exhibited only the lyrical poets and the courtly epic poets. Both of these classes were awakened to their mission by foreign impulses, the one by the Troubadours of Provence, the other by the narrative poets of Northern France. While the former sang love-lyrics, the latter took up the Song of Roland, the new version of the history of Alexander, and the stories of the Arthurian legend. But there was another group of poems due to the popular impulse and tribal traditions. At the head of this group stands the famous Nibelungenlied, whose glory, long obscured, has been fully restored within the past century. Its authorship is still undiscovered and has given rise to controversies similar to those on the Homeric question. Some learned critics have held that it is a conglomeration of twenty or more ballads, others contend for the unity of the work. It easily divides itself into two parts, one leading up to the death of Siegfried, the other closing with the bloody vengeance exacted by Kriemhild. Its admirers have insisted on its Homeric grandeur and vigor, but candid critics behold

*See Volume I., pp. 276–315.

in it many mediocre passages which indicate a genius less capable of long sustained flight.

There is a second popular epic of the same period, shorter and of less importance—"Gudrun." The author is unknown, but no dispute has arisen as to the unity of the work. The story relates first the romantic preservation of the boy Hagen; then how King Hetel by his valor won the hand of Hilde, Hagen's daughter. But the chief interest belongs to Gudrun, the offspring of this marriage. Rival princes contend for her, and she is betrothed to Herwig, the man of her choice. But during the absence of her father and betrothed husband, she is carried captive to Normandy and undergoes humiliation from her rejected suitor's mother. She is finally rescued after a sanguinary conflict. The story is told with the utmost simplicity, and Gudrun's faithfulness during her hard captivity is pathetically depicted.

It is evident that many of the narrative poems of this period had their origin in the Scandinavian sagas. Even stories whose scene belongs to the Continent were reshaped by the skillful bards and scalds of the extreme North. The question of the diffusion and transfusion of these popular tales now engages the attention of literary antiquarians, but the results are not yet so clearly and consistently arranged as to command the assent of the world.

There are other stories commonly regarded as belonging to Germany, yet which are clearly shown to be of remote Eastern origin. Not merely is this the case with the adventures of Alexander and other heroes, but it is especially true of the Beast-Epics, of which the Reineke Fuchs is the famous type. These have plainly grown out of the Fables of Æsop, which are now traced by clear proofs to Sanskrit sources, and were enlarged through the treatment of animals in the Bestiaries of the Middle Ages. These accounts of strange animals, real or fabulous, were gathered by monkish writers from travelers' tales and arranged to point various morals. They appear to have been much used by preachers, and thus the popular mind was prepared to receive stories of quite a different turn. The story of Reynard is undoubtedly of French origin, but was modified and enlarged in Germany.

THE NIBELUNGENLIED.

THE Song of the Nibelungs, though written after 1200 A.D., relates a complex story of the fifth century. It has evidently been shaped by its gifted author from legends which had been current among the people for centuries. The entire poem, comprising more than 9,800 lines, relates nearly forty adventures, occupying not less than thirty years. As the scene varies from Burgundy to Hungary, and the chief personages from the half-civilized Franks to the savage Goths and Huns, it gives striking pictures of the manners and customs of the age. There are many anachronisms, and though the story belongs to the time antecedent to the introduction of the Christian faith in Germany, the externals of both Christianity and chivalry serve as drapery, under which heathen characteristics are still visible. Yet the author, like Homer, never obtrudes his personality, while the rude yet noble warriors whose deeds he recites, and the passionate queens, whose pride and rivalry furnish the motive of the epic, are vividly portrayed. The minor characters also are true to life, and their types are still found in the nations occupying central Europe.

The beautiful Princess Kriemhild lived with her mother and three brothers in the city of Worms, in Burgundy. A frightful dream had warned her that her husband should be slain, and she therefore refused many offers of marriage. But the noble Siegfried, son of Siegemund and Siegelinde, of Santen, famed for his exploits, especially in winning the treasure of the Nibelungs, heard of her beauty and resolved to seek her for his wife. Siegemund and Siegelinde warn their son of the pride of the Burgundians, and the temper of their uncle Hagen. But Siegfried refuses counsel, and sets out on his enterprise accompanied by twelve champions. On the seventh day they "ride up the sand" to Worms. King Gunther, Kriemhild's brother, inquires of his knights who the splendidly-equipped stranger is. Only the wise Hagen is able to tell him, and to relate how Siegfried happened upon the two Nibelungen princes examining their treasure, which had been brought out of a cavern on the hill-side, where it was guarded by a dwarf; how they invited Siegfried to divide it for them, but in their impatience provoked him, whereupon, with the sword Balmung, which they had offered him for his trouble, he slew them and their twelve giants, and compelled the dwarf to swear allegiance, and then became owner of the treasure and the Tarnkappe, which not only rendered the wearer invisible, but

endowed him with the strength of twelve men. Hagen also tells how Siegfried once slew a terrible dragon, and, by bathing in its blood, became invulnerable. Upon this, Siegfried is welcomed by Gunther and his brothers, but when he challenges the king to combat, proposing that the victor should be king, the wrath of Hagen and Ortwin is roused, and there is an uprising of the vassals. They are soon appeased, and Siegfried spends a whole year at Worms, without having hinted at his errand, or having seen his lady-love, although she, from her window-lattice, had often beheld the handsome stranger as he returned victorious from the knightly exercise.

A time arrived when the Danish King Liudgast and his Saxon ally King Ludger demand tribute from Gunther, which he refuses to pay. War ensues, and Siegfried joins the Burgundians, and by means of the good sword Balmung, is chiefly instrumental in conquering the two kings, and effecting their capture. The victorious army returns to Worms; the captive kings swear fealty, and a great festival is appointed in honor of the victor. Kings and princes many, and more than five thousand vassals, meet on Whitsun-morning to joust and revel, and Kriemhild is present to grace the sports. Siegfried and Kriemhild now meet for the first time and walk wooingly side by side.

Meantime, tidings come over the Rhine of many fair maidens, one of whom King Gunther thought to win. He has set his heart on Brunhild, queen of Isenland, "far over the sea." She was very beautiful, but capricious. Any suitor had to compete with her, in hurling the spear, in leaping, and in throwing the stone. If successful, he could claim her for his wife; if not, he forfeited his own life. Siegfried objects to this enterprise, but is easily persuaded to accompany Gunther, when promised Kriemhild's hand as a reward. They set out, accompanied by the two warriors, Hagen and Dankwart. Siegfried pilots the vessel, and in twelve days they arrive at the palace of Isenstein. They disembark in view of many fair ones looking from the castle windows, in the midst of whom stood the snow-white maiden Brunhild. Siegfried, for reasons of his own, has stipulated that he shall act the part of vassal to King Gunther. His reception by the queen is somewhat cool, as he explains with polished courtesy, that he is present as an attendant on his sovereign lord, who has come to sue for her hand. The conditions of wooing are stated, and the ground is cleared for the contest. Brunhild performs prodigies of strength and agility, but Siegfried in the tarnkappe (cap of in-

visibility) and strong as twelve men, stands by Gunther, who goes through the motions and gestures, while Siegfried hurls the spear, and throws the stone. The Amazon has to confess with shame that she is fairly outdone. But she hesitates to go with Gunther, and large numbers of her vassals appear in arms before the castle. Siegfried slips down to the beach, puts on the tarnkappe, and pilots the vessel to Nibelungland, whence he quickly returns with a thousand picked men.

Brunhild delays no longer, but immediately sets out with the king to Worms, where, when she arrives, she receives a royal welcome from Queen Ute and Kriemhild. Two bridals are celebrated at the same time, for Siegfried receives his reward, and great festivities follow. But still Brunhild has an evil eye on Siegfried, and tells the king that it grieves her sore to see a vassal sitting by the side of the princes. Gunther replies that he is a king's son, with many lands and castles; but she is not satisfied. She is still sullen when they retire to the bridal chamber; and as the king does not reply to her liking when she further questions him, she binds him hand and foot, and suspends him from a peg on the wall. In the morning he tells his sorrow to Siegfried, who proposes to take his place that same night. Then Siegfried in his tarnkappe wrestles in the darkness with the queen and despoils her of her girdle and ring, without which she is powerless as any other woman. Of course, she is under the impression that it is Gunther who has vanquished her. Kriemhild questions her lord about his absence; he evades at first, but at last confesses, and presents her with Brunhild's ring and girdle. The honeymoon is over; Siegfried gives Kriemhild the Nibelung treasure as a bridal portion, and they return to Santen, where they are received with great rejoicings, and remain in peace for ten years.

Brunhild now pretends to wonder why Siegfried being a vassal does not render homage, and expresses a desire to see Kriemhild. At her request, they are invited, and cordially received by Gunther and his queen. Great festivities take place and all goes well for eleven days, when the two proud keen-tempered women begin quarreling over the merits of their respective husbands, and the matter of precedence. Kriemhild dresses her forty maidens in the finest apparel, orders out all her husband's knights, and walks foremost to the minster where mass is to be said. Brunhild, outdone in splendor, is furious, but, as queen, claims precedence of Kriemhild at the church-door, but the latter refuses to walk behind one who had been Siegfried's mistress. Brunhild waits at

the gate till after service, and demands proof of the accusation, whereupon Kriemhild produces the ring and girdle, which she knew had been come by innocently enough. Brunhild bursts into tears, and "rues full sore that ever she was born." Mischief is now afoot. Hagen, under treacherous professions of friendship, finds out the secret of Siegfried's vulnerability, and believing him to be a sincere friend, Kriemhild, in an evil hour, embroiders a little silken cross over the vulnerable spot between the shoulders, where the linden leaf fell when he bathed in the dragon's blood.

A great hunt is ordered in the Odenwald; Siegfried is to accompany the king. Kriemhild has evil forebodings and beseeches him not to go; he embraces her tenderly and bids her farewell. After a merry chase and a hunter's repast, they hie to a spring to drink. While Siegfried is stooping to drink, Hagen thrusts his spear through the silken cross embroidered on his garment, and flees pursued by the wounded man, who, with the spear still stuck between his shoulders, beats the traitor with his shield till it is broken in pieces. Then the hero's strength fails; he falls, and after a short struggle, during which he commends his wife to the care of her kin, he breathes his last. Kriemhild's grief is boundless; she can only sit in tears, and pour out sorrow and love in vain. For more than three years she spoke not a word to Gunther, nor once looked at Hagen; but at length a reconciliation is effected through Gernot and Giselher, and she is persuaded to send for the Nibelung treasure to Worms. She is so lavish with her gifts that Hagen fearing her influence among the vassals, has the hoard sunk in the Rhine. From this time forth the Burgundians, as possessors of the treasure, bear the name of Nibelung.

Thirteen years have passed, and Kriemhild still bewails the loss of her husband. She was about to retire to an abbey for the rest of her life when King Etzel, of Hungary (Attila the Hun), sends Rudiger to sue for her hand. At first she listens like a woman of stone, but when Rudiger hints at Etzel's power to avenge her wrongs, she is all attention, and suddenly consents. Hagen foreboding evil, bitterly opposes this match, which Gunther favors. Taking cold leave of her relations, Kriemhild sets out with her brothers Gernot and Giselher as chief of the convoy. They are met at Tuln by Etzel with a royal escort, among whom are Dietrich of Bern (Theodoric of Verona), and the king's own brother Blodel. The nuptials are celebrated when they reach Vienna, and seventeen days of festivities follow.

Seven years had passed in the land of the Huns, when Queen Kriemhild bore a son. Six more years pass before her plans for vengeance are fully laid. Her husband is affectionate and hospitable, she herself is universally esteemed for her kindness. She desires, or pretends to desire, to see her relatives. At her request, her easy husband sends his minstrels to invite the Burgundians to a great midsummer festival; they have strict injunctions from Kriemhild not to leave Hagen behind. Gunther and his brothers accept the invitation with pleasure; but Hagen is bitterly opposed to it. But when Giselher hints that he is afraid, the old warrior determines to go. With nine thousand vassals, a thousand and sixty knights in gay attire, and his brother Dankwart and Valker of Alzey in close attendance, Hagen sets out on the fateful journey. In twelve days they reach the Danube, where Hagen interviews the mermaids, strikes off the ferryman's head, ferries his men across and breaks the boat in pieces. After a fierce fight with the Bavarians, they reach Passau, where they are entertained by Bishop Pellegrin, and pass on to Bechlaren, where they are again hospitably received by Rudiger, whose daughter Dietelind is betrothed to Giselher.

On the confines of Etzel's territories, they are met by Dietrich of Bern, who has come to salute them and warn them of approaching evil. On arriving at Etzel's court, they are received by Kriemhild with treachery in her soul. She kisses Giselher and takes him by the hand; but Hagen she openly defies, and is openly defied by him. At this point a very fine picture is drawn of Hagen's friendship with Volker, the Fiddler, one side of whose fiddle-bow was a keen-edged sword. That night the Nibelungs had sumptuous lodgings, but Hagen and Volker keep watch. Volker, leaning his shield against the wall, takes his viol and plays the careworn men to sleep.

Next day a great festival is held. As the knights are taking their seats in the banqueting hall, Kriemhild urges Dietrich to revenge her on her enemies. He refuses. Etzel's brother Blödel is then induced, under promise of a beautiful lady for his bride, to fall upon the Nibelungs in their quarters. The Huns, with an overpowering force, slay all the Nibelung vassals and twelve knights. Dankwart alone is left; streaming with blood, he rushes to the hall. Hagen tells him to guard the door and not to let a single Hunnish knight come out alive. Just before Dankwart enters, Ortlieb, the king's son, has been shown to the guests. Hagen makes some disdainful remark, which causes anger.

Kriemhild incites the strife, and for answer sees her son's head smitten off by Hagen. A fierce hand-to-hand combat takes place. Valder joins Dankwart at the door to prevent the Huns coming in to help their fellows. The contest rages. Kriemhild calls on Dietrich to protect her, and for an instant the tumult ceases. Gunther, Dietrich, and the queen withdraw. The combat is renewed with double fury. The Huns surround the hall in large numbers. Gunther, Gernot, and Giselher beg their sister to be allowed to leave the hall and fight in the open air. She offers to spare their lives if they will deliver Hagen into her hands, but not one will consent. She then orders the Huns to fire the hall. The fighters quench the fire and slake their thirst with blood. The uproar continues at short intervals all through the night, ever followed by a brief but terrible silence.

In the morning six hundred Nibelungs are still alive. Rudiger reluctantly enters the hall by the queen's commands to finish the conflict. He and Gernot fall by each other's hand. At last only Hagen and Gunther are left, and they are faint and wounded. Dietrich binds them and brings them before the queen, beseeching her to spare their lives. She questions Hagen about the treasure, but he refuses to tell. Then she orders Gunther's head to be struck off, and holds that by the hair in front of him; but the only answer she received was: "Of the hoard knoweth no one but God and me; from thee, she-devil, shall it ever be hid." Upon this, with her husband's sword, Balmung, the enraged queen, strikes off his head. Old Hildebrand, the only one of Dietrich's men left, exasperated at her cruelty, springs upon her and stabs her to the heart, the king, Etzel, not opposing the deed. Such is the fearful catastrophe of the bloody tragedy of the Nibelungs.

Siegfried at King Gunther's Court.

Then spake the country's ruler, "He shall be welcome here,
Bold is the knight and noble, that I discover clear,
And much shall it avail him on our Burgundian ground."
Then thither went king Gunther where he Siegfried found.
The host and his companions so well receiv'd the guest,
That nothing there was wanting that courtesy expressed;
And low inclin'd the warrior to all in presence there,
Since they had giv'n him greeting so friendly and so fair.
"I wonder much," said Gunther, "and fain would understand,

Whence comes the noble Siegfried to this Burgundian land,
And what he here is seeking at Worms upon the Rhine."
To the king the guest made answer, "Concealment is no art of
mine.
Afar I heard the tidings, e'en in my father's land,
That here with you were dwelling (fain would I know the band)
The best and prowest champions, so voic'd by all and some,
That ever king surrounded; therefore I'm hither come.
Your own renown I've heard too through all this country ring,
That never eye of mortal has seen so bold a king.
Your prowess and your knighthood are vouch'd by high and low,
Now ne'er will I turn homeward till this by proof I know.
I too am a warrior and shall a sceptre sway,
And I would fain bring all men perforce of me to say,
That I both lands and liegemen have nobly merited.
This to maintain I'll freely pledge my honor and my head.
Now since you are so famous for manhood and for skill,
Nought reck I, if my purpose be taken well or ill,
But all that's own'd by Gunther I'll win by strength of hand,
And force to my obedience his castles and his land."
The king was lost in wonder, and with him all the rest,
At such a strange pretension from that o'erweening guest,
Who claim'd his whole possessions that stretch'd so wide around.
His vassals heard the challenge, and for anger sternly frown'd.
"How," cried the valiant Gunther, "have I deserv'd this wrong,
That what my noble father with honor rul'd so long,
I now should yield to any, o'ermaster'd by his might?
Ill should I show, that I too can bear me like a knight!"
"I'll ne'er renounce my purpose," the fiery youth replied;
"If through thy might thy country cannot in peace abide,
I'll take on me to rule it, and what I hold in fee,
If thou by strength canst take it, shall alike submit to thee.
Let thy broad lands and also mine be laid in equal scale,
And whichsoe'er in battle o'er th' other shall prevail,
To him let all be subject, the liegemen and the land."
But Hagen sought, and Gernot, such purpose to withstand.

KRIEMHILDE.

SHE came out from her chamber; so comes the morning red
Forth from the gloomy clouds; upon her dress were spread
Bright gems; her glowing cheeks her secret love confessed;
Of all the maids on earth she the fairest was and best.

For as among the stars the full moon clearly gleams
And scatters every cloud with her bright and silver beams,
So 'mid the other ladies Kriemhilde's beauty shone;
The hearts of many heroes beat high as they looked on.

The chamberlains before her walked, in costly garments dressed,
To see the lovely maiden the warriors onward pressed;
As Siegfried stood expecting to look upon her face,
By turns despair and love found within his bosom place.

Thus said he to himself—"How could I ever deem
That I could win the maid?—'twas but an idle dream.
But if I cannot win her, then I were better dead,"
And with his thoughts his cheeks by turns were pale and red.

The servants found the hero bold,—Siegfried of Netherland,
And bade him boldly come in front of all the warriors' band;
"King Gunther to his presence is pleased to summon you,
That his sister may salute you, and give the honor due."

His soul rose high within him when he saw Kriemhilde there,
And rosy flushed his cheeks as spoke the maiden fair;
"I bid you welcome, Siegfried, a warrior good and brave,"
The kindly salutation new strength and courage gave.

To thank her for her kindness the hero bowed his head,
And all that he had longed to say was in a moment said;
For, as he bowed his head, a stolen glance was cast,
And suddenly from eye to eye the tender secret passed.

In all the summer season, or the pleasant month of May,
He never had such pleasure as on that happy day—
When he walked beside the maiden whom he came to make his bride,
When Kriemhilde whom he loved was walking by his side.

How Siegfried was Betrayed.

One day it fell that Siegfried close whisp'ring found the band,
When thus began to ask them the knight of Netherland,
"Why creep the king and chieftains so sorrowful along?
I'll help you to revenge it, if you have suffer'd wrong."
"Good cause have I for sorrow," Gunther straight replied,
"Ludegast and Ludger both have me defied.
With open force they threaten to ravage all my land."
Then spake the dauntless champion, "Their pride shall Siegfried's hand,
Both to your boot and honor, bring lower, and once more
I'll do unto those boasters e'en as I did before.
Ere I end, o'er castles, o'er lands, o'er all I'll spread
Wide waste and desolation, or forfeit else my head.
Do you and your good warriors sit by the chimney side;
With my knights here about me thither let me ride.
How willingly I serve you, my acts and deeds shall show,
And every one shall feel it who boasts himself your foe."
"Ah! how this promise cheers me!" the king dissembling said,
As though rejoic'd in earnest at that free-proffer'd aid.
Low bow'd to him the false one with fawning semblance fair,
Then return'd Sir Siegfried, "Take now no further care."

For the march the Burgundians prepar'd in show the while,
Yet Siegfried and his warriors 't was done but to beguile.
Then bade he straight make ready each Netherlandish knight,

They sought out the best harness and surest arms they might.
Then spake the valiant Siegfried, "Sir Siegmund, father mine,
Best tarry here in quiet till we return to Rhine.
Conquest, if God befriend us, we shortly back shall bring.
Meanwhile live blithe and merry with our good host the king."
The flags anon were hoisted, and forward all would fare;
Among the men of Gunther many a one was there
Who knew not his lord's secret, and thought no treachery.
There might you see with Siegfried a mighty company.
Their helms and eke their mailcoats upon their steeds were tied.
Many a knight of prowess ready was to ride.
Then Hagen, lord of Trony, as had before been plann'd,
Went to take leave of Kriemhild ere yet they left the land.
"Ah! well is me," said Kriemhild, "that I've a lord who lends
Such firm assistance ever to back my dearest friends,
As now does my brave Siegfried for my brethren's sake;
Therefore," said the lady fair, "good courage will I take.
My good friend, Sir Hagen, bear in remembrance still
How much I love my kinsmen, nor ever wish'd them ill.
For this requite my husband, nor let me vainly long;
He should not pay the forfeit, if I did Brunhild wrong.
My fault," pursued she sadly, "good cause had I to rue.
For it I have far'd badly; he beat me black and blue;
Such mischief-making tattle his patience could not brook,
And for it ample vengeance on my poor limbs he took."
"You'll be friends together," said he, "some other day.
But, Kriemhild, my dear lady, tell me now, I pray,
At my hands to your husband what service can be done.
Fain would I do it, lady, better love I none."
The noble dame made answer, "Fear should I not at all,
That by the sword of any my lord in fight would fall,
But that he rashly follows his fiery martial mood.
Else could no harm befall the noble knight and good."
"Lady," then answer'd Hagen, "since thus you harbor fear
Lest hostile force should slay him, let me yet further hear,
What best may serve our purpose the warrior to defend.
On foot, on horse, I'll watch him, his guardian and his friend."
Said she, "Thou art my cousin, and I alike am thine;
To thy good faith commend I this dearest lord of mine.
That thou wilt tend his welfare, assurance firm I hold."
Then told she him the secret far better left untold,
Said she, "My husband's daring, and thereto stout of limb;

Of old, when on the mountain he slew the dragon grim,
In its blood he bath'd him, and thence no more can feel
In his charméd person the deadly dint of steel.
Still am I ever anxious, whene'er in fight he stands,
And keen-edg'd darts are hailing from strong heroic hands,
Lest I by one should lose him, my own beloved make.
Ah! how my heart is beating still for my Siegfried's sake!
So now I'll tell the secret, dear friend, alone to thee
(For thou, I doubt not, cousin, will keep thy faith with me),
Where sword may pierce my darling, and death sit on the thrust.
See, in thy truth and honor how full, how firm my trust!
As from the dragon's death-wounds gush'd out the crimson gore,
With the smoking torrent the warrior wash'd him o'er.
A leaf then 'twixt his shoulders fell from the linden bough.
There only steel can harm him; for that I tremble now."
Then said the chief of Trony, "A little token sew
Upon his outer garment; thus shall I surer know
The spot that needs protection as in the fight we stand."
She thought his life to lengthen, the while his death was plann'd.
Said she, "Upon his vesture with a fine silken thread
I'll sew a secret croslet; by this small token led
Thy hand shall guard my husband, as through the press he goes,
And in shock of battle confronts his swarming foes."
"So will I do," said Hagen, "my honor'd lady dear."
She thought her lord to profit, and keep from danger clear,
But all she did to aid him serv'd but to betray.

Leave then took Sir Hagen, and joyous strode away.
What he had learn'd from Kriemhild his lord then bade him show.
"Put off this march," said Hagen, "and let us hunting go;
Now have I all the secret; now in my hand is he;
Could you but contrive it?" "For that," said Gunther, "trust
to me."
The false king and his courtiers to hear his words were fain.
I ween, so base a treason knight ne'er will do again,
As then was done by Hagen, when to his faith for aid
So fair a lady trusted, and so foully was betrayed.

Hagen Kills Siegfried.

King Gunther, with Hagen, Siegfried, and other followers, goes to hunt wild boars in a forest. Kriemhilde had a foreboding of evil, and entreated the hero not to join in the chase.

Then said the hero Siegfried, "Kriemhilde, do not mourn;
No evil thing shall happen me, and soon I will return;
Of enemies about the court I know not I have one;
Your brother owes me kindness sure for all that I have done.

But then again said Kriemhilde, "Oh, Siegfried, keep away.
I had another dream just before I woke to-day:
Two rocks fell down upon us as you walked along the vale,
And hid you from my sight as I woke, with weeping pale."

Then Siegfried folded closely Kriemhilde in his arms,
And kissed her many times, to banish her alarms,
Till she gave him leave to go; then he hastened to the chase—
But never more saw Kriemhilde her husband's living face.

After slaying several wild animals, the heroes went together to slake their thirst at a spring in the forest.

The spring was clear and cool and sweet: King Gunther stooped
to drink
Beside the hero Siegfried, who kneeled upon the brink;
And when the king had quenched his thirst, he rose and stood
again,
But Siegfried, while he bowed his head, by Hagen's hand was
slain.

First Hagen took the hero's bow and falchion from his side,
And carried them away 'mid the forest leaves to hide;
Then, with javelin in hand, he looked upon the coat
Where the fatal spot was marked, and then suddenly he smote!

Etzel Marries Kriemhild.

And now rode on King Etzel (with Dietrich at his side,
And a countless host of followers) to greet his chosen bride:
Thus to herself said Kriemhild, when she saw the endless
throng—
"'Tis well; I shall have warriors now who will avenge my
wrong!"

Then to the queen spake Rudiger:—"My lady, here we stay—
King Etzel comes; of followers, lo! what a vast array!
I will name to you the warriors most worthy of a kiss;
For you cannot give to all in a company like this!"

So saying, noble Rudiger gave to the queen his hand,
And from her steed she lighted down upon the Austrian land;
All the heroes stood aside, while through the glittering throng,
To meet the beauteous Kriemhild, King Etzel walked along.

And now her veil is lifted, and her subjects all behold
Her beauty shining out, as from a shrine of gold;
The beauty of her countenance a general pleasure spread;
"Queen Helke was not fairer," all the Hunnish warriors said.

When Etzel had saluted her, she turned, at Rudiger's sign,
And gave a kiss to Blödel, who was in the royal line;
And twelve most noble princes of such favor had a share;
But she looked with grace and kindness on all the heroes there.

And now the king commanded, for all the pleasure of his bride,
That o'er the plain of Tulna his companies should ride;

Christian knights and heathen warriors, in many-colored dress,
To make a martial spectacle, together onward press.

And now arose loud clangor from meeting spear and shield,
Soon many splintered lances were scattered o'er the field;
Now many colors glittered together in the air;
What sounds of arms and battle-cries were loudly ringing there;

To see the splendid tournament forth went both king and queen;
In the centre of the plain their pavilion was seen;
It was decked with glorious colors, and on the grassy ground
A hundred tents for noble knights were stationed all around.

So with many noble tourneys they passed the merry day,
And the heroes went to rest in the evening cool and gray;
There was stillness on the plain until morning clear and bright,
When King Etzel soon devised for his queen a new delight.

In procession to Vienna he bade his heroes go,
With all their clans in full array they made a wondrous show,
But more beauteous was the view of Vienna for the queen—
Here Austria's fairest ladies all in dresses gay were seen.

Of people out of many lands the crowd was now so great,
They could not all be entertained within the city gate;
But Etzel's knights and warriors, at Rudiger's command,
Dispersed their various companies o'er all the neighboring land.

And here, in gay Vienna, on the feast of Whitsuntide,
Kriemhild, who had hid her sorrows all, was once again a bride;
When she beheld the thousands who were all her subjects now,
Though sorrow still was in her heart, pride gathered on her brow.

So costly were the jewels which to many knights she gave,
So many were her gifts to Etzel's heroes brave,
They disbelieved the story of her loss so often told;
"Our queen," said they, "has surely brought the Nibelungen gold!"

A festival of seventeen days was in Vienna held;
The pageantry of every day all former days excelled;
I cannot tell you half of the pleasures that were planned;—
'Twas remembered as a wonder long in all the Austrian land.

Now Kriemhild was a queen again! With Etzel at her side,
She looked upon the host of men, her followers, with pride;
And thus she whispered to herself—"O'er such a mighty band
Even Siegfried, in his day of power, did never hold command!"

Yet in the midst of all this festival array,
The thoughts of Kriemhild often would wander far away,
And to hide the tears upon her face her head she would incline,
For her heart was still with Siegfried, in his castle on the Rhine.

GUDRUN.

Of the two great mediæval epics of popular origin the Nibelungenlied may be compared to the vast Mississippi, varying much in its prolonged course; now peaceful and bright, but again dreadful with its swollen flood; but the poem of Gudrun is like a shorter river, with smooth, yet strong, current. The latter poem is divided into three parts, and comprises altogether thirty-two chapters or adventures. It begins with the story of Hagen, son of Sigeband, King of Eijirland or Ireland. This Ireland is thought to have been a part of Holland.

While King Sigeband and his guests were enjoying a festival, Hagen, aged seven, was in charge of a noble maiden in the castle grounds. Suddenly a huge griffin swooped down upon the child and carried him off to a lonely island, as food for the young griffins. One of the brood, in hopping from bough to bough with the child, alighted on one which gave way. The boy was dropped, scrambled out of sight, and by and by made his way to a cave, in which were three noble maidens who had also escaped from the monster. Under their care he grew up. Once he chanced upon the corpses of some sailors on the strand. Among them was a knight in full armor. This dress the youth quickly put on. Scarcely had he done so, when he was attacked by the griffin. The monster was slain, and also a number of others that came to the rescue. While hunting one day Hagen was attacked by a dragon. Him he also slew, drank of the dragon's blood, and was endowed with superhuman strength.

After some time he and his companions hailed a ship, on board which they were taken and kindly treated by the captain, who turned out to be the Count Garadie, between whom and Hagen's father there was a mortal feud. The count, on learning the youth's parentage, thought to detain him as a hostage; but Hagen, after throwing thirty of the crew overboard and threaten-

ing the count, compelled him to steer to Ireland. When Hagen at last reached home, he was received with great joy by his parents, who had believed him dead. Sigeband and the count became friends; Hagen inherited his father's crown, and married Hilde, an Indian princess, who had been one of his companions on the island. They had a beautiful daughter named Hilde after her mother.

The story of Hilde forms the second division of the poem. She had many suitors, but as all had to enter the lists with Hagen, and all were conquered by him, she had to adopt other schemes. Hetel, King of the Hegelings in North Germany, had heard of the lady's charms, but was afraid to encounter the father. He wished to send one of his three staunchest retainers to do battle for him. They were Wat, Horant and Fout. But none of them dared to meet the fierce Hagen. They resorted to stratagem. A splendid cypress-wood vessel was built, and armed men were stowed in the hold. A suitable convoy of other craft also, containing armed men, accompanied the flag-ship to Hagen's sea-fortress, where the three delegates gave themselves out as merchants banished from Hetel's dominions. By their liberal dealings, and magnificent presents to the king, the queen, and her ladies, they found their way to the court, where Horant charmed the queen by his singing. Hilde secretly invited the minstrel to her apartments, and was apprised of Hetel's desire. She readily consented to accompany the three merchants. The king, queen and Hilde were invited to escort them to their vessels, as King Hetel was now reconciled. This they readily did. Hilde was purposely separated from her parents, and quickly boarded the cypress bark. Armed men sprang to the deck on all the vessels, and they set sail. Hagen had no ship ready to pursue, but next day he reached Hetel's shores with a shipload of warriors. A desperate battle was fought, in which both kings were wounded. They were reconciled by Hilde's entreaties, and she became Hetel's queen with the consent of her father.

The third section of the poem relates the story of Gudrun, the beautiful daughter of Hetel and Hilde. Many were the royal and noble wooers who sought her hand, but all were scornfully rejected by Hetel, who had now become as haughty and imperious as his father-in-law. The principal suitors were Siegfried of Moorland, Herwig of Seeland, and Hartmut, son of Ludwig, King of Normandy. The two first were repelled with scorn; Hartmut visited Hetel's castle in disguise, but was advised by

Gudrun to flee for his life. Suddenly Herwig made a descent on Hetel's castle with three thousand knights; a fierce contest took place; Hetel and Herwig had a hand-to-hand combat. However, peace was established through Gudrun; she was betrothed to Herwig, and the marriage was to take place in a year. As soon as Siegfried heard of the betrothal, he invaded Herwig's dominions with a powerful army. Herwig would surely have been overpowered by overwhelming numbers, had not Hetel come to the rescue. Siegfried was driven into a fortress and besieged.

New complications now arose. Hartmut, hearing of Hetel's absence, renewed his suit to Gudrun, and when informed that she was betrothed to Herwig, destroyed the castle, and carried her off with sixty of her maidens. Word was sent to Hetel, who, with Siegfried and Herwig, pursued the Normans, and overtook them at Wülpensand Island at the mouth of the Schelde, where the Normans had anchored and gone on shore. The battle that ensued lasted from early morn till sunset, and in it Hetel was slain by Ludwig. During the night the Normans stole to their ships and escaped. The Hegelings and their allies were in no condition to pursue. Thirteen years elapsed, during which Gudrun and her maids suffered the worst indignities at the hands of Gerlint, Hartmut's mother. Meantime the Hegeling youth had grown up; an army of eighty thousand attacked the Norman castle, razed it to the ground, and returned in triumph to the land of the Hegelings with Gudrun and her sixty maidens, and with Hartmut with eighty of his knights as prisoners of war.

All ended happily; virtue was rewarded; vice received due punishment. Ludwig, who seized Gudrun by the hair and threw her into the sea, and slew her father Hetel, was himself slain by Herwig in the attack on the Norman castle. On the same day, the wicked Queen Gerlint had her head struck off by Wat. Hartmut was released, and married Hildeburg, Gudrun's companion in captivity. Hartmut's sister Ortrun was married to Gudrun's brother, Ortwein. Herwig's sister was married to Siegfried. Gudrun, of course, was married to Herwig. Thus four royal marriages were celebrated in one day, and peace was established among these savage sea-kings.

The Singing of Horant.

Though Horant sang so sweetly as is here described, he told the princess Hilde that in his royal master's palace there were twelve singers who surpassed him, and that the king himself sang even more sweetly.

But when the night was passing and morn was drawing near,
Horant began again to sing, and therewith far and near
The birds all hushed their voices, because he sang so well,
And the people who were sleeping were roused as with a bell.

The cattle in the forest came from the pasture green;
The creeping things approaching through the grass were seen;
The fishes in the water were no longer sporting round;
But sweet the singer's voice to all hearing it did sound.

Whate'er he might be singing, it always charmed the ear;
In church the priest and choir could never sound so clear;
The church bells lost their sweetness compared with his song;
But every one who heard Horant wished to hear him long.

The Finding of Gudrun.

On the day of the arrival of the Hegelings, a heavy snow had fallen. Gudrun and the other prisoners ask Gerlint remission of their task on the beach, but the shrewish queen sends them out on the shore to wash the clothes. They set out in tears. As they get to work, two strange knights land from a small boat, and they fly in a panic.

Then sprang they from their vessel and after them called fast:
"Ye lovely washerwomen, what means your sudden haste?
We are but foreign people, that see ye, an ye choose;
But should you hasten from us, the costly garments you might lose."

. . . . . .

They came in shifts enclothed. Very wet were they;
Better lived these noble ladies ere this dreary day;
Their long hair with the March wind was tossing to and fro:
Woe was the noble maidens, what though 'twere either rain or snow.

The sea was floated over with iceblocks everywhere,
Which were in pieces broken. Bitter was their care;
Though their shifts as white as ever is the snow
Outshone their lovely bodies, great doubt of mind did work them woe.

. . . . . .

Then shuddered in the sharp cold the beauteous maidens fair;
And spoke the princely Herwig: "Oh, would it might appear
No shame to you, most noble, if you our mantles bore!
O love-awaking maidens upon this wintry shore!"

Then spake queen Hilde's daughter: "God let you blesséd be
Because of both your mantles! On this frame of me
Clothes of man shall never by any eye be seen!"
(Often, had it been known, they might have sadder been.)

The princes ask about the Normans, and especially about Gudrun, a captive princess. At first the washerwoman says she is dead, but finally alludes to Herwig as her betrothed.

Then spake the high-born warrior: "Now gaze at this my hand—
Till you perceive the gold ring (as I Herwig am named)
Wherewith I was betrothed to hold in love Gudrun;
An so you be my own wife, most lovingly I'll bear you hence right soon."

. . . . . .

He looked upon her finger; he saw the gold ring there.
Herwig, the courtly, spake to Gudrun fair:
"No mother surely bare you but was of princely line;
Thus after many sorrows have I seen joy and pleasure mine."

With his arms he happed about that right glorious maid:
The news was unto each there, happy both and sad;
He kissed I know not how oft the virtue-teeming queen;
Both her and Hildeburg, the wretched maiden, lovely to be seen.

But the knights must not steal the captives, and a tearful parting ensues. The maidens forget their tasks until Hildeburg reminds Gudrun.

Then spake up queen Hilde's daughter: "I am too proud by far
That such as I for Gerlint her weeds wash any more;
To such a wretched labor I needs must feel disdain,
When once two kings have kissed me and in my arms embraced have lain."

"So I shall bear these garments even to the flood,
(And well may they enjoy it," spake the maiden good,
"That I have had the fortune to be a queen to-day!)
I'll cast these on the billows that hence they freely drive away."

At the castle Gerlint scolds the lazy queens, who chatter on the beach with men, instead of attending to their work. Soon Gudrun is seen to have brought no burden back.

Then up and spake the she-wolf: "Where are those weeds of mine,
Since now so very lazy those same hands of thine
Are wound within thy kirtle all to my observing?
An I live a little longer, I'll teach another mode of serving!"

Then spake old Hagen's grandchild: "I have left them lie
Below there by the ocean. When that I did try
To carry them to castle, they bore too hard on me—
And by my troth I care not, tho' ne'er henceforth the same you see!"

Then out spake that she-devil: "Thou shalt not joy it so:
Before I turn to slumber, thou shalt come to woe!"
To bind the brooms with thorns and strip her then she bade,
A punishment unstinted Queen Gerlint would not spare the maid.

But Gudrun says, "If I am hurt this day, you shall rue it, if I ever in this land bear the crown!" Gerlint cannot believe her ears, for in seven years the princess had never wavered in her refusal to marry her son. She sends for Hartmut; he too is incredulous, but hastens to the room.

There stood, all in her wet shift, that most glorious maid,
And thus, with streaming eyes, a greeting of him made,
She steps right forth to meet him, and by him stands so close
That he, as if t' embrace her, his arms about sweet Gudrun throws.

She said: "Now nay, Sir Hartmut, you must not this forget,
That all the people know well, in whose sight we're set,
I am a wretched washmaid, and you might me disdain,
For you're a lofty monarch: how can you kiss me without blame?"

Gudrun then demands that her maids be bathed and sumptuously clad, and that a certain room be set apart, where the captives can enjoy

each other's society in a joyful feast. When all is ordered, the doors are fastened, and Gudrun begins the banquet After all are well warmed with generous wine, she bids them watch for the morrow.

"This day have I from Herwig, my spouse, received the kiss,
And from Ortwin, my brother! Now all may ponder this:
Each maid of you that rich would be, without a care or sorrow,
Let this be her sole duty, to tell when darkness yieldeth to the morrow."

In the camp the Hegelings could scarcely believe the shameful treatment of their princess.

Then all her kindred wept there for the hapless maid.
But Waté, very ancient, wrathfully he said:
"You act most like to old wives that are faint of wit,
And all without a reason. For heroes this is never fit.

"Now, would ye help our Gudrun from her sorrow dread?
Why, color those same garments in strange fashion red,
Those same robes that she washéd with so white a hand;
In such wise let us serve her, and stop her woe in foreign land!"

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